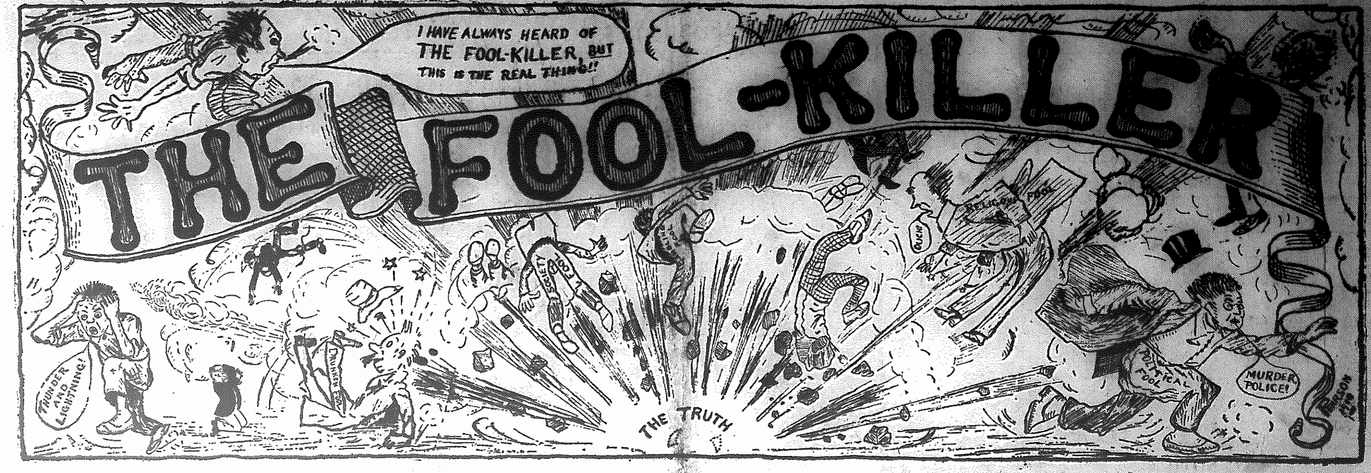

VOL. IV. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JANUARY, 1914. NO. 11.

One Little Feather A-Stickin' Up Straight.

Go to the places where women are found—
Go to the church and the show and the street;
Keep your eyes open and looking around—
Look at the hats of the women you meet.
One may be large and another one small,
One like a basket and one like a plate;
But there's a feature that's common to all—
One little feather a-sticking up straight.

Any old color—black, brindle or white—
They are a mixture of this and of that;
Some have the look of a booger at night
More than the look of a civilized hat.
But when it comes to the finishing touch,
This I am sure you have noticed of late:
Mighty few ribbons and flowers and such—
Only a feather a-stickin' up straight.

One little feather that somebody found
Where an old rooster had sickened and died,
Lording it over the landscape 'round
Like an old pine on a bare hillside.
Fashion, we bow and acknowledge thy rule,
Master alike of the small and the great;
This is the mark of the feminine fool—
One little feather a-sticking up straight.

—James Larkin Pearson.

* * *

The daddies of the new Currency Bill, which has just been enacted into law, declare that the measure "will contract and expand to meet the varying demands of trade." All right. Now all we need is a law to provide the working man with a belly that will "contract and expand" to fit the varying supply of corn pone and cow-corpse that he can scrape together.

Try It Again, Boys

In the December issue of The Fool-Killer I promised you that I would double the size of the paper at once, on condition that as many as 2,000 of you would send in a club of ten or more by the 5th of January.

And I meant just what I said.

It was a rather big thing to expect, and I wasn't quite sure you'd reach it.

And sure enough you didn't.

But you did some bully good work and made a fine start toward the coveted goal.

You gave the paper a mighty boost, and caused the subscription receipts to run over $30.00 a day part of the time.

About one more heat like that and we will be ready to enlarge.

You can do it right now just as well as any time.

Inside of the last ten days I have spent $400 for new machinery, and I will be bound to spend $1,000 more before I can enlarge the paper.

So get busy, boys, and roll in the clubs.

Please take note that I am not piling up any fortune. The money you send goes to pay running expenses and to buy more machinery for giving you a better paper.

You perhaps don't have any idea how much it costs to run a business like this. The white paper to print an issue costs $25 now, and when I enlarge it will double the paper bill. Also the postage bill will be doubled.

It takes six days to print an issue now, and when I enlarge it will take twelve days—unless I can get a faster press.

So much of my time occupied with the mechanical part of the work leaves me not enough time to read and study and write up the "hot stuff" to print.

So it is to the interest of every reader to help me get all the needed machinery for turning out a large edition in short order.

Of the $400 mentioned above, $300 of it went for a Belknap Rapid Addressing Machine to handle the subscription list, and the other $100 went for electric light and power fixtures.

I have been running the press with a gasoline engine and lighting with kerosene, but from now on electricity will do it all.

I am getting everything in pretty good shape now, with the exception of a larger and faster printing press, which will cost at least $1,000. Help me to get that press, and then we will make the enemy climb trees and cry for mercy.

O Comrades! What's the use to fool about it? There's 28,000 of you on my list now, and what would a thousand dollars be among all that crowd? Why, if you would get just one subscriber apiece it would be $4,200. Or five subs apiece would be $21,000

Gosh! I don't want that much money all at once. Send me a thousand or two by return mail, and then about a thousand a month right along. I ain't no hog about money, but the more subs you send the bigger and better I can make the paper.

Now let everybody hustle!

* * *

"This nation is bottomed on liberty," says Scarboro's Liberator. If that's the case, the blamed thing ain't touched the bottom lately.

* * *

The Equitable Life Assurance Society has compiled figures to show that there are at present in this country more than three times as many widows as there are widowers, and the press is doing some tall guessing as to the cause of such a condition. Lawzy-massy, fellers, that's as easy as finding a girl's lips in the dark. The explanation is that thousands of husbands die with disgust at themselves for having been such drotted fools as to go on voting the old party tickets.

Five Cents a Day.

Say, wait a minute!

Hang up your hat and have a seat!

Here's an item that might interest you, if the meaning of it can penetrate your thick skull.

Talk about the cheap labor of Europe and Asia!

If here ain't some proof of cheap labor in America, I'll agree to give you the next million dollars I find in the road.

The Christian Herald, which wobbles onto a vital fact about as often as any of the subsidized papers, is my authority for the following:

"On December 30 a Child Labor Exhibit was held at the Madison Street Settlement House in New York for the purpose of making clear to the parents the bearing which child labor has on the whole problem of wages. Among the exhibits was the picture of an actual case of a three-year-old girl making artificial forget-me-nots at home, with a record of 540 a day, for which she received five cents."

Great heavens!

A three-year-old baby working for wages!

And such wages!

What on earth can the poor little baby do with all that money?

It won't take her long to pile up a million at that rate.

Thunder and lightning!

And still we go on calling this a civilized nation.

Some folks even have the nerve to call it a Christian nation.

It would be interesting to hear what Christ would have to say about such a case.

* * *

A Georgia correspondent wants to know if I can tell him Professor Bill Taft's object in taking the diet treatment to reduce his flesh. Sure Mike! He is trying to get small enough so the country will swallow him again.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

IRVING V. KOCH, Adv. Manager,
30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

The official set up at Washington are having a big fuss about who shall sit down first at their swell banquets. Gosh! If they were as hungry as some of the poor fools who voted for them, they wouldn't take time to sit down at all—they'd just grab a fist-full and eat it standing.

IDIOTORIALS.

Patriotism ends where starvation begins.

◆

Many a man is a "patriot" for his party and a blamed fool for himself.

◆

"John D. Takes Part," reads a headline. Well, I'll be doggoned! That's the first time on record that he didn't take it all.

◆

The most probable result of the new currency bill will be to take what little currency the poor man has and give it to the bankers.

◆

Consider the workers, how they toil. They cease not, neither do they rest. Yet Harry Thaw, in all his idleness, was never starved like one of these.

◆

The combined thefts of all the thieves in all the penitentiaries would not be half as much as the average multi-millionaire steals from the workers every year.

◆

"Good Hogs Are Scarce"—so reads the headline of a recent stockyards report. They may be scarce at the stockyards, but there are plenty of them in most all other lines of business.

◆

When a Bull Moose and an Elephant swallow each other, it is customary, I believe, to speak of the combination as a Bull Elephant. The Bull Elephant party! Gee! Some class to that!

◆

If a gang of sheep were given their choice of voting for fodder or saw-briers, which do you suppose they would vote for? The fodder, of course. Which proves that the average sheep has got more sense than some men.

◆

Since vaccination has become so general, the "sawsiety" ladies are requesting that it be put where the scar won't show when they have their ball-room clothes on. They might try taking it internally, I reckon.

◆

Secretary of the Navy Jo-See-Fuss Dan-Yells has issued an order for "schools" to be established on all ships of the Navy for the instruction of the enlisted men. But what's the use? A man who is fool enough to join the navy certainly ain't got sense enough to learn anything in books. Might as well start a music school for hogs.

◆

The Legal Murder Department at Washington (better known as the War Department) has just made a great "diskivery." In tranporting soldiers overland from one place to another it has found that it can feed them out of its own commissary cheaper than it can hire the railroads to feed them. Gee-miny crickets! Now, how is that going to work? First thing anybody knows the War Department will be practicing applied Socialism. And that would be an awful disgrace, you know.

BILLIE BONEHEAD'S LETTER

foolville, s. i. (the s. i.
stands fer state ov ignerunce) jiniwery the
tooth, 9teen & 4teen.

deer mister editur

i seet misef 2 drap u a fu lines 2 let u no whot i think ov yore littul ole papur the fule killur. wel i think hit haint mutch punkins. mi paw sed hit wuzent, & he noze. u ort 2 b ashamed ov yoresef fer printin sich a papur. mi paw sed that 2 & everwhat he sez is fax.

mi paw he noze jist erbout everthing, kaze i hearn him sa so. he is a good ole redemocan, & thats perzackly wot i ame 2 b wen i gits grode up. paw he sez i will b preserdent sum da, ef the hang-taked soshubuls dont git in & reck the kuntry.

i axt paw wot the soshubuls wuz, & paw he sed tha wuz a gang ov wild ide fanatix wot wanted 2 jist turn everthing ronksdoutards & vide up with them wot dont wurk nun.

i tole paw we-unses must sholy b soshubuls then, kaze we liv on mister gotrox's land & he gits haff ov wot we maik, & i never seen him wurk a lik in mi life. but paw he sed that wuz diffurnt —that wuz jist rent & mister gotrox had a leegul rite 2 it.

i axt paw why we aint got no land 2 rent 2 sumboddy & maik um vide up with us, & paw he sed kaze we wuz pore fokes.

i axt him whi we wuzent ritch like mister gotrox, & paw he sed he dident no how 2 du nuthin but but wurk, & a man coodent git ritch jist bi wurkin.

then how duz men git ritch, sez i 2 paw.

sez he, tha go in2 biznis.

wot is biznis, sez i.

sez he, biznis is the art ov byin a pare ov shuze fer 2 dollers & sellin um fer 3 dollers.

how mutch iz the shuze wuth, sez i.

sez he, bout 2 dollers, i reckin.

ef the biznis man sells um fer more thun tha air wuth, is he duin rite, sez i.

wel mebby not, sez paw, but a biznis man kant efford 2 stand bak on a littul thing like that. biznis is biznis thees daze.

whi dont u go in2 biznis, sez i.

kaze hit taiks munny 2 du that, & i haint nevur had nun, sez he.

now thats funny. cant go in2 biznis thout munny, & cant git munny thout goin in2 biznis. i dont see how tha evur git the doggon thing started.

but i sez 2 paw, is sellin shuze awl hit taiks 2 maik biznis.

no sur e, sez paw, biznis is a heep ov things. frinstunce, labur is one thing a biznis man deels in.

whot is labor, sez i.

labur is wurk, sez paw.

whot is wurk good fer, sez i.

why, 2 maik things, sez paw. in fakt, wurk maiks everthing tha is in the world.

hoo duz the wurk, sez i.

pore men like me, sez paw.

aint the wurk wuth nuthin, sez i.

shore thing, hits wuth a grate deel, sez paw.

then why aint we ritch like mister gotrox, sez i.

kaze mi wages is mity small & the kost ov livin is hi, sez paw. i kant hardly maik tung & buckul meet.

i thought u sed yore wurk wuz wuth a grate deel, sez i.

hit is, sez paw, but i dont git the full valyer ov it.

whi not, sez i. hoo gits it, then. hoo haz enny rite 2 it ef u dont. aint it u whot duz the wurk.

yes, sez paw, but mister gotrox must hav sum 2 pay him fer his part in it.

whot duz he du, sez i.

he tells me 2 du the wurk, sez paw.

aint u got sense enuff 2 go ahed & du sumthin without bein told, sez i.

paw got awful mad when i sed that. he grabbed up the best cher in the house, whitch wuz alreddy broke, & i made shore he wuz a goin 2 brake hit wusser over mi hed, but he dident.

i tuck that as a sine 2 hush up, & purty soon we wuz awl in a good youmer agin.

paw had a papur wot mister gotrox giv him, & he red outen it till we awl got sleepy. hit wuz a mitey good papur, hit told awl about the glorius cheevements ov the redemocans in savin the kuntry & givin us prosperity. hit awlso warned us aginst them hang-taked ole soshubuls wot air lyin in wate 2 destroy biznis & reck our happy homes. i tell ye that papur sot me aginst them-thar doggon soshubuls fer shore-surtin, & ime awful glad that me & paw air both good ole redemocans.

well, hits bed time & i must ring off. i dident hav ni anuff supper 2nite, & i feel purty hongry, but mebby i can sleep it off ef paw & maw dont kick 2 mutch. we awl dubble up in one bed thees cold nites, kaze we aint got kiver anuff fer 2.

so bi-bi. i will rite u agin next munth.

yore littul redemocan frend,
billie bonehead.

A Sermon to the Methodists.

The Methodist church of North Carolina, in its little weak grunt against the use of tobacco, reminds me of a dog trying to bite fleas off the top of its head.

As everybody knows, Methodism in this State is virtually built on tobacco. Trinity College, at Durham, one of the most noted schools in the South, is a gift from the Dukes and the Carrs, who made their millions out of tobacco. And without the fabulous gifts of these men, the Methodist church of North Carolina would not be as rich and puffed up with worldly pride and self-sufficiency as it is today.

These 'backer millionairs were smart enough to see that in order to make their business respectable they must get on the good side of the church. They knew that a few millions would act like sealing-wax on the lips of any good Methodist brother who might feel inclined to criticize their business.

And so it did. They took all the tobacco money they could get and stood with outstretched hands asking for more. And you couldn't tell but what tobacco using was one of the neccessary things in the plan of salvation.

But now a few members of the Western North Carolina Conference are getting kinder sassy and threaten to kick up a little rucus over the use of the weed. The way they try to go at it, however, is like cutting out a foot or two of a cow's tail up next to her body and leaving the tassel end for her to fight flies with. They want to compel their young preachers to abstain from tobacco, while the older ones who have been at it for fifteen or twenty years can go on using it. A habit that they believe to be absolutely useless and positively sinful is to be condemned in one person and condoned in another.

In other words, they contend that black under certain conditions is white, and that nastiness of long standing purifies itself.

But there is not a word said about deeding Trinity College back to the Dukes for a cigarette factory and making the Methodist church poorer but cleaner. Shucks! The whole thing is a screaming farce, and I'll bet the devil laughs at it till his belly hurts.

The Democrats have given the people a currency system that promises to be the despair of the Republican party," says the Charlotte Observer. Yes, I have noticed that the Democrats are great hands at giving folks "despair." If you remember, back yonder in the days of Grover the Republicans and everybody else had more "despair" than they knew what to do with. It beats the dickens that the Democrats can't deliver anything but "despair."

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

Which Way is the Wind Blowing?

The Fool-Killer is a faithful thermometer by which I am able to test the temper of the people. The paper has always been more or less Socialistic, but for a long time I was afraid to make it as Socialistic as I really felt, because it was my only dependence for bread and butter, and I had an idea that my own radical and rebellious feelings put into print would kill the paper.

But, bless goodness, I have learned by experience that the very opposite is true. It turns out that the sort of gab I feared would kill it is the very thing it fattens on.

It is a fact, of course, that Socialism and all radical views are unpopular among the plutes, and also among that class of wooden men who know nothing but to dance when the plutes pull the string, but I find that the great masses of the thinking common people are right with me. The more "radical and rebellious" I make the paper the faster they rally to its support.

A great wave of independent thinking is sweeping around the world, and no power on earth can stop it. The toiling millions have at last discovered that empty promises won't fill empty stomachs, andthey aredemanding a change of diet. That's why they are dropping away from the old parties like rats from a sinking ship, and the only life-boat in sight is Socialism.

I venture the assertion that not one true Socialist has deserted his party and gone over to the Redemocans in the last five years. But those who have left the Redemocans and joined the Socialists are numbered by the tens of thousands.

Gentlemen, if "straws" count for anything, which way is the political wind blowing?

I was a Socialist for two years before I knew it, and then it took me two more years to get willing to acknowledge the fact. It does beat the dickens what cowards we all are, anyhow.

And perhaps the same fear that held me back is holding thousands of others—they are afraid the few little crumbs that the bosses now allow them to pick up will be withheld if they show any signs of wanting the whole loaf. That's how the bosses have managed to keep their slaves in subjection so long.

Really, it has never been my intention to make The Fool-Killer a strictly political paper. I am out after the scalps of all the fools, rascals and hypocrites in society, Church and State. But since a large per cent of my targets are in politics, I find it necessary to wade iu after 'em.

Yes, boys, I've got several strings to this-here journalistic fiddle, and you mustn't expect me to saw on the political string all the time. But whenevr I do hit it a swarp there's going to be some music, and I sorter guess most of it will be in the Socialistic key.

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More than 250,000 people have saved from $25 to $125 in purchasing a high grade organ or piano by the Cornish Plan,—why shouldn't you? Here Is Our Offer. You select any of the latest, choicest Cornish styles of instruments,—we place it in your home for a year's free use before you need make up your mind to keep it. If it is not sweeter and richer in tone and better made than any you can buy at one-third more than we ask you, send it back at our expense.

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It is the most beautiful piano or organ catalog ever published. It shows our latest styles and explains everything you should know before buying any instrument. It shows why you cannot buy any other high grade organ or piano anywhere on earth as low as the Cornish. You should have this beautiful book before buying any piano or organ anywhere. Write for it today and please mention this paper.

Cornish Co., Washington, N. J. Established Over 50 Years

IDIOTORIALS.

The Taft smile these days looks like a mouldy biscuit in a basket full of dead cats.

This new "expanding currency" works sorter like pulling a sock-leg over a cow's head.

If Huerta and Villa were put in a bag and shook, it's hard telling which would come out first.

When the Bull Elephant party gets itself swallowed, reckon which end of itself will be the head end?

Wonder why Taft goes to Washington every time he wants to get weighed? Ain't they got no cattle scales up at Yale?

Have you sent in your application yet for a regional reserve bank? Better take one or two while they're a-goin'.

The reason they ain't got any vice-president in Mexico is bekaze the president is mean enough to furnish all the "vice" that's needed.

The House of Morgan must be expecting something to "drap," judging by the way they are "getting from under." But there's a mighty little hope that it will be the cost of living.

And so they are going to make the currercy "contract and expand," are they? Well I do say! I never had any trouble getting mine to "contract," but the "expanding" wheel seems to be loose on the shaft.

GOOD NEWS

Dear Friends:—Maybe you would like to know that Mr. Pearson's "other half" is also editing a monthly paper, called Good News. It is quite different from The Fool-Killer, and some of you might not like it, but if you want to send fifteen cents for a year's subscription, or get up a club of five or more at ten cents each, I'm satisfied you'll have no "kick coming" against me. Good News is a non-sectarian religious paper, same size as The Fool-Killer, and stands for the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ and the Whole Truth of God's Word. As long as The Fool-Killer lives, the proceeds of Good News will be used in charitable and religious work. Also along with your subscription or club send me a good list of names (of women preferably) to send sample copies to—not very many from one postoffice—and I'll appreciate it. Address:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, - - - - - - N. C.

Four Little Boys A-totin' His Tail.

Away up yander in Washing-ton,
Look-y what Woodsaw's gone an' done—
Said to the Protestants, "You go hang!"
And then hobnobbed with the Catholic gang.

Woodsaw got him a front seat perch
In old Saint Patrick's Catholic church;
And there among the official class
He crossed himself and said his "mass."

In came Gibbons, the great tin god,
With a tail that measured at least a rod;
He marched inside the chancel rail
With four little boys a-toting his tail.

A throne was ready for Cardinal Jim,
And they fell down at the sight of him;
For Catholic Tumulty gave the hunch
To Woody and all the official bunch.

Who made Jim Gibbons such a god
That presidents must obey his nod?
And what is the virtue of all that red,
And the crown on top of his old bald head?

O Mother of Harlots and breeder of bawds,
You're one of the earth's most hellish frauds;
You can't fool me with your Prince of Baal
With four little boys a-totin' his tail.

James Larkin Pearson.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JAMES DILLARD, Bolivar, Tenn.—Hello, Bro. Pearson, here's a money order for $1.25 for subscriptions. These are just a few of the subs that I expect to send, as I aim to be an agent for The Fool-Killer as long as I live.

W. T. MASON, 1609 Eleventh Ave., Nashville, Tenn.—By chance I got hold of the Fool-Killer, and it was so funny that I want to subscribe for it for a year. Please find the price enclosed. Start it to me at once, and I will show it to my friends and get them to subscribe.

J. L. HOFFMAN, Lowell, N. C.—you will find enclosed the names of ten subs to The Fool-Killer and $1.50 to pay for them. Yea, granny, make a double-barreled concern outen it and shoot them so full of Socialism that they will think the kingdom is to immediately appear.

WIILIS SMITH, Tiger Bay, Fla.—I got hold of a copy of your paper yesterday, and got out this cloudy morning and captured ten subs. I am a boy of 12, and I guess that is not so bad, is it? Find enclosed money order for $1.50 for which send the paper to the enclosed names.

A. D. SMITH, Mitchell, Ga.—I am sending you a list of ten subs and money-order for $1.50. Hope you will get up the required number to get it enlarged. If it is bigger it will be better, I guess, but that is about the only chance for you to make it any better. Please get the January issue to all these parties if possible. I intend to get another club soon. It is so easy to get them.

PROF. I. LESLIE MILLER, President Western Kentucky State Normal, Bowling Green, Ky.—Having read the December Fool-Killer, I decided to do what I could in my leisure moments to help the good work along. So here I come with ten subs and the money to pay for them. Now, Mr. Pearson, if a man in my position—a Professor of Mathematics—can find time to pick up ten subs, it seems to me that the other fellows ought to get enough to increase your list to at least 50,000 at once. You are doing a great work, and I am "fur" you.

HIRAM F. COUSINS, 507 Miller Ave., Marion, Ind.—Enclosed find money order for $1.50 for 10 subs to The Fool-Killer, this being the second club I have sent you this month, making a total of 27 subs for your 15 samples. So I think I have made good my promise to send one sub for every sample copy. Guess that will learn you not to be so stingy with your samples. I see you have finally come across to where you belong—that is, into the Socialist party—so I can call you Comrade Pearson.

GUY GOODMOTE, 26 N. Fifth St., Duquesne, Pa.—I received my December issue of the Fool-Killer, and, as luck would have it, I got a chance to view its lines as soon as the mail carrier delivered it, for once. I don't know how many read it before I got it, but it has been read by nearly a dozen since. It has made a great hit, and I got 12 subs without any trouble. It is a small sheet, but it contains a large amount of good sense and amusement. I would not be without it, and wife can hardly wait until it arrives.

BARTON TROWBRIDGE, R. F. D. 12, Muncie, Ind.—I am sending you another right nice little bunch of subs to The Fool-Killer, with money order for $4.50 to pay for them. I haven't quite as many this time as I had before. It is not much trouble to get subscribers to The Fool-Killer. About all I have to do is to show it to them, and they all want it. The paper sells itself. I got 22 of these subs in less than 8 hours just at spare time while I was at work the other night. The Fool-Killer is the best I ever read. I couldn't do without it. Can't hardly wait till it comes. And when it does come I sit right down and very seldom quit until I have read every word of it. I would pay 50c. a year for it just as quick as 15 cents. I hope all the comrades will go to work and send in a big bunch of subs so you can increase the size of your paper, and then it will be still easier to get subs. I am doing all I can to help you. As I said in my other letter, I haven't very much time. Working 12 long hours don't give a man much time to do anything but go home, eat, sleep, eat again, and go back to his master to slave his life out for him. So I will close, wishing you and your paper the very best of success.

HUERTA'S ULTIMATUM.

The President of Mexico Orders The President of the Benighted States to Resign at Once.

To His Excellency, the President of the Benighted States of America:

Dear Woodchuck:—In accordance with the duties of my exalted office and the dictates of my conscience, I am compelled, much to my regret, to inform your Excellency that it will hereafter be impossible for me and my goverment to recognize your administration. I have no quarrel with you personally, and I have the highest respect for your people, but I feel that the Republic of Mexico owes a duty to the democracy of the world. To my mind, you are an usurper of administrative power, and I therefore demand your instant resignation as president of the Benighted States.

In proof of my contention that you have no legal right to the high office you now occupy, allow me to cite you to the election returns of 1912, from which it will be seen that two million more votes were cast against you than for you!

Senor Taft	3,369,221.
Gen'l Moosevelt,	4,057,429.
Senor Debs	1,016,238.
Senor Wilson	6,292,718.

It is therefore clear that you represent only a minority of the American people, while claiming to be choice of the majority. It is painful for me to state the facts so bluntly to your Excellency, but I do not see how you can remain in office against the clear and unmistakable verdict of the majority of the people. I owe it to myself, to my country, and to the traditional friendship existing between my country and yours, to insist that you and your entire Cabinet vacate the White House at once.

I shall not be satisfied for you to resign merely as a matter of form, while continuing to hold the reins of government by means of a dummy. I shall not permit Senor Marshall to succeed you, as he is disqualified by the same reasons that render your election void in the eyes of the Mexican Constitution. I shall not recognize Senor Bryan, Admiral Dan Yells, or any other member of your official family, as your successor.

I demand that a new general election be immediately ordered, and I must insist that neither you nor anyone connected with your administration shall be a candidate for reelection. I would have had no objection to the candidacy of General Moosevelt, but his absence form American soil renders him ineligible according to Mexican law.

Pending the outcome of the new election, I hereby appoint Senor Chump Clark as Provisional President of the Benighted States.

I must call your attention, also, to the fact that your lower house was not elected in accordance with the Mexican constitution. I demand, therefore, that every candidate who did not receive a clear majority of all votes cast in his district, shall immediately enter another special election, running against the candidate who received the largest number of votes next to him. If this demand is not complied with, I shall be forced to repudiate your Congress and declare the election void.

Any disagreement with my views will be construed by my government as an unfriendly act. If your Excellency shall fail to comply with my commands within a period of forty-eight hours from date, I shall take immediate steps to make you do it.

Now I trust that your Excellency will not misconstrue these gentle hints as an Ultimatum. Nothing could be farther from my mind. It is not my intention to meddle with the internal affairs of neighboring republics. I believe in the government of the majority—provided the majority agrees with me—and my only wish is to see that the Huerta Doctrine is not violated.

I beg of your Excellency not to be alarmed by the dispatch of the entire Mexican fleet to Hampton Roads. It is merely for the protection of Mexican citizens in the Benighted States. And rushing the 300,000 Mexican troops to your Southern border must not be taken as a war-like move against your glorious republic. These troops are simply sent there for their health.

Your loving guardian,
HUERTA,
Pres. of Mexico.

Sorter Solemn.

Another Christmas has poked its head in at the front door of the present and said "Howdy," and then trotted along into the big, lonesome past.

I saw it look back over its shoulder as it went out of sight, and I thought I could see a tear in its eye.

There was one in mine, too.

That day is gone forever, and I shall never see it again.

I will spend a few hours with its mate next winter, if God permits, and then it, too, will leave me and pass on.

These Christmas days are very strange things.

And yet they are just like all other days.

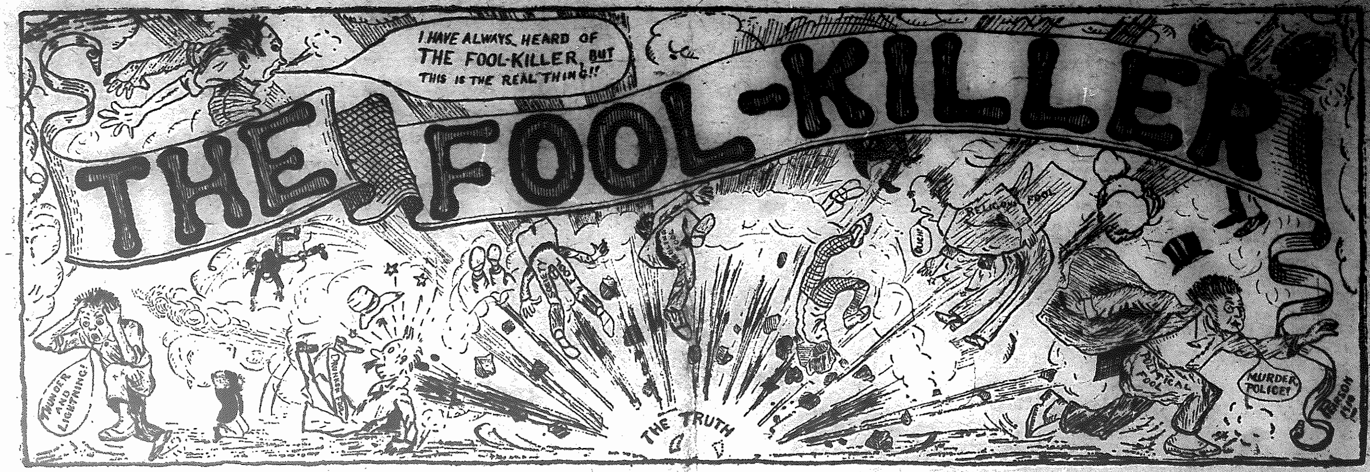
All days do that way—I mean they pass on, and we shall not see them again.

I have often wondered where they go to, and how they pass off the long ages that they must stay there?

The wise folks tell me that I am a fool for asking such silly questions, but they don't know any more about it than I do.

I guess we are all fools.

Don't you?



VOL. IV. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY, 1914. NO. 12.

A Good Old Hymn.

Alas, and are my breeches tore?
And is my shirt in strings?
And shall I go in debt for more,
Or do without such things?

Was it for this, since I've been grown,
I cast my sovereign vote?
Amazing shoes, with socks unknown!
And, oh, you tattered coat!

Well might a piece of tow-sack hide
My poor old naked skin!
The way them politicians lied,
It surely is a sin!

But drops of grief can never pay
The grocery bills I owe.
Next time I'll vote a different way—
Hang-taked if that ain't so!

Smoke, Smoke, Smoke!

An article taken from the Louisville Courier-Journal and reprinted in the Winston-Salem (N. C.) Journal contains these words:

> "The dense black smoke that comes from factory and locomotive stacks represents waste. How much money is lost as a result of this reckless waste is a matter of conjecture Every smoking plant or locomotive is a sign of wastefulness and a disregard of the rights of the public."

And then in the same issue of the same paper there is great rejoicing over the rapid growth of the tobacco business during the past year. The infernal fools never seem to catch the idea that the pale, poison smoke that comes from the foul mouths of degenerate men and boys represents a much greater waste and is still more of a nuisance to that part of the public who want to be decent.

Why can't newspaper editors, as well as other people, learn to be a little more consistent? If "every smoking plant and locomotive" represents waste and is a nuisance, the same can be said of every man and boy who smokes.

Now, Mr. Journal, crack away and preach us another sermon on "Smoke," will you?

Adam and Eve With Their Breeches Off.

I reckon, by Ned, if some fool man would cut off his head with a meat-saw and eat it hair and all, there would be some fool woman ready to follow his example.

Some time last year there was an artist kind of a buddy named Joe Knowles who had exhausted every other means of calling attention to himself, and so he decided to strip off and advertise his nakedness in the yellow newspapers.

Yes-sir-ee-bob, that was the idea! He would strip himself to the skin aud be a primative wild man in the woods for awhile.

The big Maine woods were selected as the field of adventure, and one day Joe plunged into the wilderness naked and empty-handed. He looked exactly like Adam did before fig-leaves came in fashion. He took nothing with him—no clothes, no food, no tools, no weapons. Just his naked self, and nothing more. He declared he would go into the forest that way, and come out at the end of two months fully clothed and fit to appear in the "best sawsiety."

Well, Joe came out of it alive, but he looked like the grandaddy of Barnum's wild man just getting over a fit.

That all happened last year. And now comes the announcement that Miss Bana Douglass, of Stratton, Maine, is going to do the same stunt over again. She will dike out in a full uniform of naked skin and spend two months in the same Maine woods. She will live on berries, nuts, and such game as she can catch. She will rub sticks together to get fire, and she expects to find in the forest enough to supply all her bodily needs and soon be living in comfort.

Well, now, what's your guess?

My guess is that every patch of woods in the state of Maine will be so full of men all next summer that Miss Bana will not suffer with lonliness any to hurt.

BILLY BONEHEAD'S LETTER

Foolville, S. I. (The S.I. stands
fer State ov Ignerunce.)
Feb. the two-th, 1914.

Dear Mister Editur:

We have got our walkin papers sents I rit you last munth. You no we hav bin livin on Mister Gotrox's land fer sevurl years. The plais wuz awl run down when we went thar an woodent maik nuthin hardly. Mister Gotrox let us tend it fer a thurd at fust, but we wurked hard an impruved the land so mutch that he begun 2 charge us haff. Paw dident like that, but he coodent hep hissef, and so he pade haff.

Well, 3 weaks ago Mister Gotrox sent fer paw 2 cum 2 his house kaze he wanted 2 see him on important bizness.

That purt-ni tickled paw 2 deth, kaze he aint offen called on about important bizness.

I went along with paw, and we went 2 the bak dore, kaze our kloze wus ragged an we wusent fine anuff 2 go 2 the frunt.

Mister Gotrox moshuned us 2 a seet, and after kleerin his throte he sed:

"Wel, Bonehead, I sent fer you 2 tell you that I hav decided not 2 keep a renter enny longer. You hav got my farm in sutch good kondishun that me an mi boys can manage it frum now on. You kan look out fer you anuther home."

With that he turned an went bak 2 the frunt yard whur tha wus a big otermobeel with sum fine lookin men in it.

Wel, that WUZ important bizness, shore anuff. Me and paw felt wusser as 2 lost sheep with no bell on. We started bak 2 the place what had bin our home, but wuzent our home enny longer. When we got 2 the wood-pile paw sot down an cride awhile before goin on 2 whur maw wus. I don't no whot paw wus a cryin about, unless he wus oneasy about them ole Soshubuls gittin in power an brakin up his home.

We got ter muve nex weak an we aint got no plais 2 muve 2 yit. Paw has purt-ni run hiz legs off huntin fer a plais, but haint found nary un yit. But paw is still hopeful about gittin a plais. He ses this is a land ov prosperity an pleny, an he noze sum ov our good Redemocan friends will rent us a cabin sum ov thees daze. Paw ses that Mister Gotrox ses that Mister Wilson ses that we hav got prosperity, an so I gues a-body ortent 2 komplane. But ef them Soshubuls gits in an destroys our home it will be jist offul.

Well, Mister Editor, I will rite you agin when we git muved.

Yores truly,

BILLY BONEHEAD.

A Republican or Democratic paper cussing the Catholics puts me in mind of a polecat holding its nose to keep from smelling itself.

When in doubt, see an editor; when in debt, see a lawyer; when in pain, see a doctor; when in death, see an undertaker; when in hell, see a Catholic priest.

A society item informs us that wearing diamonds is unhealthy. Now listen at that, you poor one-gallus devils! Ain't you mighty uneasy about your health? Let's you and me quit wearing diamonds, anyhow.

We are getting so drotted many "inspectors" for this, that and the other, that we are beginning to need an inspector to inspect the inspectors, and then another inspector to inspect that inspector, and still another one to inspect him.

The Fool-Killer's plan is to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Prof. J. Lawrence Laughlin, professor of political economy at the University of Chicago, says that the currency bill is the political miracle of the age, because not ten men in Congress who voted for it understood what they were voting for.

IDIOTORIALS.

Gee! Don't that "elastic currency" make you feel good?

◆

It is better to follow a good example than to set a bad one.

◆

It's hard telling which loves a bone the best—a dog or a Catholic.

◆

Why not lump all the plute parties together and call them Regressocrats?

◆

The reason they call a Catholic priest "father" is because he generally is one.

◆

Fortune knocks at every man's door, but Mis-fortune just walks in without knocking.

◆

Yes, honey, we all waste a lot of time wondering about things that are none of our business.

◆

Wilson's Sermon to the Scrats.

Now, my beloved Donkeycrats, hear me! I feel the spirit moving me, and I must speak to you in a most confidential manner. I am the high priest of Democracy, and you are my political children.

Dearly beloved, you know we Democrats are now on trial for our political lives, and the American people are the jury. What will the verdict be? Doggoned if I ain't getting sorter scared. We ain't furnished the evidence of our ability to govern that we promised before the election, and now if we can't bribe or intimidate the jury we are gone suckers.

Yes, we lowered the tariff, and that was going to lower the cost of belly-timber all so fast. But in spite of the fact that we knew it would do it, we are up against the fact that it ain't done it. And now our job is to explain to the people why it ain't done it.

After the tariff tinkering failed to work, then we knew positively it was the currency that needed tinkering with. So we tinkered with the currency. Still no results, except a few more idle and hungry men tramping over the country hunting for work.

And so that proves that it wasn't the currency that needed tinkering with, after all.

It must be the trusts.

We will tinker with the trusts awhile.

If that don't gee-haw to suit us, we'll go back and tinker with the currency some more.

We are sorter like a nigger cook trying to run an automobile up a tree. We will pull and jerk at every handle and lever about the blamed old governmental machine, and we're sure to make it do something before we quit.

A SERMON ON "AMBITION."

Some time ago I was in conversation with a man who holds up for plutocratic exploitation of the poor, and in the course of the conversation he pumped through the word-hole in his knowledge-box some such brilliant remark as this:

"We must not destroy the ambition of the people."

There you have it!

Ambition!

But what is Ambition, please yer onner?

It strikes me sorter whompergoddlin that there's several sorts of "Ambition" in the world. Some of the sorts are all right, and other sorts are all wrong.

The ambition to make a good living honestly and enjoy life and let everybody else do the same, is all right.

But the ambition to kill, rob, cheat, lie, swindle, bulldoze and mistreat the poor and helpless in order to pile up fabulous fortunes—that ambition is all wrong.

So it all depends on what sort of ambition a man has and what he is trying to do with it, as to whether we must give him a free hand with it and tell him to go his limit.

The speaker quoted above is a rich man, and his ambition is to get richer, and he don't want anybody to meddle with his darling privilege of raking in the dough.

Here's the line of talk your humble servant handed back to the zealous defender of heartless ambition and soulless greed:

Oh, yes, you selfish rascal, you want the privilege of gratifying your own ambitions, but you forget that while you are prospering and piling up wealth, there are millions of others just as deserving as you are who have to slave through life with the hope and ambition all crushed out of them. Of course you'll say they don't try hard enough. That's a lie. They try as hard as it is possible to try under the circumstances, but their trying don't amont to anything. They are just as helpless as you would be if you were in the bottom of a hundred-foot well and the well was walled with polished marble. You might try to climb out till you busted your infernal gall, but you wouldn't climb nary inch.

That is exactly the condition of 96 per cent of the American people to-day. The system under which we live is designed to give undue advantage to a few, and in proportion as these few have an easy time the great army of "under dogs" must have a hard time. Every time a millionaire gratifies one of his over-grown ambitions by pocketing another million, he has crushed and killed the hope and ambition of a thousand poor men. Oh, you know it's the truth, confound you!

You talk about not wanting to destroy the ambition of people! Great heavens alive, man! And yet here you go trying to defend a system that deliberately murders the reasonable ambitions of a thousand men in order to feed and fatten the unreasonable greed of one man. Lord have mercy on your poor little old warty, dried-up, mustard-seed soul!

◆

Everybody's Doin' It.

Whoop!

Sick 'em!

Everybody's doin' it!

What?

Cussin' the Catholics.

Even some of the Redemocan papers have got their eyes open and joined in the fight.

Welcome, boys!

We need all the help we can get.

Let's make it so hot for the old Dad on the Tiber and his bunch of toe-kissing lickspittles on the Potomac that they'll have to go to hades to cool off.

It is gratifying to me that the people have seen the danger and responded to the call.

Four years ago when I began to sound the alarm, the chorus of responses was mighty weak, but to-day it has swelled to a deafening roar of protest against Rome's avowed plans to "make America Catholic."

Some of the very papers that used to laugh at me for even intimating that there could possibly be any danger in the Romish aggression are now cussing the pope in such a terrific tone of voice that I can hardly make my little fuss heard at all.

But that's all right.

They once were blind, but now they see.

I am fully vindicated, and that's glory enough for me.

But say!

What will become of your politics in the shuffle?

The Bull Elephant party is the slave of Rome.

And so is the Jackass party.

Everybody knows that.

Look at the Taft record.

And look at the Wilson record.

Surely you can see that no matter which old party you belong to, your espousal of the Anti-Catholic cause cuts you loose from it. The big leaders in either party will disown you, because they all pick their chawin' terbacker out of the Holy Roman spittoon.

If you have made up your mind to take a stand against Rome and her gang of foot-kissers, there is only one party in America that you can consistently belong to.

A word to the wise is a-plenty, but fools never learn any sense.

Which are you?

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

This Here Love Business.

A St. Louis paper thinks that Love is about the greatest evil that the world has to contend with. It wants an anti-love crusade started, and thinks that would help just lots.

I'll bet ye a nickel's worth of dimes that the editor of that paper is an old dried-up bachelor whose heart couldn't be distinguished from a last year's hickorynut that the squirrels have throwed away. If there ever was a case of "sour grapes" I guess we are on the track of one right now. The old booger was so tarnal ugly he couldn't get nary purty gal to have him, and now he wants to take revenge by throwing the whole love business into disfavor.

Law sakes, old feller, you've tackled a big job. Guess you'd better hire several good hands to help you, and you'll all get doggon tired of it before it's over.

Stop people from loving? Gee-whiz! Let me know when you get it done, will you?

Now you might make a man go naked by keeping his clothes hid. Or you might adopt the capitalistic method and never let him get able to own any clothes.

And you might make him go hungry by adopting a similar course with his food.

But it don't matter how naked or how hungry a man gets, you can generally count on him having a duck-fit over the first pretty woman he sees.

Pretty, did I say? Aw, shucks, it don't matter about that. Just any kind will do when there's no other kind handy. I have thought that some men had a perfect craving for extreme ugliness, judging by the kind of selection they make.

Of course the average man looks for beauty, but sometimes he's doggon easy fooled in the article. And what he picks out for a regular blossom, after it sleeps with him a few years it looks more like the running-gears of a big rag doll that had died with a pain in its sawdust.

But after all the trouble and suffering that love brings into the world, I guess it brings enough joy and happiness to sorter even things up. The rotten rich are trying their doggondest to substitute money for love, but the highly-perfumed society scandals and the devorce court records prove that the thing is a dismal failure. If the Thaws and the Astors and such gold-plated nothings as that had some of the poor folks' old-fashioned love to mix along with their other hifalutin nonsense, it would be the best thing that ever happened to them.

Life is a through train that starts at Birth and runs to Death, and Love is the biggest station on the road. Most of us make the trip without change—very little change, anyhow—but love punches the ticket and sends us on our way rejoicing.

Stop people from loving? Say, suppose you try something easy —like pulling an auger-hole out of a log.

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The Portable Stove will boil, bake, fry, roast—cook anything. Ideal for quick meals, washing, ironing, hot water, canning fruit, camping. SUMMER OR WINTER STOVE. Oil automatically turned into gas, furnishes a steady heat, passed through radiator and throughout the room; or condensed under cooking vessels the heat is absorbed by articles being cooked. Heat under control. NOT DANGEROUS LIKE GASOLINE. No valves—no wicks. Heats rooms—slow fire or fast fire No flues or chimneys. Light—pick it up, set it anywhere. MANY THOUSANDS of the Portable Oil Gas Stoves sent to families in all parts of the world.
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Show Stove MAKING GAS—people stop, look, excited—want it—buy. B. L. Huested Mich. "Was out one day, sold 11 stoves." W. E. Baird, S. C. "You have the best stove on the market; sold 9 in 2 hours; I DO NOT FEAR COMPETITION." So they go. THESE MEN MAKE MONEY. You have the same chance. You should make from $10 to $15 a day. Write for our selling plan. Do it to-day. Send no money.
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SECTIONAL CUT

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Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars. Desk 2010
HAZEN A. HORTON, Tekonsha, Michigan

Chips From The Battle Axe.

When a preacher preaches against smoking cigarettes he is shooting close enough to your chew to singe your mustache.

* * *

Eugenic marriages and disease breeding slums both endorsed by the same folks show there is a screw loose in the "Eugenic" business somewhere.

* * *

No, Bud, you needn't screen your tobacco from the flies, for no fly could be nastier and poisoner than tobacco. Yes, Mam, this applies to your snuff, too. Certainly.

* * *

And so you don't know what church to join? Well, I'll tell you. If you will go and pay for that chicken, and everything else you ever stole or cheated people out of, maybe you will know more about it.

* * *

A working boy was fined $7.95 recently for shooting a red bird, which was nearly eight hundred times as much as one of these rich guys would have been fined for killing the working boy with an automobile.

* * *

"Saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung-hole" is an old saying that very aptly illustrates the wasted energy in the "great" fight that is being waged against tuberculosis. Lecture on the dangers of the disease as much as you please, but as long as the tobacco business, and the whiskey business, and the lust business, and the drug business are run at full blast, as at present, they are going to keep on dying.

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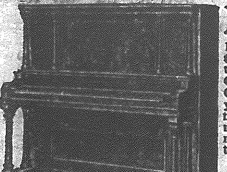
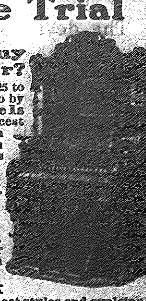
Cornish Co., Washington, N. J. Established Over 50 Years





STOPPED HIS DRINKING
This Wife and Mother Saved Her Husband Over Ten Years Ago
SHE WILL GLADLY TELL YOU HOW FREE
Write to Her Today. Send No Money. She Has Nothing To Sell
For over 20 years Jas. Anderson of Hillburn, N. Y., was a confirmed drunkard. His case was about as bad as it could be, but a little over ten years ago his devoted wife, after years of trying, finally succeeded in stopping his drinking entirely.

Write to this woman if you have a relative or friend who drinks

Not only did she save Mr. Anderson but she stopped the drinking of her brother and several of her neighbors as well. All this she accomplished with a simple home remedy which any one can get and use. And she now desires to tell every man and woman who has a relative or friend who drinks, just what it is.
It can be given secretly if desired and every reader of this notice who is interested in curing a dear one of drinking should write to Mrs. Anderson at once. Her reply will come by return mail in a sealed envelope. She does this gladly, in hopes that others will be benefited as she was. One thing she asks however, and that is that you do not send money for she has nothing to sell. Her complete address is 254 Hill Ave., Hillburn, N. Y.
NOTE This offer should be accepted at once by all who have dear ones who drink. In fact, every one who has to contend in any way with drunkenness should know about it. Therefore, if you do not write Mrs. Anderson yourself CUT THIS NOTICE OUT and mail it to a friend who could use her advice. And even though you do answer it, MAIL IT TO SOMEONE ELSE who you think would like to know what Mrs. Anderson used. In other words, let this notice reach as many as possible for Mrs. Anderson will reply to every letter, no matter how many she receives.

GOOD NEWS

Dear Friends:—Maybe you would like to know that Mr. Pearson's "other half" is also editing a monthly paper, called Good News. It is quite different from The Fool-Killer, and some of you might not like it, but if you want to send fifteen cents for a year's subscription, or get up a club of five or more at ten cents each, I'm satisfied you'll have no "kick coming" against me. Good News is a non-sectarian religious paper, same size as The Fool-Killer, and stands for the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ and the Whole Truth of God's Word. As long as The Fool-Killer lives, the proceeds of Good News will be used in charitable and religious work. Also along with your subscription or club send me a good list of names (of women preferably) to send sample copies to—not very many from one postoffice—and I'll appreciate it. Address:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, - - - - - - N. C

THE DEVIL'S "CONFESSION."

The devil got hold of a Catholic paper and read about the pope having power to forgive sins.

That was mighty interesting news to the devil. And so he called one of his assistant devils to the throne of hell and said:

"Behold, I go on a long journey, and I hereby appoint you as Devil Pro Tem. Occupy my throne and keep things sizzling till I get back. And if I should never return, you can have the whole fireworks and make what you can out of it."

Having uttered these remarks, the devil unscrewed his horns, unbuckled his tail at the first joint, and put them all in the big asbestos safe. Then he brought forth a fine suit of clothes and put them on, and all the little devils gaped with amazement to see their boss look so much like a gentleman.

Then the devil shook hands with all the leading characters of hell and struck out on his long journey.

The next account we have of the devil he is in the great city of Rome talking with the pope, and the conversation runs something like this:

"Holy Father, I have been told that you have power to forgive sins. Is that a fact?"

"Yes, indeed, son, I can certainly forgive sins."

"How much sin and what kind of sin can you forgive, Holy Father?"

"Why, I can forgive all sins, no matter what kind or how many. I am God's personal representative on earth, and He has given me power to do anything that He can do."

"Well, Holy Father, I want you to forgive my sins. Will you do it?"

"Yes, if you'll make confession in the regular manner, and—being a stranger to me—you will have to pay cash in advance."

"How much will it cost to get my sins forgiven, Holy Father?"

"That depends on how much you have sinned. Kneel down here and tell me all about yourself."

The devil kneels as the pope commands him, and goes on to say:

"Well, Father, I guess I am about the biggest sinner in the whole universe. I am the only and original devil, the boss of the fireworks down below."

The pope turned sorter pale behind the ears, but he had given his word and he couldn't crawfish. This was a little more than he had contracted for, but hadn't he just made the statement that he could forgive all sins? And wouldn't that include even the sins of the devil? Yes, sir, the Holy Dad just had to stand up to the rack and forgive Mister Devil. There was no other way out of it.

And so the devil went on to say:

"Yes, Holy Father, I am a great sinner. I used to be an angel in heaven, but I got the bighead and they had to kick me out. I presume you have read all about it in Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' It beats me how Milton found it out, seeing that the Bible don't say one word about it. Finding that I was kicked out of heaven and that there wasn't much prospect of getting back, that put the devil in me bigger than ever, and I just tried myself. First off, I came up to the Garden of Eden, crawled into a snake-skin and temped Mrs. Eve with an apple. In climbing after the apple Eve fell and tore her hobble-skirt from Maine to California and knocked her old man down, and they both rolled over into the mud-hole of sin and had to be driven out of the garden. Seeing that they were thus driven out into the cold, I went down and started up the fireworks to keep them warm. No use to dwell out on this point—you know the reputation of my place of business. It's a wicked place, designed for wicked people, and I'm a wicked old devil, but I never have quite abandoned the hope of getting back into heaven some day. On hearing that you could forgive sins, I lost no time in starting up here to see you. I possess great wealth, and you can name your own price for the service, if only you will forgive my sins and help me to get back into heaven."

The Holy Dad sat for a few minutes in silence, and then said:

"My dear Mr. Devil, this is a rather unusual case, and I'm not quite certain whether it comes under my jurisdiction or not, but the Holy Church needs the money, and so I'll risk it."

Then the pope made a few passes with his hands over the devil's head and mumbled something in Latin, after which he said:

"In consideration of one billion dollars I have this day forgiven your sins."

The devil got up off his knees, slapped the pope on the back and said:

"Say, Dad, it's awful kind of you to do this for me. If you ever get in trouble, just call on me."

And the devil and the pope both laughed till their sides ached.

* * *

It's generally the case that your neighbors think just as mean things about you as you think about them.

A Sermon on "Conservatism."

Some people claim that names don't amount to anything. Maybe they don't. You might call a polecat a pet kitten, but that wouldn't change its smell any.

And the age of a thing isn't always a badge of merit, either. The itch is an old disease, but nobody wants to get chummy with it on that account.

In like manner, we have some ideas and customs that have been here ever since Eve's grandmother was a little girl, and they are getting pretty doggon stale, too. It seems that every old idea that was good—everyone that tended toward the uplift of the race—has been long since discarded and forgotten. While every idea that was evil and reactionary has been religiously preserved and handed down to us under the moss-covered name of "Conservatism."

Let us hold up "Conservatism" by the tail and look at it just a minute. Let us see if we can learn what it stands for and who its champions are. Well, in the first place, Conservatism as we have it to-day stands for slavery and class rule; it stands for war and butchery; it stands for criminal wealth and cruel poverty; it stands for everything that is fatal to the highest development of the human race. Every time humanity has tried to make a step forward, old Granny Conservatism has swung to its coat-tail and cried: "Don't go there—it might not be safe! Stand here and take root, and let the birds build in your hair!"

Conservatism is the bastard offspring of Cowardice and Ignorance, and it takes after both of its parents.

I wish we could go back through the pages of history and look at the men who have been the "conservatives" of the ages past. We would see that they have been nothing but stumbling-blocks in the path of progress. Then coming on down to the present, what sort of men make up the "conservative" element of to-day? Start with the Pope of Rome—I guess he is about the leading conservative on earth to-day. Truckling at the pope's heels is the Church of Mammon with its great cry and little wool; the courts; the daily press; the politicians—all trying to hold us back into an age that we have long ago outgrown. Trying, as it were, to push a full-grown rooster back into the egg-shell—that's your Conservatism. In politics it is represented by such back-numbers as Taft and Cannon, Murphy and Ryan; in finance and Big Business by such as Morgan and Carnegie; in religion by such as Gibbons and Phelan.

Then just on top of that you'll find the next layer of the "conservative" cake, and in it you will find such huckleberries as Roosevelt, LaFollette, Wilson, Bryan and Underwood. They want to soft-soap the people with fair promises of reform and cheat them out of the real article. The great "reforms" that they are packing off on us are no reforms at all—they don't amount to a dried-apple cuss.

The people are getting tired of so blamed much talk and nothing done. Well may the old moss-covered systems quake and tremble, for their days are numbered. The common people have made up their minds to shuffle the cards and have a new deal—and a square deal. Who could blame them? I can't.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. JOHN GRADY, R 1, Box 221, Bartlesville, Okla.—I sincerely hope the others have succeeded in getting the subscribers required for a larger Fool-Killer. Enclosed fined 23 names and money for same. It is no trouble to get subs for your paper.

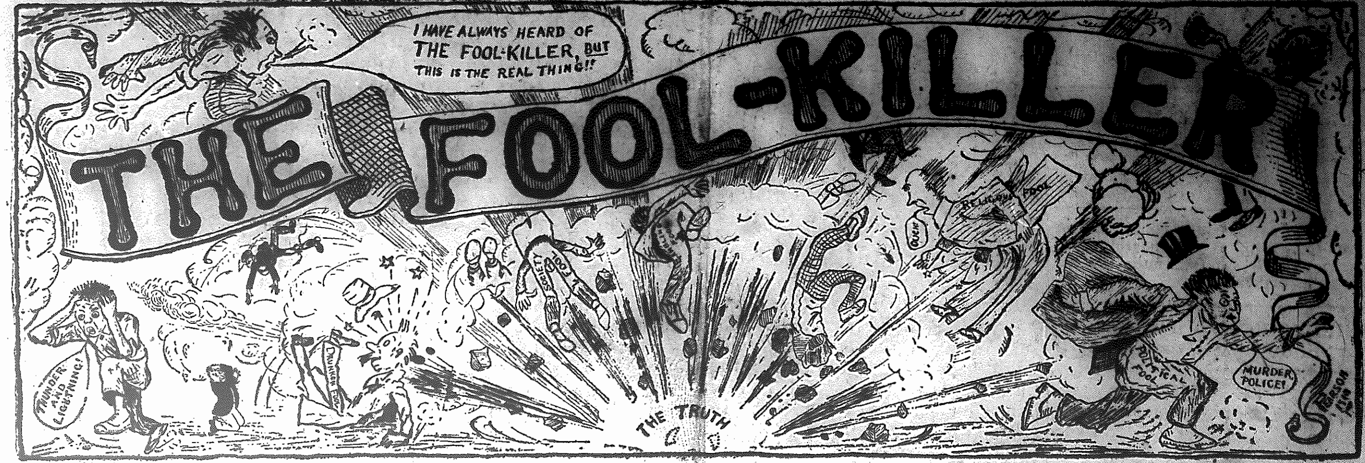
B. L. STEPHENSON, Royston, Ga.—You will find enclosed post office money order for $4.30 for which please enter these subscribers on your list for one year. I will send you another club in a few days. Send me some sample copies.

WILLIAM B. PASCHAL, Reidsville, N. C.—Sunday I put some copies of The Fool-Killer in my pocket, and thinking I had my Sunday-School quarterly, I pulled them out in Sunday-School. The teacher and scholars laughed at me for my mistake, but I got seven of the scholars and also the teacher to subscribe.

JAMES HAGLER, Oakwood, Tex.—You will herewith find enclosed $2.55 for 17 subs. I hope each and every one will get their papers all right. I quit my business and went out and worked for you. I simply could not do without The Fool-Killer—I like it better every one I get. You sure do get off some good onds

J. G. Brooks, Box 266, McColl, S. C.—You will find enclosed a money order for $1.50 to pay for ten subs to The Fool-Killer. I hope you had a Merry Christmas, and I wish you a happy and Prosperous New Year.

WILLIAM C. CLAY, Box 945, Struthers, Ohio.—Enclosed find order for $1.80 for 12 subs. The Fool-Killer fills a long-felt want—a good thing to drive away the blues. I am glad to note the stand you take against Romanism. Also that you say what you think, regardless of religion, politics or social standing. There is only one fault to find with your paper—it don't come often enough, and the package is too small. If it was twice as big and came every week it would be about right. Kindly give this bunch their first dose with the December issue. I wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year.



VOL. V. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH, 1914. NO. 1.

YOU OLD FOOL YOU.

You work in a shop for a dollar a day,
You old fool you,
And then take "company scrip" for pay,
You old fool you.
The wolf comes howling around your door,
And away you trot to the "company store,"
And pay two prices, and maybe more,
You old fool you.

Your boss has wealth in many lands,
You old fool you.
While you have nothing but your two hands,
You old fool you;
You work and work from day to day;
He sets the price and counts the pay,
And you ain't got a word to say,
You old fool you.

You skin some bark or dig some roots,
You old fool you,
And then go sell them to the plutes,
You old fool you;
And yet you ain't got sense enough
To stand your ground call their bluff,
And set your own price on your stuff,
You old fool you.

You fret and fume about your lot,
You old fool you,
And sigh for things you haven't got,
You old fool you;
When there's a chance to make some gains,
You mighty quick forget your pains
And vote to keep yourself in chains,
You old fool you.

—James Larkin Pearson.

A woman can take a feather and wear it on one side of her hat one day, and on the other side another day, on the the front of her hat another day, and on the back another day. She can wear it curled around the rim, under the rim, across the crown, or straight up in the air—and it looks just as natural as pig-tracks. But if a man happens to put his hat on with the back part in front he looks like a durn fool.

TWO OF A KIND.

Some of the Stuffing From A Stuffed Club.

A very punctilious lady friend of mine says that I should be ashamed to have my picture taken with a jackass. I don't know why. He may be inferior to me in many things, but I am inferior to him in many others. It is true that I am his master, and can lead him about; but I am also led about, a slave to my appetites and passions.

He was born a jackass, and can't help it; while I have deliberately made a jackass of myself, times without number. Neither of us was consulted when we were brought into this world, and we are hustled out of it willy nilly. His clay may yet mix with mine and "stop the cracks to keep the cold away."

He is not able to experience some of the pleasures I know but he is immune to my disappointments. He is uncomplaining about what is, and what he gets, while I am continually harassed by desires and longings which lure me hither and thither—wills-o'-the-wisp in a forest of ideals.

He invariably knows when he has enough. I seldom do. He is not annoyed by the jackassy acts of other jackasses. I am. He has always known how to keep well. I haven't. He will not eat beyond his capacity to digest, and never yet has he taken into his mouth "an enemy to steal away his brains."

He has never been vaccinated with serum antidiphthericum, or maggot juice, (more commonly known as Typhoid Vaccine) , or "pure" pus from the bodies of diseased cows.

His appendix and tonsils are all intact; he has had nothing cut out, clipped off, or squirted in. He has never taken a dose of medicine, and, strange as it may seem, he has never been sick a day in his life.

He is satisfied to live today. He does not worry himself trying to solve the riddle of his origin and existence, nor does he exhaust his strength in futile attempts to lift the veil of Isis.

I could prove by dozens of antropological traits of his, and hundreds of assinine acts of mine that he is my brother; but why prove it when I admit it?

I love him. I admire the splendid animality which is his. I doff my chapeau to his innocent, unconscious frankness, and his shameless, unblushing naturalness.

E. E. BUSTER.
(The one with a hat on.)

During the next three years of Wilson's "prosperity" the game of suicide is apt to be a very popular entertainment, and I see that the manufacturers of bichloride of mercury tablets are getting ready for it. Heretofore people who have made up their minds to take the bicloride route to heaven have had to run the great risk of swallowing a headache tablet by mistake. Such blunders are very annoying, especially under a Democratic administration when a feller is down-and-out and in a hurry to get away from it all. And therefore, as a means of preventing such mistakes in the future, the enterprising drug manufacturers have begun to put up the bichloride tablets in the shape of a coffin. That is a good idea. Now a poor, despondent feller can pick out his "go-to-heaven" dose in the dark or anywhere, just by the shape of it, and there won't be any more danger of swallowing a headache tablet by mistake.

Another Way to "Get Rich."

Well honey, I see that another big, juicy game of graft has blossomed out in connection with the moving picture business. The papers and magazines are full of advertisements of "schools" that want to teach you to write "photo-plays." It don't matter whether you know your A B C's or not, you are the very buddy they are looking for. In fact, the more ignorant you are, the better you will suit them. They are fishing for suckers that ain't got sense enough to know a skin-game when they see it. I do hope you ain't that big a fool, but if you are, then of course you'll answer their ad.

Yes, honey, and then they'll go on to tell you all about what a great demand there is for photo-plays, and they are plum certain that you are the greatest photo-play writer that ever lived. The fact that you couldn't spell "cat" correctly don't make any difference. They are quite positive that you can turn out at least sixty photo-plays a minute that will sell for at least a million dollars apiece. One advertisement reads: "I want to forever put a stop to this foolish idea that it takes any special talent or education to write photo-plays." Why, certain and shore, honey. Anybody can do that, but they need a little "teaching." Prof. Honeyfuggle is the gent what came into this world to do the teaching. He is so kind-hearted that he will only charge you about fifty dollars to teach you how to write photo-plays that will make you rich and famous in about fifteen minutes after you get started. Of course you pay that little dab without any hesitation, and then you employ four niggers with sand-shovels to keep the money shovelled off you.

Then you wait. After which you wait some more. And then you get a steady job of waiting, but still that fame and fortune don't show up. Of course not. Who but a fool would have expected it to?

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

IRVING V. KOCH, Adv. Manager,
30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for April, 1914.

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Publisher J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.
Sworn [illegible] and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1914. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

"Rampant Evils."

A Few Crumbs of Literary 'Backer for the Charlotte Observer to Smoke in Its Pipe.

The Charlotte (N. C.) Observer winds up an able editorial on dope and cigarettes with these words:

"Dope for the man and cigarettes for the small boy are the rampant evils of the day."

Which is all very true, but such talk as that comes with mighty poor grace from the Charlotte Observer. Yet if any paper on earth has a right to know about these evils by personal experience, that paper is the Charlotte Observer. And the purpose of this little preachment is to tell you the reason why.

Daily newspaper offices all over the country are noted for the dissipated character of their employes, but the Charlotte Observer bunch can coolly wax it onto anything that I've ever struck.

About seven years ago I was employed in the Observer office for a period of six months, and during that time I saw more dope and cigarettes consumed and heard more doubled-and-twisted cursing than in all the thirty-four years of my life besides. It actually made my flesh crawl sometimes just to see and hear such carryings-on as they had there then, and I don't suppose it's any better yet.

They had a nigger whose job was to carry dope up-stairs to the gang, and there ain't no dickens if they didn't nearly run that nigger to death. About every five minutes somebody would yell "Dope! Dope!" and that nigger would dive downstairs so fast it looked like a solid streak of nigger all the way down. In about three winks of a rooster's eye he was back with a waiter loaded with foaming glasses, whereupon six or eight fellers would drop their work and gather around the table to drink and cuss. The drinks consisted mostly of Coca-Cola and other so-called "soft drinks," but they never pretended to call it anything but "dope." And dope it certainly was.

Then every little while there was an express package of straight likker sent up, and what was left of it after the first round isn't worth talking about.

I suppose each feller drank an average of ten or twelve dopes a day, and the only time that their cigarettes and pipes were out of their mouths was when they took 'em out to drink dope. The air was always blue with smoke, and it smelled like burning hog-hair in a skillet.

And, profanity? The Lord have mercy! From the biggest to the least, they could cuss a tune going and coming and never miss a note. I remember one of the galley-boys—a little devil about 12 or 14 years old, with a mug that looked like the soft side of a beef's paunch. His word was "G-o-d D-a-m-n!" and he could say it so long and flat, and with such a scornful, devilish twist to the end of it, that it made my blood run cold.

I was drawing the princely salary of nine dollars a week along then, supporting my wife and self on it, and saving a little. Some of the others made from $25 to$35 a week, and never had money to last from one pay-day to another. And they were single men, too, most of them—nobody to spend it on but themselves. I never knew how much the foreman of the Observer got per week, but I remember lending him money at different times.

So much for the mechanical department of the great Charlotte Observer. And the literary department of it was not much better. From the editor-in-chief on down to the greenest cub reporter, the poison venom of dissipation was sapping the life of everyone. All over the house went the nigger with his waiter full of glasses; all over the house floated the stench of cheap tobacco; and all over the house rang the echo of the dreadful double-damns.

It was generally supposed that no man could go there and stay any length of time without taking up their bad habits. Mighty few ever had done it, at least. But I "toughed it out" for six months and came away as strong and free as I went. It took nerve to do it, but I had the nerve, and I've still got it, thank the Lord.

But some bright young men have gone there who didn't get off as easy as I did. Isaac Irwin Avery and John Charles McNeill were two of them. Both of these men were literary geniuses of the first rank, and they were both virtually murdered by the Charlotte Observer. I never knew Avery personally—they had finished him before I got there. He had taken up the dissipated life that I have described above—the life that the Observer crowd leads—and he had gone into it with a vim that meant quick work and soon over. He could not have been bad—he simply had a weak spot, and that was his undoing. One night he was found dead in bed, with an open novel and a half-burned cigarette on the table beside him. Thus ended a life of great promise—snuffed out by the dopes and dissipations of the Charlotte Observer. Many pages of gushing eulogy were printed about the man— all of which were well-deserved— but not one word as to what caused his death. No wonder! They knew what killed him, and were ashamed!

Then the Observer went down into a good old Scotch neighborhood on the Cape Fear river and roped in John Charles McNeill. He was a college man, and was already making a name for himself as a poet. His work had appeared in the Century and other high-class magazines. He did not need the Observer's "help" in climbing the ladder of fame. But under the guise of doing him a great favor, they brought him to Charlotte and ruined him.

McNeill had been raised right, and was a credit to his raising. He came to Charlotte pure and undefiled — a model young man in every respect. A noble soul —but weak. His fine poetic nature was not strong enough to withstand the temptations that they forced upon him, and soon he was going the way that Avery went.

I only met McNeill a few times but I shall never forget those great honest eyes, and the look of infinite pity in them. He was then far on his way toward the grave—another victim of the dopes and dissipations of the Charlotte Observer.

In a few months they sent North Carolina's sweetest singer home to die. And he died. Again the paper printed many columns of beautiful tributes to the man and his genius—but not one word about what caused his death.

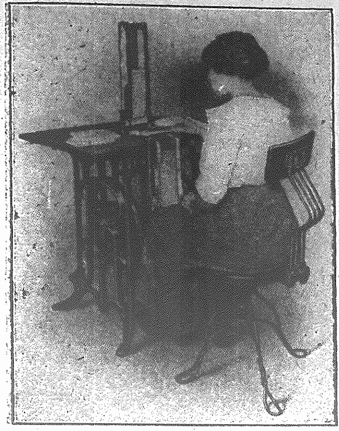
Now, gentlemen, isn't that a great record for a "great" newspaper to make? And don't you imagine their hypocritical editorials about dope and cigarettes would carry more weight if they would first clean up their own filthy den?

I BEG TO BE EXCUSED.

Every few days there comes to me a request from somebody who wants me to write them an original typewritten "speech" to be delivered on some sort of an "occasion." They usually give me a subject and tell me just how to write the speech, how long to make it, and all about it. The subjects run all the way from "The Future Prospects of the Redemocan Party" to "The Repeal of the Law of Gravitation" and "Why Don't a Rooster Give Milk?"

Now I am naturally very accommodating, and nothing would please me better than to comply with all these requests if it was at all possible. But these confiding and rather presumptious friends of mine seem to lose sight of the fact that I have something else to do. Perhaps they don't know that I am as busy as a bee for at least sixteen hours every day, and even then can't keep my own business looked after as it ought to be. Perhaps they don't know that I am Editor, Assistant Editor, Circulation Manager, Business Manager, Head Machinist, Pressman, Errand Boy, and several other things all combined.

But that's the situation to a gnat's heel, gentlemen, and after I get all these various duties looked after, there ain't much time left to write speeches and essays for schoolboy orators on "How to Plant Pumpkin Seed in the Moon and Raise Cain in the Back Yard."



MY NEW ADDRESSING MACHINE.

Here is a picture of my new Rapid Addressing Machine which I have recently installed to handle the subscription list of The Fool-Killer. The list now contains in the neighborhood of 30,000 names, and it got to be too big a job to write them off every month by hand.

The machine shown here will address more papers in a day than five or six people could address by hand—and do a nicer job of it. The names of the subscribers are written on a prepared stencil card with a specially-equipped "needle-point" typewriter, and these stencil cards are classified and indexed in metal trays made to hold them. One of these trays full of cards is placed in an upright position on top of the machine, as shown in the illustration, and they automatically feed through the machine, past the printing point, and into a similar tray lower down. The printing is done by means of a hand rubber roller which connects with an ink fountain and passes over the stencil at the proper moment, printing the complete name and address in dotted letters at one stroke. The wrappers or papers are fed in by hand, and the speed of addressing is only limited by the speed of the operator in feeding.

I now have about 10,000 of the names transferred to the new mailing system, but it will be some time yet before I can get all of them on it. Some of them will have to be written by hand for a while longer. You see the first part of the operation is to write up the stencils on the needle-point typewriter, and that takes time. After they are once written, the rest is easy. One writing does for the whole year, instead of having to write it twelve times as I have been doing in the past.

I haven't reached the linotype machine and the web press yet, but I am hoping to before long. You folks just keep on rolling in the subs like you have been doing all winter and we will soon be able to make The Fool-Killer one of the biggest establishments in the country. The more fast machinery I can get, the more time it gives me to write up the "hot truck," and that's what you want, ain't it?

J. L. PEARSON.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

"Willing Workers"

I have seen hundreds of liars, and heard of thousands, but right here in North Carolina I have discovered one that, for pure, unadulterated, wilful, premeditated, hog-wild and variegated, up-to-date lying, I will put against anything you can trot out.

The gentleman who has thus succeeded in reaching high-water-mark in the Ananias profession is the distinguished editor of the Charlotte Observer. In his issue of March 6th this journalistic jackass throws truth and honor to the four winds and allows his rotten Democratic prejudice to slop over as per thusly:

"There is not in the United States today one willing worker who cannot get work."

Gee-whilikins! It must have taken a gall as big as an elephant's paunch to enable any sane man to daddy such a whopper as that, knowing all the time that it was a lie with a brass handle to it.

Certainly the Observer knew better than that. Certainly it has seen the hand-writing of "hard time" on the wall, but it hates to admit that Woodrow is another Grover. It is trying to put up a desperate bluff and keep its readers in ignorance as long as possible.

Say, Mister Observer, double up your hind leg and sit down on it and let's look at a few figures.

What about the 10,000 men in Richmond, Virginia, who are hunting for work and can't find it?

What about the 300,000 men in New York City who are begging for work and can't get it?

What about the 3,000 men who have been "laid off" by the Carnegie works at Sharon, Pa.?

What about the 20,000 idle workers at Portland, Oregon, many of whom are going barefooted in the snow and sleeping out of doors?

What about the 2,000 thrown out of work by the closing of the American Car and Foundry Co. at Madison, Ill.?

What about the 25,000 in Newark, New Jersey, who are hunting for work and can't find it?

What about the 20,000 job-hunters in San Francisco and the 35,000 in Los Angeles, California?

What about the 60,000 jobless workers at Detroit, Mich.?

What about the Kelley army and the new Coxey army that have been abused and persecuted like dogs for the crime of being hungry?

What about the thousands of smaller numbers at thousands of different places throughout this country who are in the same pitiable condition

I suppose the Observer will contend that these are not "willing workers." Well, then, what in the dickens are they trying so hard to get work for? And if work is so awful plenty, why are these unnumbered thousands tramping the road, tired, hungry and foot-sore, hunting for something to do?

Any fool knows that all these people have not suddenly got no-account and turned out to be tramps without any cause for it. The general character of a people does not change all that suddenly. And even if it did, it would be a pretty raw joke on the Scrats that these awful conditions prevail every time they get in.

IDIOTORIALS.

Grover is gone, but Grover's times are coming back.

* * *

The greatest crime on the calendar now is to be a poor man out of a job.

* * *

The world moves. It probably finds it cheaper to move than to pay rent.

* * *

Men are fools because they are poor, and they are poor because they are fools.

* * *

The officials are perfectly willing to fill the empty stomachs of the jobless workers—with lead.

* * *

A popular religion is one that does away with hell for yourself, and provides it for the other fellow.

* * *

Probably Bill Taft got that idea about reducing his weight from the wonderful success he had in reducing his vote.

* * *

If you want to write some poetry, here is a suggestion: You can make "Stand-pat" and "fall flat" rhyme very nicely.

* * *

Every time I see one of these great big-bellied fat men, I can't help wondering how it would look to see him trying to trim his toe-nails.

* * *

Billy Bonehead's letter each month will be worth the price of a year's subscription. Get everybody to subscribe.

A recent issue of "Grit" contains an article dealing with the proposed "rural credit banks." It goes on at great length to show how the system will be composed of little rural banks supporting larger banks, and they in turn supporting still larger ones. Just perzakly like it has always been—the little feller must support the "big feller." Why in the dickens couldn't we have a system in which the big feller would have to do some of the "supporting?"

* * *

If you are a Protestant, now is the time to protest.

GOOD NEWS

Dear Friends:—Maybe you would like to know that Mr. Pearson's "other half" is also editing a monthly paper, called Good News. It is quite different from The Fool-Killer, and some of you might not like it, but if you want to send fifteen cents for a year's subscription, or get up a club of five or more at ten cents each, I'm satisfied you'll have no "kick coming" against me. Good News is a non-sectarian religious paper, same size as The Fool-Killer, and stands for the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ and the Whole Truth of God's Word. As long as The Fool-Killer lives, the proceeds of Good News will be used in charitable and religious work. Also along with your subscription or club send me a good list of names (of women preferably) to send sample copies to—not very many from one postoffice—and I'll appreciate it. Address:

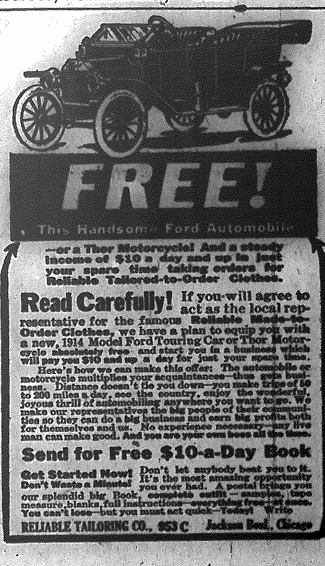
MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, - - - - - - N. C.

A MONEY PROPOSITION
Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars. Desk 2010
HAZEN A. HORTON, Tekonsha, Michigan

AGENTS Sell Vest Pocket Cigar Lighters 25c Sell like hot cakes. Sample 15c Address W. P. Dobson, A 9 Claremore, Okla.

RESILVER Mirrors-Any one can do it; earn big money, silvering mirrors in spare time; send 25c for full instructions and formula.

William Weiss, 124 Seventy Second Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



—or a Thor Motorcycle! And a steady income of $10 a day and up in just your spare time taking orders for Reliable Tailored-to-Order Clothes.

Read Carefully! If you will agree to act as the local representative for the famous Reliable Made-to-Order Clothes, we have a plan to equip you with a new, 1914 Model Ford Touring Car or Thor Motorcycle absolutely free and start you in a business which will pay you $10 and up a day for just your spare time.

Here's how we can make this offer: The automobile or motorcycle multiplies your acquaintances—thus gets business. Distance doesn't tie you down—you make trips of 50 to 200 miles a day, see the country, enjoy the wonderful, joyous thrill of automobiling anywhere you want to go. We make our representatives the big people of their communities so they can do a big business and earn big profits both for themselves and us. No experience necessary—any live man can make good. And you are your own boss all the time.

Send for Free $10-a-Day Book

Get Started Now! Don't Waste a Minute! Don't let anybody beat you to it. It's the most amazing opportunity you ever had. A postal brings you our splendid big Book, complete outfit — samples, tape measure, blanks, full instructions—everything free—at once. You can't lose—but you must act quick—Today! Write

RELIABLE TAILORING CO., 853 C Jackson Boul., Chicago

Old Bill Scott.

Does I remember Old Bill Scott?
Well, 'deed, I sho'ly does!
He use ter 'tend our meetin'-house—
Bes' preacher 'at ever wuz.

Old Bill, he couldn't read ner write,
But, gemmen, he war smart;
He seem ter know de Scripture-book
Des might-nigh all by heart.

W'en he got up dar in de stan'
An' roll dem eyes aroun',
De congregation sot so still
Dar warn't a single soun'.

Kaze all dem niggers knowed Old Bill
War gwine ter do his bes'
At showin' pore lost souls de way
What lead ter hebbenly res'.

But w'en Old Bill begun ter pant
An' dem white eyes ter shine,
An' all dem coons got on dey feet,
De shoutin' sho' wuz fine.

Dese upstart nigger preachers now—
Dey thinks dey knows a lot,
But de whole bilin' couldn't hold
A light fer Old Bill Scott.

—James Larkin Pearson.

BILLY BONEHEAD'S LETTER

Foolville, S. I. (the S. I.
stands for Stait ov
Ignerunce),
March the two-th, 1914.

Dear Mister Editer:

Well, we-uns have got muved at last, sich a muve as it is. But I kin tell ye our present pallis aint mutch adapted 2 this-here March wind.

As I tole ye in mi last letter, Paw purt-ni run his legs off huntin fer us anuther sta-place. Tha wuz sevurl places 2 rent, but that awl wanted niggers, kaze tha sed a nigger cood bee kussed an ordered about. Paw tole em that we-uns jist doted on bein kussed an ordered about, and that we pined away an dide when we coodent git it. Ov course tha awl believed that li, but fer sum reezun it dident hav the desired effekt. Tha probly hated 2 kuss such a good Redemocan as Paw is, an so the surch kontinude.

Finely we got permishun to ockipy a ole empty sawmill shack on Deekin Sortergood's place not moren a mile frum whur we did liv. Our new home ain't got no wotter-works in it—except when it ranes—but it has got plenty ov wind-works right along now.

Paw got a job at Buck Bradley's saw-mill down the creek at a dollar a da, but the seckunt da Sog Sanders cum along an tole Buck that he'd wurk fer 8ty cents a da. Then paw spoke up and sed he'd wurk fer 6ty cents. Quick as a flash Sog responded that he wood maik it 5ty. Whereupon Paw flung a handspike at Sog and tole him 2 taik the job an go 2 Ginny whiz with it, kaze he'd jist as sune do nuthin an starve as 2 wurk an starve.

An so Paw is out ov a job, an the ole goods box we use fer a kubbard is about empty. But Maw gits a littul washin 2 do now an then, an Ime gitting purty famus as a riter, an so maybe we can pull threw till Paw gits a job.

Thar is one thing erbout this-here imployment bizniss that I cant figger out. Its a fack not 2 be denide that thar aint nary willin wurker in the United Staits but whot can git wurk, kaze the Sharlit Zurver ses so. But on tother hand, heres Paw jist as willing as you plees, an he cant git nuthin 2 du. Them thar 2 fax seem 2 sorter contradick one anuther, but of coarse that dont. It must be jist my lack ov understandin ov the gloryus prinsipuls ov Redemocanism.

Sum ov them-thar fetch-taked Soshubul papers air a-talkin erbout Koxy armiz, supe houses an hard times, but Dekin Sortergood tole Paw that it was awl a kampane li. The dekin ses times is good and that everboddy is prosperus. In we-un's case it seems like prosperity is sorter hard on the belly, but the dekin ses it is our duty 2 be sadifide an happy. He sez the authoritiz air doin jist rite in shootin down them-thar doggon kalamity howlers an Soshubuls out west. Them's mi sentiments, 2. Hurraw for prosperity, an down with them dadgasted Soshubuls whot wants 2 destroy our happy homes an maik us devide up our wealth. Fer instunce, if we-un's wealth wus devided up, woodent it be a purty lookin site?

Wel, it has gone 2 rainin, an thar is a big leek right whur it wood plum ruin Maw's pianner if she had ary one. In mi next letter Ile tell ye whot sucksess Paw has in huntin fer a job. He's out in this rane sumwhur rite now, trampin around an beggin fer a chance 2 ern sum bred. The Deekin ses Paw is liabul 2 git arrested an locked up as a Vagrant, but I kin pruve that he never voted that ticket in his life. Paw is a good loyul Redemocan, an noboddy is prouder ov our grate wealth an our bewtiful Krischun sivulizashun than Paw is. I hearn him tell Maw last nite that everone ov them ole Soshubuls ort 2 be hung before that git in an destroy our prosperity an reck our happy homes.

Yores trewly,
BILLY BONEHEAD.

The New York Independent for March 9 just giggles all over itself about what great things "we" have done for the Fillipinos. "We" have civilized and educated them, taught them how to wash their stinking feet, and change shirts at least four times a year. And that is going some. After "we" get those foreign niggers fully established on a high plane of Christian (?) civilization and supplied with all the luxuries of life, maybe "we" can find time to fling some cast-off clothing and a few moudy biscuits to the naked and starving of our own people here at home. Don't "we" beat the devil, anyhow?

HAVE SOME PIZEN IN YER BISCUIT.

Of course I may get yanked up for contempt of court for saying it, but here it comes, anyhow:

The Supreme Court of the Benited States has once more run its leg down its throat and puked up the seat of its breeches.

It is Cuss-to-Mary for a court to "hand down" a decision, but this time the old gal has taken her hind foot and "kicked" a decision right kerdab into the face of Old Man Peepul, breaking his nose and knocking out three of his store teeth.

The present decision has to do with the Poor Food Law in general, and the "bleached flour" case in particular. That old hag that struts around in a silk Mother-Hubbard and answers to the name of "Justice" has straddled two silver dollars across her nose for spectacles and looked into the manufacture of food products. And her official opinion is that the grand rascals who put poisonous and injurious things in our biscuit-truck are perfect gentlemen and must not have their sacred rights interfered with. She declares that they have a legal right to poison our grub as much as they please, just so they don't get it poison enough to throw us into spasms and kill us suddenly, like the bite of a rattlesnake. They can cram us full of poisoned and adulterated food-stuffs and kill us by slow degrees, and that's all right—so says the pope's judicial mouth-piece up as Washington.

Yes, honey—that's just the size of it. Before the Poor Food Law can take any action against these privileged concerns, Old Man Peepul must prove that the stuff they are selling to him is being poisoned to a "dangerous" extent, and the word "dangerous" will be construed to mean something that will kill you instantly, like being struck by lightning or having your throat cut. If they kill you gradually, and take several years to get the job done, it is so easy to pack the blame off on Providence, you know.

Of course the question that I have in mind is a very silly and foolish one, and of course the wise judges and the millionaire grafters will wink at each other and laugh at me for asking it, but I'm simply going to face the music and ask it anyhow:

What in the name of the Puritan's Witch and two forked-tailed devils is the need or the justice of letting them put ANY poison in the stuff we buy to eat? Huh?

If the pope of Rome should die right suddenly, and the "cardinals" were all too drunk to elect another one right at once, I suppose God would just have to throw off the belt and let the world stand still for awhile, till there was another pope elected to tell Him how to run it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A. D. EVANS, Jamestown, La.—Enclosed find money order for $1.50 for ten subs to The Fool-Killer. Say, I would like The Fool-Killer better if it didn't cause so much confusion—twelve family rows a year—my wife and I each want to read it first.

****

H. S. LOVERN, Calhoun Falls, S. C.—I am renewing my subscription and sending a list of others. All that have seen your paper want to subscribe for it. It sure is worth the money. You will find enclosed $2.55 to pay for this list.

****

OSCAR WILLIAMS, 1202 N. Pegram St., Charlotte, N. C.—Enclosed find 16 subs for the Fool-Killer, and money order to pay for same. I have got these subs since the last issue came. The people around here seem to be interested in The Fool-Killer, and I like to read it.

****

F. KESSLER, Box 142, Winston-Salem, N. C.—I was handed a copy of The Fool-Killer the other day by one of my shop-mates, and after searching it through and finding it to be just the thing we need, I hustled around and got eleven subscriptions, including my own, in a very short time. All the enclosed subscribers have followed the political garbage wagon, but have raised their heads.

****

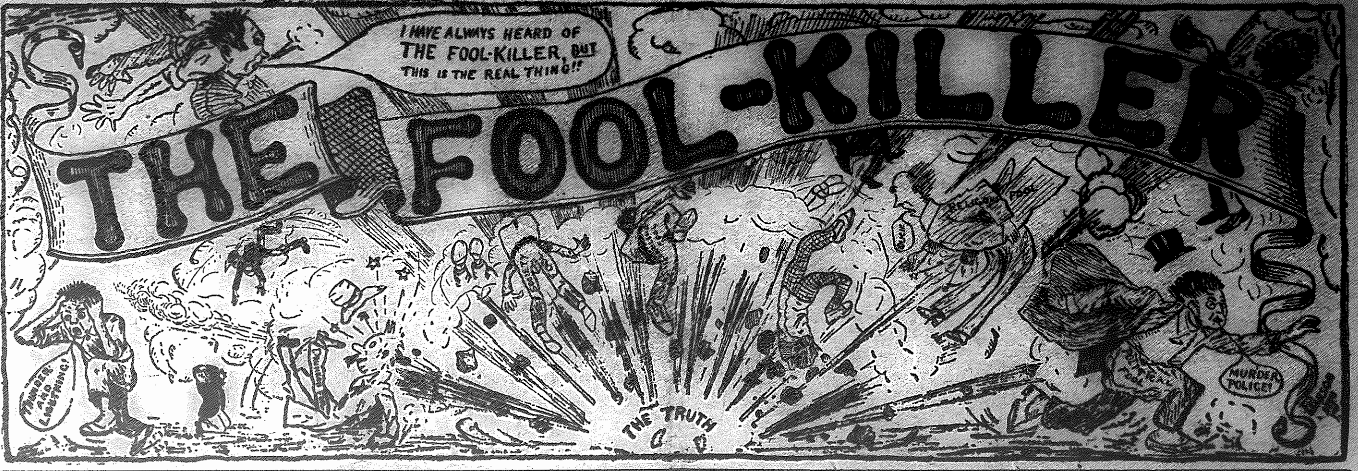
J. C. HUNEYCUT, R 2, Unionville, N. C.—As a subscriber to your little sheet of wisdom, I am glad to see you come out like a true man and declare your sentiments. I have guessed them for some time, but there is nothing like letting the world know what you are. It has not hurt you financially in this section, and from these diggins there is coming a wave of subs shortly that will at least make Rockefeller have bad dreams.

****

HARVEY ARMSTRONG, 613 Vine St., Syracuse, N. Y.—Just in a hurried note I want to thank you for the first copy of The Fool-Killer that I've ever seen. I picked up the January issue recently at a little country hotel and read it through twice. The two best things in it are, first, where you editorially say, "Patriotism ends where starvation begins," and your original poem, "Four Little Boys A-totin' His Tail." The latter may never become a classic, but after my 8-year-old boy learned it by heart, I sent it to the ecclesiastical tramp, Casdinal Jim.

****

W. A. EVANS, R. 1, Graceville, Fla.—I find that all of the fools are not yet dead, so have decided to help you kill off a few. I am enclosing a list of seven who have decided to try twelve doses each of your fool dope. Your little paper is growing in popularity in this part of the country, and I believe if I had time to go out among the Socialists and near-Socialists scattered around in the jungles of West Florida I could get up a club of seven almost any week in the year. But it takes all my time to keep meal in the barrel and 'lasses in the jug for the mouths depending on me.



VOL. V. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL, 1914. NO. 2.

THE APRIL-FOOL.

If a man was a fool but once a year—
On April the first alone—
And had good sense the rest of the time,
Hard times would not be known.

But I've been studying all these things,
And this is what I've found—
That the average biped called a man
Is a fool the whole year round.

I can't tell why the All-Fool's Day
Is set for April first,
When it's November election time
Men act the fool the worst.

James Larkin Pearson.

* * *

A SERMON ON MEXICO.

And so this is going to be a few scattering remarks on the situation down in Greaserdom. Yes, honey, the music is still in progress down south of the Rio Grande, with a pretty good prospect of getting over on this side before it ends. And so I reckon a Fool-Killer sermon on the subject won't hurt anything.

The eyes of the world are on Mexico, and every feller has his opinion about it. If opinions could have settled the fuss, it would have been settled long ago. But that's the whole trouble—there's too many opinions —and here's one more. If all the Mexicans had just one opinion there wouldn't be anything for them to fight over. But a Greaser would die if he couldn't fight, and he's mighty apt to die if he does fight, and so just let him fight and die till he gets his belly full of it. I'd much rather it was him than me.

I have got plenty of things against Woodpile Wilson, but trying to keep out of that Mexican mess is not one of them. The old school-teacher's head is level enough on that subject. Many a cussin' have I heard Woodpile get because he wouldn't declare war against Mexico and send our army down there to eat 'em up blood-raw. But I have never yet got any of these blood-thirsty "patriots" to tell me what business we've got meddling in Mexico's affairs. The only thing they can say is that a few rich Americans have got large property interests down there, and it's our duty to "protect" these millionaires and their property. Protect the devil! Why is one man any better to be protected than another? They don't think nary time about protecting the poor fellows who have been wheedled into joining the army. Blamed poor business I call it to have several thousand poor men murdered just to protect the property of a half-dozen millionaires who knew the conditions in Mexico before they went there. If the capitalists were not willing to take their chances and bear the consequences, why in dickens did they invest their precious dross in Mexican property? Nobody compelled them to do it. And now if they expect me to stick my carcass up between their property and the Mexican bullets, they are barking up the wrong tree.

Of course if some of these blood-thirsty "patriots" here in this country want to take it upon themselves to go down there and have their guts hung out to dry on the cactus bushes of Mexico—just let 'em hit the grit.

But, lawzy-massy me! If it should actually come to war these same brave boys who have been wanting war so bad would be the first bucks to hunt for a cave in the mountains.

* * *

Result of One Smile.

One smile makes a flirtation. One flirtation makes two acquainted. Two acquainted make one kiss. One kiss makes several more. Several kisses make an engagement. One engagement makes two fools. Two fools make one marriage. One marriage makes two mothers-in-law. Two mothers-in law make a red-hot time.

* * *

Now, boys, as a parting word, I ask you to show this paper to all your neighbors and friends and get them to subscribe. I will strive to make The Fool-Killer better and better each month. In next issue there will be some juice that will pucker the devil's mouth to beat sixty.

BACON AND BOOZE

Of all the far-fetched and infernal arguments that were ever hatched up by the bug-house brain of a blubbering booze-artist, here is one that caps the stack.

The editor of a local paper, in adding his mite to the discussion of the high cost of living, drags in the startling statement that the prohibition law in North Carolina is responsible for the high cost of meat.

Shades of dad's old sow! What a clincher! Now we have it straight from the foundation head of wisdom, and the question is settled. It must be a thrilling sensation to be smart like that.

Several years ago, when government distilleries were as thick throughout North Carolina as fleas on a yaller dog, it was the custom to fatten hogs on "still-slop." The stiller built a hog-lot adjoining his booze factory and all the neighbors brought their hogs there to be fattened on the "slop" which ran into the lot through great nasty troughs. The farmers sold their corn to the distiller and took their pay in likker for themselves and "slop" for their hogs. And they thought they were getting a great bargain.

But now the stills have been driven out and the rivers of "still-slop" have ceased to flow, and that is the reason the people can't raise hogs any more—because there is no still-slop to fatten 'em on.

Great argument! Profound reasoning! Of course no one ever thought of feeding corn to hogs. But why couldn't it be done? Why wouldn't a bushel of corn do a pig more good than just the slop that a bushel of corn would make? Do the four-legged hogs fare better on just the dregs of the corn after the "drunk" has been extracted for the two-legged hogs? That seems to be the way our wise editor looks at it. But he is so infernal cross-eyed that if he should cry the tears would run down the back of his neck.

The prohibition law responsible for the high price of meat! Why, you might as well argue that the mud between a little nigger's toes is responsible for the changes of the moon.

VIRGIN MARY OUT OF DATE.

Now, then, what do you think? The infallible Pappy of Rome has got down on his gold-plated belly and lavished a lot of his holy slobber on the pretty pink toes of that dazzling darling, Dame Fashion.

Who would athunk it?

And that makes it look to a man up a tree that Dame Fashion is more infallible than the Pappy is. How does it look to you?

Ever since Heck was a pup, one of the iron clad rules of the Vatican has been that the wimman folks of the Roman Catholic lay-out must wear a little string around their necks, and said string must support a little doodad which must hang down in the neighborhood of where the baby gets its dinner, and on the said doodad must be a picture of the Virgin Mary.

The arrangement worked all right until Dame Fashion came along with this new style of collar which buttons around the waist, and then the little Catholic string with the Virgin Mary doodad hanging to it, and showing against the snowy breastworks of Cupid's War Department—well, that had a sort of tendency to mar the landscape, you know.

And so the good Catholic sisters set up a mighty howl about it and prevailed upon the Pappy to decree a new decrecment on the subject. He straightway did so. He knocked the head out a brand-new barrel of infallibility which had just arriv on the noon freight, and he discovered in view of the whereforeness of the whatnot, that the doodad was not absolutely essential to salvation, nohow.

But that isn't the point, exactly. Essential, or non-essential, when fashion said it must go—it went. To be sure, the little image of the Virgin Mary didn't hide a very big scope of the country, but the Pappy reasoned that if a little nakedness was good for the Catholic church, more nakedness would be better, and so he has passed the word down the line that the little image can be wrapped up in an old stocking leg and laid away.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

IRVING V. KOCH, Adv. Manager,
30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write. I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

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Man. Ed., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Bus. Man., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of March, 1914. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

IDIOTORIALS.

A slop-barrel is cleaner than a gossip's mouth.

Pulpit thunder is not much sign of spiritual rain.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he come down kerflap.

Carry your Fool-Killer around in your pocket and read it to everybody you see.

A man who can be hired to commit a crime is none too good to do it without hiring.

A place of amusement that isn't fit for a girl to go to isn't fit for a boy to hang around.

The kids of this country would not be so mean if they had better daddies and mammies.

In the liquor statistics of this country, the figures are actually staggering.

Wisdom is the art of not letting other people find out how little you know.

The slowest way to become a millionaire is to work for the money.

Fashionable singing is the kind that sounds like the expiring wail of a dying calf.

The Fool-Killer only comes once a month, but it makes things hum when it does come.

The great men you read about kinder "swink up" when you get personally acquainted with them.

A man's nose was probably placed on his face as a handle for the women to lead him about by.

It is sometimes easier to get what you like than it is to keep on liking it after you get it.

If the world owes every man a living, then the millionaire must be a preferred creditor.

When the Big Noise gets back from South America, then the fun will begin once more.

A machine has been invented for laying brick, but eggs are still laid in the same old way.

A woman will pray like a saint to get into heaven, but she will fight like the devil to get into society.

It is an old story that flies carry germs on their feet. And germs are dangerous. Therefore somebody ought to get a law passed requiring flies to wear overshoes and leave them on the porch when they come in.

A kiss is a big mouthful of nothing that tastes like heaven and sounds like a cow pulling her foot out of the mud.

Lots of men don't have time to raise cotton and corn because they are so busy raising hel--lo! I was about to say a bad word.

Life is short, and you'd better get all the good you can out of it as you go along. Therefore subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

I asked a fellow if he was in favor of Woman Suffrage, and he replied, "Yes, by gum! Let the wimmen suffer same as the men."

Bring me a mouth about the size of a celler door and a gall as big as a three-gallon jug, and I can turn you out a politician in five minutes.

The jangle-jointed busy-body who wants to see how everything is done, ought to have a glass window in his belly so he could see his guts wrastle.

The little old green-eyed fool who goes sneaking around with a pistol swinging to his hindquarters may think he is brave, but he is the most contemptible coward this side of perdition.

All people who are not fools will subscribe for The Fool-Killer as soon as they see a copy. Put yourself on the wise side by coming across with the price. Fork it over, boys, and enjoy the fun.

Ain't It Awful, Mabel?

On my way home from a little trip the other day I heard something that's too good to keep. Two girls got on the train, and each one of them had voice enough for six women, and they kept up such a clatter that they attracted the attention of everybody in the car.

One said: "I just simply can't do anything with my hair after I have washed it."

"Neither can I, Mabel," replied the other.

It seemed that both of the dear things had recently shampooed their hair, and they talked and talked about shampoos until everyone in the car was actually bored.

A gentleman in the rear rose to leave the car. On the way out he stumbled over Mabel's foot.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, tipping his hat, "but, don't you know, I washed my feet last night, and I just simply can't do anything with my feet after I have washed them."

ANOTHER APRIL FOOL

In opening my mail one day last week I fished out the following squiblet, the writer of which seems to need some attention:

Columby S C
Aprile 1, 9teen & 4teen

Editur Fool Killer, sumboddy has tride to insult mee by sending mee yore papur fool Killar, now sur i aint no fool an ef i waz i aint reddy to be kild yet, and dont you sen mee no moar of yore papurs. i no what you aire, you air one of them old ripsnortin soshulists allers abusin everthing an aint go no sence, Now i hope these fue lines will give you sum lite an you wont sen me nary nuther of yore soshulist fool kilar papurs, whitch i dont want it in my house. i am much oblig yores truely

D. H. BUDRICK.

Great Humpty-Doodle! Did you ever see so much information crowded into such a few lines before? I'll be dog-sarned if I ever did. And the "lite"—my, my! There is so much light in this letter that I think its author must be a lightning-bug with its head cut off. By throwing the blinding rays of his lightning bug intellect upon the pages of The Fool-Killer this fuddle-brained fool thinks he has diskivered that I am a Socialist. What depth of discernment! Next thing anybody knows he will be discovering that water is wet.

Now looky here, Buddy, I want to know who appointed you as the official critic of The Fool-Killer. You blamed little lousy, ignorant cur, you haven't got sense enough to lead a blind goose to water, much less trying to tell me how to run my business.

I am not concerned in the least about what you call me. It is my business to tell the flat-footed truth, and then the reader can draw his own conclusions about whether I am a Socialist or not. I am still standing by my former assertion that social and political conditions in this country are as rotten and corrupt as the very devil, and the party or the individual that tries to hold up for the rotten mess is no better. I ain't going out of my way to follow Socialism or any other ism, but if they happen to be going my way, then we'll go together. The fact that I am on tolerable good terms with Socialism only proves one thing—namely, that Socialism is on the right track.

Shucks in August! Here I've wasted a whole column over that fool, and he ain't worth the water it would take to drown him.

The fact that so many deaths occur in the early morning may be explained on the theory that some people would rather die than get up.

You may have a string of blue-blooded ancestors as long as a comet's tail, but if you have never accomplished anything yourself—well, I wouldn't blow much if I were you.

A MILITARY PREACHER SKINNED.

I have been hearing sermons all my life. Have heard good ones, bad ones, and all other kinds. But I'll be civilly dog-goned if I didn't add a new one to my list last Sunday.

I was in a neighboring town, and as the devotional hour arrived I strolled into the biggest church I could find, expecting to spend a rather dull hour listening to the baritone bellowings of a red-headed Bible-beater.

The preacher got up and stretched himself, and gave a tug at his Adam's apple, and sailed in. First off, he kicked the old Bible under a bench and read the tenth chapter of the History of the Civil War.

Then the great preacher spat on his hands and began to outline the plan of salvation as laid out by Bob Lee and Stonewall Jackson. They were the saviours of mankind and the only hope of a dying world. The inference seemed to be that all that talk about Jesus was mere moonshine—the important thing was to have faith in Lee and Jackson. If a man had toted a musket in the Southern army and had followed blindly where Bob Lee led, that was enough. His title to heaven was as safe as a coon up an old hickory and the ax lost. All that remained to be done was to attend the next Confederate Veterans' Reunion and get a deed to the finest mansion in heaven, with bath and toilet on every floor and Confederate Headquarters in the cellar.

The preacher went on to tell in glowing language how Bob Lee created the universe and how Stonewall Jackson suffered for the sins of the world. It was all very bong-swong, and would have been pathetic if it hadn't been so funny.

The very idea of a preacher, wearing the livery of the Prince of Peace, getting up in the pulpit and shooting off such a volley of militarism as that!

I have no word to say against the Southern soldiers in the Civil War. Of course many of them were good men, and in following Lee and Jackson they doubtless thought they were doing right. The question of whether or not it really was right does not enter into this discussion. The point is that Lee and Jackson got the glory, while the fool privates got the bullets. They were just like the poor common cusses of to-day who allow the captains of industry to lead them around by the nose. As industrial conditions are to-day, the money lords get the gold and the glory, while the poor devil gets a bent back and blistered hands, and poverty, sickness and death, and an unmarked grave for himself and family.

Maybe there is a sort of reward for being a soldier—if a man can get himself immortalized in the histories and preached about in the pulpits, as Lee and Jackson and their kind have done. But the poor private who marched and fought and bit the dust, and was buried like a hog in a ditch, and whose name will never be known—where does he get even?

Whether in war or in peace, the big rascal is after the gold and the glory, and he knows how to use the common cuss as a cat's-paw to rake in the rewards. Tens of thousands must suffer and die and be forgotten in order that a favored few may wear the chaplet of fame and be worshipped in song and story.

This old world has gone raving becussed on the subject of soldier-worship, anyhow. Of all the professions in the world, I have the least respect for fighting. A blamed old bull can fight. Give me the man who can think, and feel, and win victories of peace. Shame on the preacher who will try to exalt the fighting Napoleon above the peaceful Christ!

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES

If our Uncle Samuel would deliberately elevate his No. 12 and bring it down real hard on the matrimonial agencies of these Benighted States it would be a great blessing. This seems to be the day of widespread "investigation" along all lines, and the rottenness that is being uncovered at every turn is enough to stampede the devil.

But there is one form of hellish graft that the investigators have overlooked, and that is the matrimonial agency. Many lesser evils are being dealt with, while the matrimonial shark goes on unmolested. And it is astounding to see how many of the big papers and magazines throw open their columns to the advertisements of these frauds. In nearly every paper you pick up you will find several ads that start out something like this:

"Marry— Wealth and Beauty."

"Marry Rich—Best Plan on on earth."

"Get married—Only Reliable Way."

"Marriage Paper Free."

And so forth and so on. Lots of fool young men who have more curiostity than judgment will bite at these things, and here will come a great load of circulars and papers, with pictures of the wealthy and beautiful women who are just dying to hitch up with some fuzzy-faced country green-horn. These women are never worth less than fifty thousand dollars, and from that up to a million or so.

Now it never seems to occur to the Easy Marks that a pretty woman with that much dough don't need to advertise for a man. She can get a dozen any day she wants them without going a hundred yards from home. Hence it follows that the old hags who advertise themselves as wealthy and beautiful are just plain liars. Nine times out of ten they are snaggle-toothed and hatchet-faced, with front tushes that hang out over the dash-board. They get the photograph of some stage beauty and send it to the victim and he falls heels over head in love with it. Then they get up a glorious "case," and maybe the poor deluded fool will shut his eyes and take a leap in the dark. What then? When he comes to himself he will find that he is tangled up with an old worn-out strumpet whose countenance would stop a freight train, and who hasn't got a dollar to her name. Such things are happening every day, and the government winks at it, and the newspapers help it along.

The Fool-Killer is a double-geared, selfacting buzz saw with teeth all over itself. It can rip off more dog-hide from the carcass of the floundering fool in thirty minutes than will grow back in thirty years.

GOOD NEWS

Dear Friends:—Maybe you would like to know that Mr. Pearson's "other half" is also editing a monthly paper, called Good News. It is quite different from The Fool-Killer, and some of you might not like it, but if you want to send fifteen cents for a year's subscription, or get up a club of five or more at ten cents each, I'm satisfied you'll have no "kick coming" against me. Good News is a non-sectarian religious paper, same size as The Fool-Killer, and stands for the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ and the Whole Truth of God's Word. As long as The Fool-Killer lives, the proceeds of Good News will be used in charitable and religious work. Also along with your subscription or club send me a good list of names (of women preferably) to send sample copies to—not very many from one postoffice—and I'll appreciate it. Address:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, - - - - - - -N. C.

AGENTS- Wanted for the best selling soap and extracts on the market 10c gets full cake for sample.

Richey & Clark, Enoree, S. C.

A MONEY PROPOSITION

Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars. Desk 2010

HAZEN A. HORTON, Tekonsha, Michigan

YALE FOLDING POCKET HAT

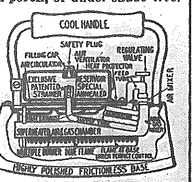
Going bare headed is the style now but it is handy to have one of those hats in your pocket all the time, Sample by mail only 10 cents, with large catalog. Address,

R. F. Reynolds & Co., Walnut Cove, N. C.

SOMETHING NEW-DIFFERENT

MOST WONDERFUL SELF-HEATING IRON EVER INVENTED

Works while it's heating—heats while it's working. Saves Miles of Walking. Makes and Contains its own Heat—Saves its Cost Every Month—Air-Gas Flame. Economical, perfectly safe, convenient. The STANDARD is stove, fuel, heat—All in One—Fire Inside. Carry it about, go where you please. Don't stay in hot kitchen; iron any place, any room, on porch, or under shade-tree. Go right along, one thing after another. All kinds of clothes IRONED BETTER in Half the Time. No waiting, no stopping to change irons. Right heat, easily regulated. No time wasted. Iron on table all the time, one hand on iron, the other to turn and fold the clothes. The STANDARD is neat, durable and compact. All parts within the radius of iron and handle. NO TANKS OR FITTINGS Standing Out at Sides or Ends to Hinder or Be In the Way. No wires or hose attached to bother. NO PUMPS. Right size—right shape—right weight. Cheapest fuel. ONE CENT DOES ORDINARY FAMILY IRONING. An ideal invention for every home. No carrying coal, kindling, ashes, soot, dirt—NOTHING TO GET OUT OF ORDER—Lasts For Years. Not sold in stores.


COOL HANDLE
SAFETY PLUG
FILLING CAP
AIR CIRCULATOR
AIR VENTILATOR
HEAT PROTECTOR
REGULATING VALVE
FEED TUBES
EXCLUSIVE PATENTED STRAINER
RESERVOIR SPECIAL ANNEALED
AIR MIXER
SUPERHEATED AIR & GAS CHAMBER
MULTIPLE BURNER BLUE FLAME
FLAME AT BASE UNDER PERFECT CONTROL
HIGHLY POLISHED FRICTIONLESS BASE

Sectional View.

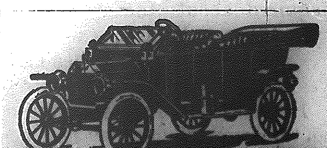
ENTHUSIASTIC PRAISE:—Alex. Stalker, of N. Y. writes—"Your Standard Self-Heating Iron received some time ago is The Most Useful Time and Money-Saving Device Ever Made. My wife has just finished a large ironing in two hours that usually took her half a day with the old stove heating irons and the house is cool. It Is Certainly Just The Only Iron Made. We want the agency." Miss Roxie Sheets, N. C., says—"The two irons received and am delighted. Have Turned Off Our Regular Ironer—Will Do All The Ironing Ourself Now. Sold the extra iron to the first lady I showed it to." I. N. Newby, Ill.—"Find It All You Claim For It." Mrs. A. E. Covers, N. Y.—"I Can Do Ironing so Much Quicker and Cleaner Than in the Old Way. Think It the Best Thing I Have Ever Had in My House." Mrs. C. M. Winstead, Ky.—"I Like It Better Than Anything I Ever Saw in the Way of Irons." Mrs. Caroline Kotze, Me. "Your STANDARD Gives Splendid Satisfaction." So they go—hundreds and thousands of delighted customers. The Work of Ironing Cut in Half. The expense of fuel almost eliminated—a Godsend to every home. The Poor Can Afford It—The Rich Can Buy Nothing Better. Every Iron is tested before shipping—Fully Guaranteed—ready for use when received. PRICE LOW—Sent Anywhere—SEND NO MONEY. WRITE TODAY FOR OUR 30-DAY OFFER, Full Description—Catalogue FREE.

EXCITING BUSINESS FOR AGENTS

SALESMEN—MANAGERS—Men or Women

At home or traveling, all or part time—showing—taking orders—appointing agents. A New Invention. Nothing on the market like it. Demand enormous. Agents reaping great harvest. Where operated people stop on the street, leave their homes, place of business, miss trains to watch this wonderful self-generating iron. Excites curiosity—watch it as though a thing of life. Show a dozen, sell ten—your profit $25.00. Write Today for Special Agents New Plan. Send No Money. World unsupplied. Get in early for territory. WRITE AT ONCE.

C. Brown Mfg. Co., 2272 Brown Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.



FREE!

This Handsome Ford Automobile

—or a Thor Motorcycle! And a steady income of $10 a day and up in just your spare time taking orders for Reliable Tailored-to-Order Clothes.

Read Carefully! If you will agree to act as the local representative for the famous Reliable Made-to-Order Clothes, we have a plan to equip you with a new, 1914 Model Ford Touring Car or Thor Motorcycle absolutely free and start you in a business which will pay you $10 and up a day for just your spare time.

Here's how we can make this offer: The automobile or motorcycle multiplies your acquaintances—thus gets business. Distance doesn't tie you down—you make trips of 50 to 200 miles a day, see the country, enjoy the wonderful, joyous thrill of automobiling anywhere you want to go. We make our representatives the big people of their communities so they can do a big business and earn big profits both for themselves and us. No experience necessary—any live man can make good. And you are your own boss all the time.

Send for Free $10-a-Day Book

Get Started Now! Don't Waste a Minute! Don't let anybody beat you to it. It's the most amazing opportunity you ever had. A postal brings you our splendid big Book, complete outfit—samples, tape measure, blanks, full instructions—everything [illegible]. You can't lose—but you must act quick—Today! Write

RELIABLE TAILORING CO., 953 C Jackson Boul., Chicago

What is Home Without a Paper?

What is home without a paper?
Well, it ain't no home at all;
Just a sort of dreary stay-place
Where fleas hop and bed-bugs crawl.

Where the inmates have no knowledge
Of what's doing on the earth;
Where they keep no sort of records,
And don't know their date of birth.

Children grow up black and ragged,
Dad and mam both smoke and chaw;
Don't know Sunday from Old Christmas,
And have no regard for law.

—James Larkin Pearson.

BILLY BONEHEAD'S LETTER

Foolville, S. I. (the S. I. stands
fer Stait of Ignerunce),
Aprile the one-th, 1914.

Deer Mister Editur:

Wel, hit turned out jist like the Deekin sed hit wood. Paw is in jale, an wee cant git him out. Hit was awl the result ov Paw bein outen work an hunting fer a job. After hee had tramped around fer about five daze and coodent git no job, ner nuthing mutch 2 eat, hee struck up with one ov these-here "armiz ov the unimploid" you heer so mutch about. An bekoz tha was awl in the saim fix hee was in, Paw thought hit a good idy 2 sta with them. Hit was the biggest mistake Paw evur maid, but hee dident no hit untill hit was 2 lait.

The army what Paw jined was composed ov 4 or 5 hundred ragged an hongry men whot had bin jolted loose frum ther job when prosperity hit the kuntry. Tha seemed 2 bee heded fer sum sitty whur tha expected 2 git work, an Paw thought hee wood stand as good a chance as the rest.

When tha got 2 the sitty an inquired about the work, tha found that awl the jobs were out fer a walk an woodent bee back fer 2 or 3 years.

Hit was cold an rainy that nite, an the army dident hav no place 2 sleep, an so tha went in2 a big fine church whot had lots ov purty mottoze hanging around, sich as, "Welkum," "Rest Fer the Werry," "Cum Un2 Mee," "God is Luv," an so on.

Them warm cushined seets looked mitey invitin, an so hit wasent long untill the hole army was kumfurtably fixed fer the nite. Knowin that the church stood fer luv an mercy, an that hit represented the cause ov the Christ hoo was himself a homeless outcast an a wanderer on the earth, Paw an the rest ov them pore fellers felt perfeekly at home.

Tha was jist going over in ther minds what a sweet an bewtyful world this is, an how nice hit was 2 have a soft cushined church pew 2 sleep in, an jist about that time things begun 2 happen purty tolerabul suddent.

The nuze had got spred that the "army ov the unimploid" had entered the church, an here cum the preacher with his cote- tales a-flyin, follered by 3 or 4 fat keekins a-yellin "Polees!" at the top ov ther voices. In abont 30 seckunts the house was full ov poleesmen an Paw and his army was being driv out with clubs, while the preecher danced around, waved his arms an yelled, "Git out ov here, you dirty dogs! Your very presunce profanes this holy place! You low-down, dirty scrapins of the urth, be ashamed ov yoreselvs fer darin 2 desecrate the house ov God! Now hurry! Skeedaddle! Git out!" An awl that time the clubs was a-playing a tune on the heads ov Paw an his kompanyuns. But still tha wasent a-gittin out fast anuff 2 sute the preecher, an so hee jerked down one ov them-thar big mottoze whot sed "Welkum" on hit an throde the thing with awl his strength rite in2 the retreatin army. The motto struct rite whompergoddlin across Paw's head, breakin the glass an cuttin him purty bad about the face. Then Paw jumped strate through that frame an hit the flore a-runnin. The church had giv him its "Welkum" in a manner whot sed planer than words that hee was not welkum.

Jist as Paw hit the bottom step goin out a poleesman collered him and sed he was under arrest fer destroyin church property. Paw tride 2 explane that the act was nonmentibus canthelpitorum, but that fool poleesman coodent understand Latun an so he hurried Paw off 2 jale.

You see Paw got hisself in2 awl that trubble by bein in bad kumpny. Hee ortent 2 hav jined that army ov unimploid, kaze tha air turribul bad men. Deekin Sortergood sed tha was, an hee nose. In the fust place, Paw wasent borned rite, an he dident hav me borned rite. Wee cood hav escaped awl these hardships ef Paw had jist had the forethought 2 bee borned ritch. Nex time I am borned in2 this world I am going 2 select a ritch man fer my Paw. Ritch folks dont need 2 hunt fer jobs. Tha can liv without workin. I never cood understand how tha do it, but tha do. An tha liv a heep site better than us pore folks can, even when we hav got a job. Paw ort 2 hav had sense anuff 2 a node that, an then he cood a had hissef an me borned ritch. But he dident an thats whot I am mad about. Ritch folks dont git driv out ov the fine churches. No sir, tha gits invited in, an the preecher tells them awl about the good times we've got an how happy everybody is. An then he winks at the purtiest gal in the quire an she bounces up an trize 2 die a musickul deth, put cant quite make it.

That's the kind ov life that sutes me, an if Paw dont quit this-here foolin an git ritch purty quick, I am goin 2 git a devorce from him an git me anuther Paw—one whot noze how 2 take advantage ov awl this prosperity that is a-goin 2 waste in this glorious free kuntry ov ourn.

Yores trewly,
BILLY BONEHEAD.

MEDICAL HUMBUGS, PATENTED AND UNPATENTED

Lambertville, N. J.
March 17, 1914.

Comrade Pearson:

Up here in this part of the "Skeeter" State I'm sort of held responsible for The Fool-Killer, and a month or so ago some were worrying, not about their money, but they were very anxious about their paper. They have all got it now and are easy.

The purpose of this letter is that I and my friends think—and think, too, that we speak for the host of other subscribers—that The Fool-Killer is our paper and that we should have a word in shaping its policy. Therefore—

We object to a certain class of advertising matter—that of "patent medicines." When you spoke one time of taking advertising I wrote you and referred you to the American Medical Association, advising that you secure a copy of their "Great American Fraud." This and other books and pamphets expose these frauds, and the ad you ran at the top of fourth column on third page of your February issue is one of them.

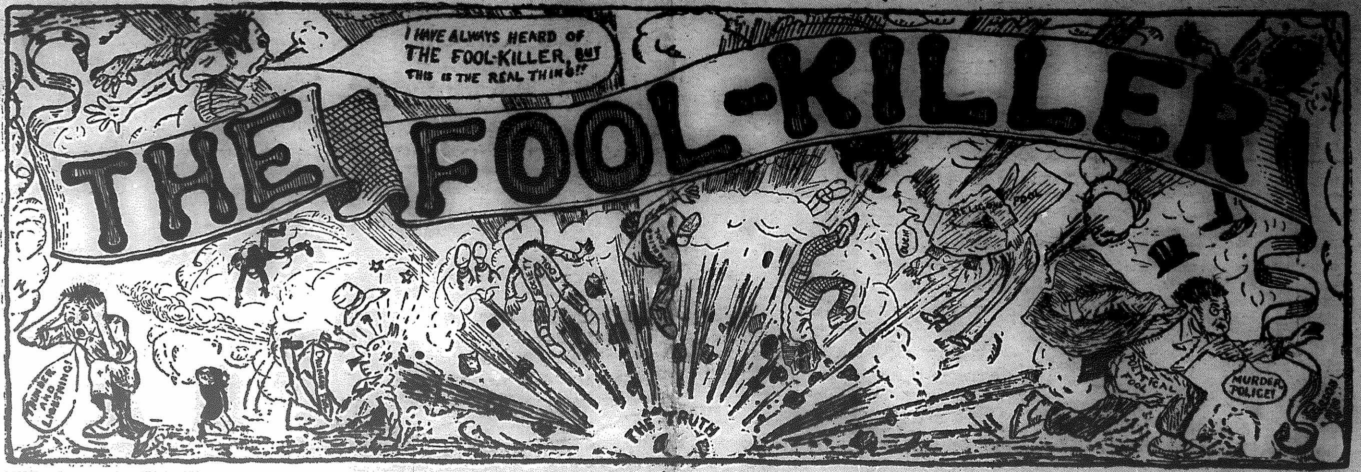
Now don't come back at me with the old platitude—"Other papers print 'em." I know it, and I kick to them, too. But The Fool-Killer isn't supposed to be like the the rest of 'em. The Menace, The Appeal, and others, are full of this class of stuff. They propose to tell us the truth about the plutes, and they do tell us lies about cure-alls. How can we have faith, knowing that we expect more of your paper?

Yours very truly,
R. H. PETERS.

Now, that's a good sensible letter, and I appreciate the friendly and helpful spirit in which it is written. Yes, Comrade, I am well aware of the fact that patent medicines are frauds and humbugs, but I ran the "liquor cure" ad under the impression that it did not belong in the catalogue with regular patent medicines. I had been led to believe that there was really some merit in it, and I am such a hater of drunkenness that I wanted to do all I could to help those who are slaves to Old Booze. In signing up the advertising contract I had it understood that the only kind of "medical" ads I would accept were certain remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits. But further investigation of their claims has convinced me that they, too, are mostly frauds and humbugs and that their only object is to get the poor dupe's money and leave him perhaps in worse fix than before. And so the "liquor and tobacco cures" will be classed with the other patent medicines and barred from the advertising columns of The Fool-Killer from now on.

So much for that. And now just a word about the American Medical Association, to which you referred me in your letter. Has it ever occurred to you that a thief is sometimes very willing to testify against another thief, especially if the business of one thief competes with the business of the other thief. Hence we can readily understand why the American Medical Association is advertising and selling its "Great American Fraud" and other books condemning the patent medicine trade. But one fatal omission in all these books is that they do not include the American Medical Association among their list of frauds. Is it possible, Comrade Peters, that a man of your intelligence could be ignorant of the fact that the "regular" medical doctors who are represented by such concerns as the American Medical Association are just as big frauds and humbugs as the patent medicine concerns? The poison dopes that the big orthodox M. D. pumps into a poor sick man's system are, nine times out of ten, not only worthless but absolutely harmful. The only difference is that one bunch of dope dispensers have got organized into a great medical trust with the law-making bodies under their thumb, and have thus managed to get their graft legalized. While the patent medicine fakir has got to go it alone and paddle his own canoe. But some of the outside gang are getting so smart that their trade is injuring the medical trust, and the latter is getting as jealous as the very devil. And that's what all this fuss is about. It's merely a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

It is enough to make the angels weep to see the medical trust go galloping around with a shirt-tail full of pills and powders trying to create the impression that it is the BIG IT and that everybody else are frauds. The "regular" M. D. wants you to believe that a bottle of muddy water flavored with aquafortis in HIS saddle-bags is a darned sight better than the same thing in the hands of a "patent medicine" man. He will solemnly warn you against buying a bread pill from the mail order quack, and then he will roll up his sleeves and squirt you full of quicksilver and maggot-juice in the name of the all-wise American Medical Association. Oh, gee!—but it's great to be a "legalized" humbug! Sarn my skin if it ain't!



VOL. V. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY, 1914. NO. 3.

A PSALM OF HARD TIMES.

Tell me not in hopeful ditties
  That there are no idle men,
For the cry from all the cities
  Proves you've lied and lied again.

Need is real! Men are earnest,
  Hunting work the country through;
But the Cleveland time returnest,
  And they find no work to do.

Not enjoyment—only sorrow
  For poor families in distress;
How they'll get a meal tomorrow
  None would even dare to guess.

Debts are large, and cash is fleeting,
  And our hearts, once light and gay,
Now like courthouse bells are beating
  For the sheriff's auction day.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In this hot commercial hell,
Poor folks are a helpless chattel
  That the rich may buy and sell.

Trust no plute, however winning,
  His fair promises may sound;
He'll be nice at the beginning
  Just to get you gagged and bound.

Lives of rich men all remind us
  That we poor men made it all—
Forging chains of wealth to bind us,
  While at Mammon's feet we crawl.

Crawling that perhaps another,
  Who may vote a few years hence—
Some forlorn and soup-fed brother—
  Seeing us, shall learn some sense.

—James Larkin Pearson.

SPRING.

The Easter hats have blossomed,
  Spring dresses have come in,
And the crop of politicians
  Is big enough to thin.

Old cow has gone to shedding,
  Calf's old enough to wean,
And over on the mountain-side
  The trees are getting green.

The folks are planting taters
  And tommy-toes and peas,
And the smell of fertilizer
  Is wafted on the breeze.

"Spring fever" is sure to get you,
  But when you don't feel right,
A pint of home-made bitters
  Will mend you up a sight.

I dread the cold in Winter,
  In Summer I dread the heat;
But dog my cats, beloved,
  If Spring ain't hard to beat.

James Larkin Pearson.

LOOK OUT! LEMME AT 'EM!

You have noticed that for the past two or three months The Fool-Killer has not had very much to say on the Roman Catholic question. Not that there wasn't a-plenty to say, by any means, but so many other and more able editors were giving Romanism thunder and rubbing it in that I just thought I'd stand off to one side and watch the fun awhile.

But that don't satisfy me worth a hardly. I love to see the other fellows hard at it, but what they say don't relieve the tension of my feelings nary bit. There's just some things that I've got to say myself—or bust. Possibly I can prod the old Romish beast with a red-hot poker at some place where nobody else has touched it. And even if I hit a sore place that somebody else has been working on, I can at least make it hurt a little wusser.

And so, from now on, you can count on The Fool-Killer being right in the thickest of the fight against this great Howly Terror that comes wrapped in the cloak of religion, beneath which is hidden an awful political dagger that threatens the very life of our most cherished institutions.

Variety is needed in this fight as well as in other things, and so the ammunition that I shall use against the pappycrats will be largely burlesque and ridicule. You can sometimes floor an enemy by laughing at him quicker than any other way. The Fool-Killer is going to print another series of "Pappycratic Prayers" similar to the series that was so popular several months ago. They will be addressed to the old Dago Dad by Woodchuck Wilson, Secretary Backupity, and other members of the toe-kissing tribe. These prayers will be rich, rare and racy, and you don't want to let any of your friends miss a copy of The Fool-Killer from now on. If you want to see the Plutopappyites dance juber, right here is the place and the show is already open. Get your tickets and walk in. Room for everybody and then some. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Hoo-ray!

GOVERNMENT REPORTS.

I have already had my say on the battleship question, and now I want to call your attention to that thunderation, tarnal-nation howling humbug known as the Government Printing Office. It's a big establishment, and it costs millions of dollars to run it. I've been there and seen it—been all through the blamed thing. They boast of its being the largest printing office in the world, and maybe it is. I'm not disputing about its size, for goodness knows it's a whopper.

But what good is it?

What do they print there that is worth a dried-apple cuss to anybody?

They print the Congressional Record when congress is in session—and congress never adjourns any more since Tumulty became president.

The Congressional Record is the official cemetery where they bury the lifeless utterances of our clawhammer-coated congressional kangaroos. It is also useful for congressmen to slop over in when there is not room in the Capitol. Every word that is uttered in congress, as well as a lot of words that are not uttered, gets itself printed in the Record. If the nigger boy that runs the elevator happens to sneeze, you can read that sneeze in the Record the next day.

But nobody ever reads the Record, and it isn't worth half the white paper it is printed on.

And what else do they print at the G. P. O.?

Oh, they print Reports, Reports, Reports! Great big heavy, ponderous reports about this, that and the other—reports that nobody on earth is interested in. They use the finest grade of heavy book paper for these reports, and put them in expensive cloth bindings and send them braodcast over the country.

Nobody was ever known to read one of these government reports. They are dumped into the cellar with other rubbish and trash, and there they lie till they rot. I have about a wagon load of them in my own cellar, and they are just now getting good and mellow.

If a man had a great secret that must be kept hid from all the world, the safest place to put it would be in a government report.

My Bow To Miss Spring.

The Fool-Killer hastens to take off its 17-jewelled rabbit-fur bonnet and make its manners to the gentle Queen of Spring as she comes toddling down the pike with her arms full of violets, peach blossoms, home-made bitters and plowed ground.

Behold the farmer as he getteth up before day and falleth over two chairs hunting for his breeches. Then he goeth to the barn to feed, and again he stumbleth over a new plowstock and sticketh his head into a bag of fertilizer.

Verily, this is the hustling season down on the farm. He that expects to have plenty of hoecake and something to sop it in next winter must pointedly get up and sift.

And the garden should not be neglected. Every family ought to raise its own cut-worms and potato-bugs. Some people have an idea that potato-bugs are hard to raise, but that is a mistake. I have raised them for a number of years, and I never fail to have a good crop. It is necessary, of course, to plant some Irish potatoes. You can't expect potato-bugs to live and fatten on ragweeds.

The people of Virginia are expecting that state to be as "dry as a powder horn" inside of two years. What?—Virginia going to vote in prohibition? No, bless your soul, she don't need to go to that trouble. North Carolina is ordering so much booze from Virginia that the supply will soon run out.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart,	25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More,	15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

IRVING V. KOCH, Adv. Manager,
30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for April, 1914.

Editor, J. L. Pearson Moravian Falls, N. C.
Man. Ed., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Bus. Man., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of March, 1914. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

IDIOTORIALS.

Boom! Bang!

Now the devil's to pay.

More food for the buzzards!

Are you much anxious to swap guts with a Mexican?

Send me a club of five, or ten, or fifteen, or twenty.

In the language of the poet, "Now is the time to subscribe."

Men are the salt of the earth, and women are the pepper.

The smaller a man's soul is, the more meanness it will hold.

Money makes a move, and the devil seconds the motion.

The suffragettes are not half as dangerous to society as the "snuffragettes."

A college education is often the beginning of a brilliant failure.

Caves in the mountains will rent for a good price now. Save one for me.

If I was in Uncle Sam's place I would consider myself too much of a gentleman to nasty my hands with such a mess as Mexico.

Get all your neighbors to hear me preach for twelve months. Pew rent only fifteen cents a year, if they come five or more at a time

GET IT RIGHT!

Pardon me, friends, but I want to make one suggestion—in regard to sending postoffice money orders on subscription. Wherever it is possible I always prefer to have money sent by postoffice money order, but be sure the order is made out correctly before mailing it. Caution your postmaster about the spelling of "MORAVIAN FALLS," and tell him to be sure to get it right. You would be surprised at the number of mistakes that are made in this particular. Every day or so there comes a money order with my postoffice written in one of the following ways:

"Moravian, N. C.," "Marvin, N. C.," "Marvin Falls, N. C.," "Marion, N. C.," "Marion Falls, N. C." "Monroe Falls, N. C." and several other ways too numerous to mention. Sometimes they get the postoffice right and the State wrong.

All these errors cause me a lot of trouble. Often I have to send the order to where it came from, and sometimes it has to go to Washington and be cussed over by about 57 sub-assistant roustabouts of the Postoffice Department. Therefore—

Get the spelling right yourself—MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.—and demand of your postmaster that the order be written correctly.

POOR MARGARET.

Dem Wilson gals am all done tuck
  But Margaret, poor Margaret!
Seem lak dey's nuthin' but bad luck
  Fer Margaret, poor Margaret!
She stan' an' see her sisters go,
An' her poor heart a-achin' so,
Bekaze dar jes' ain't nary bo
  Fer Margaret, poor Margaret!

De White House kotched 'em all a man
  But Margaret, poor Margaret!
An' it will kotch one ef it can
  Fer Margaret, poor Margaret!
Jes' lak her dad wid Mexico,
It's "watchful waitin'," don't yer know,
Till some'un's heart will overflow
  Fer Margaret, poor Margaret!

O man what Mother Nature made
  Fer Margaret, poor Margaret!
Come, show yourself — don't be afraid
  Ov Margaret, poor Margaret!
Yer got ter take her, soon or late,
So what's de use ter stan' an' wait?
Jes' come erlong an' fix de date
  Wid Margaret, poor Margaret!

James Larkin Pearson.

THE BIG QUESTION

The man that sticks up his lightning-rod for the presidential lightning to strike it two years from now will have just one big quesion thrown right square into his teeth by the voters of these United States. There may be other questions, but the big, all-absorbing question will be:

"How do you stand on Romanism? Will you get down on your infernal cowardly belly and kiss the pope's old stinking hoof? Or will you stand up like a true American and tell the whole confounded foot-kissing tribe to kiss your own foot?"

If the prospective candidate can't answer that question to the satisfaction of the American people his name is Sour Mud with wiggletails in it. Unless I read the signs wrong, we have elected to the presidency the last toe-sucker that will ever get to bump his belly against the White House table. Enough of anything is enough, and it don't take but a mighty little Romanism to be too much. Just a few more such capers as those cut by the Romish hoodlums at Springfield and Denver, and hell will break loose for certain. This used to be a land of free speech, but that was before an infernal old leather-faced, lecherous dago dad sent forth his command to "Make America Catholic." Don't it beat the devil that right here in "free" America—and in this twentieth century—a free-born American can't stand up and turn the light on Rome's reeking rottenness without being mobbed and murdered by the hired hellians of the Howly Humbug?

And are we just going to quake and tremble till we shake all our buttons off and let this "American Inquisition" go on unchecked? No, bless your simple soul, we are not. The Great Common People of this nation right now are not in any humor to be fooled with, and if the Dago Dad and his jumping-jacks around Washington don't know it they are in a fair way to find it out pretty soon.

In conversation recently with a leading Democrat I expressed the opinion that Romanism would be the paramount issue in the next presidential election. The Leading Democrat admitted that the question might have some little effect on the campaign, but he thought the big political leaders of all parties would try to "side-step" the Roman Catholic question for a while longer.

No doubt in the world about that. The big political leaders that wear Rome's muzzle—and they are nearly all wearing it—will TRY to sidestep the question, but try will be all. The candidate who is too big a coward to face the truth, and stand up bravely for America and against Rome, will not stand any more chance than a tallow-legged man in the hot place. In other words, he that side-steppeth will get side-stepped. Mark what I tell you.

And right here let us drop another fact into your brain-pan: There is one political party in this country that will not try to do any "side-stepping" on the Catholic question. The great and growing Socialist party is the uncompromising enemy of the Romish hierrarchy, and it is the only party that an Anti-Catholic voter can consistently belong to. The leaders of all other parties—Democrat, Republican and Progressive—have all got their heads in Rome's halter, and there is no use to expect anything from any of them. The people are finding out these facts in a double quick hurry right along now. They are turning to Socialism as their only hope of deliverance, and you needn't be surprised to see Socialism sweep everything before it as early as 1916. It probably couldn't do it right now, but a heap of people can get their eyes open in the course of two years. And in the meantime let your motto be: "Put none but Americans on guard."

A man and wife are considered one, but they often have big fusses about which one of them it is.

A man never tries to convince others that he is perfectly sober unless he is at least half drunk.

One of the most pitiable sights in this world is the boy who makes a calf of himself, and mistakes an old cigarette for a cow.

An optimist is a fellow who don't care what in the thunder happens, just so it don't happen to him.

Short sermons are not only the most popular, but they produce the best results. If a preacher can't strike oil in forty minutes boring, he has either got a poor gimlet or else he is boring in the wrong place.

WHO SAID CHISTIANITY?

Just listen at the bloody threats! Don't that sound a sight like the spirit of the meek and lowly Nazarene? Well, I should say not!

Every man who writes or speaks against "making America Catholic" is met with a furious outburst of abuse and dire threats from the miserable, maul-headed muts of the Romish rabble. I get letters every little while warning me that my life is in danger if I don't cut out some of my "infernal lies" and quit telling things on the "Holy Roman Catholic Church." The howly humbugs are going to take it upon themselves and see to it that I am put out of business, and if they can't do it one way they will another. They will indict, imprison, shoot, beat and burn such infamous heretics as I am, just like the now famous alleged Knight of Columbus oath says they will. Of course they claim that the oath as printed and circulated is a forgery, but it corresponds so well with recent acts of the blood-thirsty gang that it must be true. If it isn't genuine, why in the devil are they trying so hard to make their conduct measure up to its specifications?

The Roman Catholic church a Christian institution? Lord pity anybody who is fool enough to believe it. The intolerant spirit of mob and murder that prevades the whole heathenish hangout is good and sufficient proof that none of the spirit of Christ abides in it.

When did Jesus get mad and curse and abuse those who opposed him and threaten to do them some bodily harm?

When did Jesus lead a mob of ruffians against a peaceable citizen and beat him nearly to death?

When did Jesus lock up a gang of women in a dungeon and allow nobody but Himself to visit them?

When did Jesus defy the civil authorities and refuse to be governed by the law of the land?

When did Jesus take a poor widow's last dollar to pay Him for praying her innocent dead baby out of hell?

When did Jesus live in a gilded mansion costing fifty million dollars, with an army of slaves to do his bidding?

When did Jesus wear royal raiment and a golden crown while millions of people were ragged and hungry?

In fact, did you ever, in all your lives, hear it hinted that Jesus was ever guilty of such conduct while on earth?

No, buddy, you never did.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

But Romanism is doing these things every day and calling it Christianity!

And the worst of it is that millions of people, including our high officials, haven't got sense enough to see the wolf under the sheep's clothing.

Oh, for mercy sake! What a job The Fool-Killer has ahead of it!

* * *

I would a heap rather be a self-made man than a tailor-made dude.

Law, yes, honey! It must make a flag feel awful bad to be insulted. But as for a poor working man, that don't matter.

Who knows? It may be that Carnegie was compelled to start another war to sell some more steel to get some more money to build another peace palace.

Strange as it may seem, The Fool-Killer does not believe in killing people—literally. It only wants to kill out the foolishness in people and let everybody live and be happy. Can you find any fault with that?

If some uncivilized ruffian "insults" you, and you pull your gun and shoot him the government yanks you up and sends you to the electric chair before you can say scat. But just let the government get its fur rubbed the wrong way a little and it pulls its gun and commits the same crime that it punishes you for. Don't you suppose God has a big electric chair ready for these wicked governments of earth?

Praise the Lord and take a dram! Right here in one of my exchanges I find a great long article headed, "Family Prayer," and it's so awful good you can see angel-tracks all over it and solid puddles of religion between every line. And on the very same page, not a finger's length from the "Family Prayer," I find a Corn Whiskey advertisement about the size of a coon skin telling the thirsty readers where they can get the joyful juice either by the gallon or the barrel at so much per. If the editor of that paper ever had any conscience, he has surely dropped it in the barn lot and let the cow eat it.

IS IT ANY WONDER?

Man drinks whiskey that clogs the valves; he drinks beer and that clogs the wheels; he downs lemonade, ginger ale, buttermilk, iced tea, coffee, and what not, and then wonders why the boilers do not burst. If you should take an ox and put him through a like performance, he would be dead in a month. The simplest and plainest laws of health are outraged every day by the average man. Did Adam smoke? Did Eve wear a corset? Did Solomon chew tobacco? Did the children of Israel make for a beer garden after crossing the Red Sea? Did Rebecca chew chocolate bonbons and ice cream and call for soda water?

Adam was the first man, and was made perfect from head to heel—how long would he remain so after eating pie before going to bed? Suppose he had slept in a bedroom five-by-seven, with the windows closed down, the doors shut, and two dogs under the bed?

Suppose Eve had been laced up in a corset, worn tight shoes, hobble figleaves, and sat up all hours of the night eating chicken salad and Welsh rarebits and trying to keep on four pounds of dead people's hair?

GOOD NEWS

Dear Friends:—Maybe you would like to know that Mr. Pearson's "other half" is also editing a monthly paper, called Good News. It is quite different from The Fool-Killer, and some of you might not like it, but if you want to send fifteen cents for a year's subscription, or get up a club of five or more at ten cents each, I'm satisfied you'll have no "kick coming" against me. Good News is a non-sectarian religious paper, same size as The Fool-Killer, and stands for the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ and the Whole Truth of God's Word. As long as The Fool-Killer lives, the proceeds of Good News will be used in charitable and religious work. Also along with your subscription or club send me a good list of names (of women preferably) to send sample copies to—not very many from one postoffice—and I'll appreciate it. Address:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, - - - - - - N. C.

BURNS BARRELS OF AIR
WONDERFUL COMBINATION HEATING & COOKING STOVE
Just Invented—Nothing Else Like It
CAUSING GREAT EXCITEMENT WHEREVER EXHIBITED

Uses barrels of air while consuming one gallon of oil. Wood, coal and oil cost money—ONLY FREE FUEL IS AIR. Supply unlimited. No trust in control. Air belongs to rich and poor alike.

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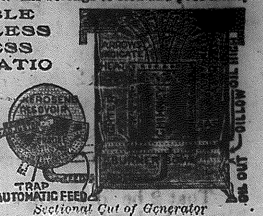
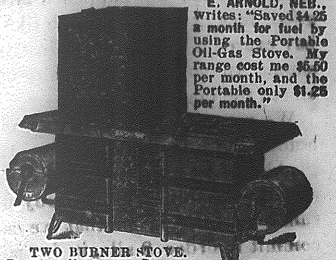


Sectional Cut of Generator

Automatically generates gas from kerosene oil, mixing it with air. Burns like gas. Intense hot fire. Combustion perfect. *To operate*—Turn knob—oil runs into burner—touch a match, it generates gas which passes through air mixer, drawing in a large quantity of air, to every spoonful of oil consumed. **That's all.** It is self-regulating—no more attention. Same heat all day, or all night. For more or less heat, simply turn knob. There it remains until you come again. To put fire out, turn knob, raising burner, oil runs back into can, fire's out. As near perfection as anything in this world. No dirt, soot or ashes. No leaks—nothing to clog or close up. No wick, not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect control.

D. CARN, IND., writes: "It cost me only 4½ cents a day for fuel." **L. NORRIS, VT.**, writes: "The Portable Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel, at least 50% to 75% over wood and coal." **E. ARNOLD, NEB.**, writes: "Saved $4.25 a month for fuel by using the Portable Oil-Gas Stove. My range cost me $6.50 per month, and the Portable only $1.25 per month."



TWO BURNER STOVE.
BUY ANY NUMBER OF BURNERS.

M. KING, VA., writes: "Using one Burner and Radiator, I kept a 16x18 foot room at 70 degrees, when out doors 18 to 20 degrees were registered." **REV. WM. TEARN, ME**, writes: "This morning 16 below zero, and my library far below freezing point. Soon after lighting the Portable Oil-Gas Stove temperature rose to summer heat." **WM. BEARING, IND.**, writes: "We warmed a room 13x14 feet, when it was about 10 below zero with one Radiator."

Not like those sold in stores. Objectionable features of other stoves wiped out. Ideal for heating houses, stores, rooms, etc. with Radiating Attachment; also cooking, roasting, baking, ironing, etc. No more carrying coal, kindling, ashes, soot, dirt. Absolutely safe from explosion. Not dangerous like gasoline. Simple, durable—last for years. Saves expense, drudgery and fuel bills. All Sizes. Prices Low—$3.25 and up. Sent to any address. **Send no money**—only send your name and address. **Write today for our 30 day trial offer—full description—thousands of testimonials, 1914 Proposition. Catalogue free.**

EXCITING BUSINESS FOR AGENTS

SALESMEN—MANAGERS—MEN OR WOMEN at home or traveling, all or part time—showing—taking orders—appointing agents. Messrs. HEAD & FRAZER, TEX., writes: "Enclose order for $81.00. RUSH. Sell like hot cakes. Sold 50 stoves in our own town." B. L. HUESTED, MICH., writes: "Been out one day and sold 11 stoves." This patent new. **Nothing like it.** Demand enormous. Agents reaping great harvest. Where operated people stop on street, leave their homes, places of business, miss trains to watch this generator—excites curiosity—watch it as though a thing of life. Show dozen—sell ten. **Write today for Special Agents New Plan. Send no money.** World unsupplied. Get in early for territory. Write today.

WORLD MFG. CO., 5006 World Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.

AGENTS- Wanted for the best selling soap and extracts on the market 10c gets full cake for sample.
Richey & Clark, Enoree, S. C.

CLOSING OUT. Genuine $1.50 Self-filling Fountain Pens 48c. Can't leak. Write perfectly. Satisfaction Guaranteed. A. G. DAVIS, North Bend, Pa.

A MONEY PROPOS[illegible]
Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order busi[illegible] trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, goods [illegible] and divide the profits. Particulars. Desk 2010
HAZEN A. NORTON, Tekonsha, Michigan

YALE FOLDING POCKET HAT
Going bare headed is the style now but it is handy to have one of those hats in your pocket all the time. Sample by mail only 10 cents, with large catalog. Address,
R. F. Reynolds & Co., Walnut Cove, N. C.

The man with a new idea is a crank or a fool until the idea succeeds, and then he is the whole cheese.

BILLY BONEHEAD'S LETTER

Foolville, S. I. (the S. I. stands
fer Stait of Ignerunce),
May the one-th, 9teen & 4teen.

Well, Mister Editer, Paw is out ov jale, out ov a job, an out ov sumthin 2 eat. He stade in jale jist 2 weeks an got 2 likin it purty well. Accordin 2 Paw's experunce, the poit node what he was talkin about when he sed:

"Jale is sich a very friteful word
That 2 be dreaded needs but 2 be herd;
But herd 2 oft an locked within the place,
We fust indure, then pitty, then imbrace."

Paw wood a liked very well 2 stay in jale rite along, but he eat so mutch tha coodent afford 2 keep him. You see he had bin livin on short rashins at home fer a long time, an when he happened 2 the good luck 2 git in jale he like 2 hav caused a famin in that institushun. An so tha turned him out an sot the dog on him.

We was glad fer Paw 2 git back home, but we wood a bin still gladder ef he had fotch sumthin 2 eat. We hav bin tryin 2 study up sum nice little crime that we can commit in order 2 all git in jale fer a few daze, at least.

Tha put Paw in a room with one ov these here Soshubuls, an he sed it was funny 2 hear that feller talk an go on about everthing. He jist cussed an abused the church an the guvmunt sumthin offul, callin em all sorts ov ugly names, an Paw purt-ni got mad anuff 2 fite him 2 times.

Paw coodent argy mutch with the Soshubul feller, kaze he had that hateful ole habit ov sayin things what coodent be disputed, but Paw had sense anuff not 2 bleev em nohow. Paw is a true Redemocan, an tha aint anuff Soshubul argyments in the world 2 turn him. Paw sez a man's prinsipuls air the most vallybul thing he's got, an he ames 2 be trew 2 hisen no matter what happens. Maw axt him 2 name a few ov his prinsipuls an he sed he had sorter forgot what tha was, but he wood ax Deekin Sortergood nex time he seen him.

Paw's prinsipuls air so presbus that he is afeered 2 keep em about his own person, lest tha git lost or stolen. An so he leaves em in the care ov his party boss, an only calls fer em on speshul occasions. The boss sees 2 it that Paw's prinsipuls air kep in good repair an any nessisary changes made from time 2 time. That saves Paw a heap ov trubble an give him more time 2 hunt fer a job.

Paw sez a grate menny things air absolutely true that it simply wont du 2 bleev, an the things what them Soshubuls talk about belong 2 that class. Tha air fax all rite, but tha air sich ugly, disagreeabul fax that we must keep em out ov site. We must keep em so shuger-coted with fine theory that peepul kant see the neckid fax. An hit is the bizness of our grate Redemocan party, assisted by the welthy churches, 2 du the a4sed suger-cotin. When one ov these ugly truths kant be denide in enny uther way, we can jist brand it as "a Soshubul lie," an then everyboddy is afeered ov it.

Paw agrees with what I sed in my last letter about bein borned ritch. He sez he jist dident happen 2 think about it, or he wood hav had the matter attended 2 several ginerashuns ago.

I think Paw is in a purty big noshun now 2 jine the army. The Deekin told him that we was a-goin to whup the stuffin outen ole Hurty kaze he insulted our flag, an Paw is so patryotick that he wants 2 go an fite fer his country. When he spoke erbout fitin fer his country, Maw sez 2 him:

"How menny square miles ov land du you own?"

"Not a one," sez Paw.

"Then ov course you own some ralerodes?" sez Maw.

"Not that I remember ov," sez Paw.

"Then youve proberbly got yer munny invested in mines?" sez Maw.

"Nary a mine," sez Paw, lookin sorter on-easy.

"Then you surtinly must be a ritch murchunt," sez Maw.

"Not anuff fer ennyboddy 2 nodis it," sez Paw, lookin still more on-easy.

"Then you at leest hav a butiful home, filled with books, pickters, muzik, fine kloze an fine eatin?"

"Yer can sarch me!" sez Paw, turnin powerful red in the face.

"Yore country!" sez Maw, givin Paw a look ov witherin skorn. "How cum it's yore country, ef you dont own enny ov it, ner nuthin that's in it?"

Without sayin a word, Paw got up an retched fer his ole shotgun, an I dident kno whuther he was a-goin 2 kill Maw or a Mexikun. But he aint dun nary one yit. Ile tell ye more about it in my nex letter.

Yourn trewly,
BILLY BONEHEAD.

The silk-hatted scion of society will turn up his aristocratic nose at the solid old farmer who drives into town with a load of produce, and I'll bet a dollar you could scrape enough material from under the old farmer's toe-nails to make a dozen better men than the stuck-up society sprout.

THE UNION LABEL.

A subscriber in Chicago has just returned his copy of The Fool-Killer, with a little "sticker" pasted on it bearing these words:

"Returned because of absence of Union Label."

Now get it through your noggin, Mister Reader, that The Fool-Killer is not an enemy to the cause of union labor. Banish the idea! On the other hand, it knows very well that labor must organize, especially in the towns and cities, in order to protect itself from the organized oppression of capital. Manufacturers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, and all the rest of the broadcloth bunch, are thoroughly organized and hang together like a new-married couple at a county fair. And it would be a dickens of a poor out if the laboring man couldn't be allowed the same privilege.

But circumstance alter cases, you know. While the labor of the cities and towns MUST organize for self-protection, that rule cannot be strictly applied to the rural communities. Take my own case. Here we have a city subscriber who is so deeply innoculated with the virus of unionism that he refuses to read The Fool-Killer simply because it does not carry the Union Label. And yet he is taking this arbitrary step without knowing one blessed thing about the circumstances and conditions under which this paper is produced. I would like to inform this gentleman and all of his kind that there is not, to my knowledge, a labor union in forty miles of this place. There may be, but if so I never heard of it. This is strictly a rural community, devoted to farming and fruit-growing. We have here none of the "labor proplems" that the cities have to contend with. Most of the people are "small farmers," owning their own little patches of ground and doing their own work. What advantage would it be for people of that sort to belong to a Labor Union? We are very happily situated away out here in the woods, and when a panic hits the country we are among the last to feel it.

But I started out to tell you about The Fool-Killer office and the hands that work in it, and why they are not members of the Printer's Union. Well, in the first place, I am the foreman of the printing department and all the other departments. I started this business out here in the woods and built it up from nothing. At first I did all the work myself. Later, as the business grew and I needed more help, I trained in some of my wife's brothers and sisters. Even till this day, every member of my force is a member of my family (or rather, my wife's family), and not a one of them ever worked in a printing office till they started in with me. I have always tried to treat them right, and they, in turn, treat me right. I don't try to impress myself on them as their employer or "boss," but as their comrade and friend. They are satisfied with their work, and with their pay, and they have no reason to want to go on a strike. Pray tell me, then, what good would it do these people to belong to the Printer's Union? And besides that, there is no union here to join, and not enough printers to make a union. The labor union is a great and good thing when properly conducted, but it is only adapted to places that need it, and in this case it is not needed any more than a drug-store will be needed in heaven.

HELEN KELLER.

One of the standing and unaccountable mysteries to me is the life of Helen Keller. It may be simple enough when understood, but nobody has yet explained it to me.

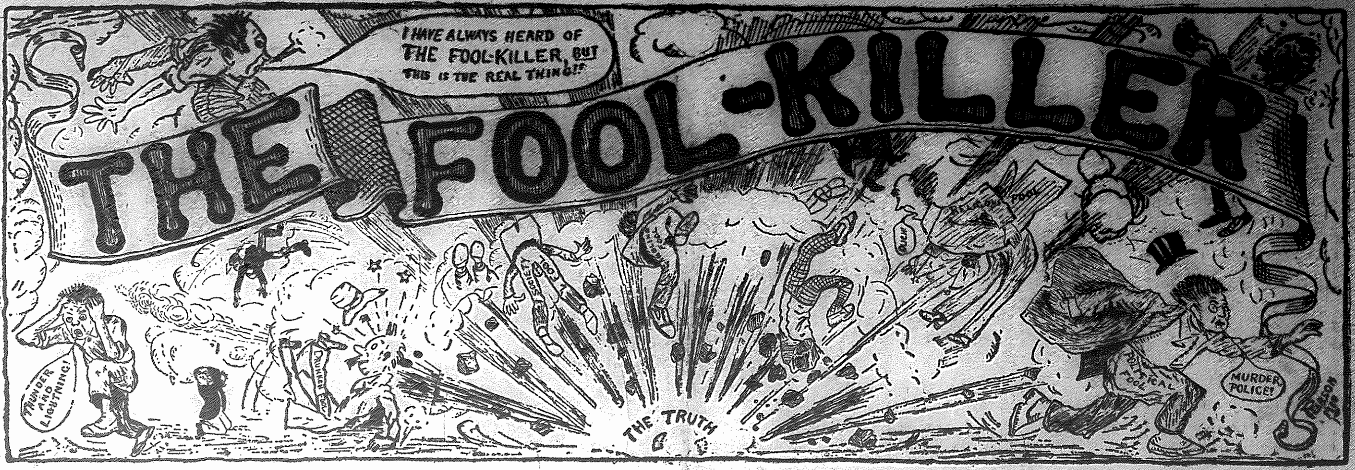
I can understand how there might have been a great mind imprisoned in a body like hers, cut off from all natural methods of contact with other minds. But the natural conclusion would be that a mind so heavily handicapped must "rot in its dungeon," so to speak, and never feel the warm sunshine of intellectual development.

To be deaf, and dumb, and blind—and yet to conquer the world! To master every branch of learning, and to become more familiar with our world than many of us who have eyes, ears, and voice! Believe me, that is some achievement!

But how was it done? Where was there any possible place to make a beginning? If such wonders can be done without the aid of our natural senses, should not we who have them do still greater things? For the sorry showing which most of us make, ought we not to be thoroughly ashamed of ourselves?

If The Fool-Killer was just like other papers, there would be no use to have a Fool-Killer. But it's different. In all this wilderness of printed things, this paper stands out like a white preacher at a nigger meeting.

Tell all your friends about The Fool-Killer and get them to subscribe. Help it to cover the earth.



VOL. V. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE, 1914. NO. 4.

JOHNDEE, JUNIOR.

By James Larkin Pearson.

Who herds the fools
In Sunday Schools
And prates about
The Golden Rules?
Johndee, Junior.

Who bates his snares
With pious prayers,
And puts on lots
Of righteous airs?
Johndee, Junior.

Who owns the holes
Where miners' souls
Grope in the dark
Like poor blind moles?
Johndee, Junior.

Who trains the guns
On helpless ones,
Till precious blood
In rivers runs?
Johndee, Junior.

If there's a hell
Where devils dwell,
What mortal man
Deserves it well?
Johndee, Junior.

Didn't Know It, Did You?

Say, Rube, maybe you didn't know that you are already virtually a member of the United States army, under the provisions of the "Dick Military Bill." But you are, just the same. The law gives Woodchuck Wilson the power to call YOU out just any day he sees fit and place you in the front of battle. And you can't do nary thing but trot right along to your death, whether you like it or not. There don't need to be any conscripting done in order to get you—you are already conscripted and didn't know it. And yet this is a "free" country, and you are a "free" citizen! Poor old fool! How much longer are you going to keep on believeing that lie?

No sir, I am not opposed to wealth. Wealth is a good thing. There is enough wealth in the world for everybody, and everybody ought to have it. It is poverty that I object to.

A SERMON ON MADONNAS.

All right, my dear fools, here is a pound of wire nails to fasten your string galluses with, to keep from losing your breeches while you stand here and listen to this sermon.

Now are you all ready? Well, here we go. This is going to be a sermon on "Madonnas," and if you don't know what a Madonna is, right here is the place to find out. A Madonna, my dear fools, is a mother with a baby in her arms. This has been a favorite theme of the great painters, and the art galleries of the world are full of pictures entitled, "Madonna and Child." These pictures all represent a mother with an infant babe at her breast, and art collectors have paid fabulous prices for some of them.

Maybe a picture like that is worth a great deal. I can't speak with authority, because I don't know a bloomin' thing about the art business.

But from what I can find out, the picture of a mother and child is worth a darned sight more in the eyes of the world than the real flesh-and-blood originals. The only possible use that a millionaire art collector could have for a real mother with a real baby in her arms would be to rob her of her last crust and grind her life out in a sweat-shop in order to get money to buy a painted "Madonna" to hang on a palace wall.

A real mother gets tired and hungry sometimes. She even breaks down under her burdens and weeps. And the baby—poor little old dirty thing!—cries for milk, and then spews it up all over the floor. And that would be awful ugly conduct to carry on in a millionaire's parlor. But a picture—just a pretty, smooth, harmless picture; one that never gets its face dirty, nor sheds tears, nor has the heart-ache—that's the ten-thousand dollar beauty that fits so well into a millionaire's drawing-room. That's what he would travel around the world and pay a fortune for—the same fortune, remember, that he has squeezed out of the patient, suffering lives of real mothers and children.

The original lives in a hut and goes to bed hungry.

The picture hangs on a gilded wall and smiles down upon the foolish revelry of the rich.

Oh, you mother bending over the wash-tub, with four ragged young-uns catching tadpoles in the branch—don't you wish you was a "Madonna?"

BIGGER AND BETTER.

I am pleased to announce that I have just closed a deal which gives me some able editorial help on The Fool-Killer. Some of the ablest and best-known free-lance writers in the country will soon begin to contribute their best efforts to the columns of The Fool-Killer. I will continue to give you as much as possible of my own original gab, and all these other good things will be thrown in extra.

And I am still planning to enlarge the paper at an early date. This plan would have been carried out before now, but the Mexican war cloud set it back a little. I felt that it wasn't safe to venture much in a time of such uncertainty. But they say that where nothing is ventured nothing is gained, and so I have made up my mind to do a little venturing anyhow. As you know, I have spent several hundred dollars lately for new machinery, and I am now prepared to handle a larger paper and also a larger circulation. Now how many of you want a larger Fool-Killer bad enough to send in a good big club right at once? Pay particular attention to the new club rates on third page, and then get busy.

Hosses, Cows, And Other Folks.

"If your horse or your cow has a contagious disease you can get a scientist to visit your farm and cure the animal and take the necessary precaution against the spread of the disease."—James Hay, in Woman's World.

Yes, yes! Of course the horses and cows must be doctored and cared for. A man can sell his horse or his cow—they represent dollars. Uncle Sam is devilish accommodating to shoulder his medicine-pouch and go in a gallop when Jim Jones's old cow gets the holler tail, or when Bill Smith's forty-year-old plug of a hoss is trying to bid farewell to this vain world of sore backs, muddy roads and hoss-swappers.

Uncle Sam can well afford to do that, because the blue-john fountain and the harness rack both have a market value. They represent dollars. It would be an awful crime, you know, to let anything die and get out of its misery that might be patched up and worked off on some ignorant Rube for a few circular pieces of tin.

But with human beings it's different. If Jim Jones's wife or Bill Smith's baby gets sick, there is no government specialist to drop everything and go running three lopes at a jump to give free medical attention.

Why?

Because the wife and baby are just mere humans. They have no market value. If they die there is nothing lost. Only a few hearts broken, a home bereaved, an empty chair at the fireside, and a longing for a voice that is stilled. Uncle Sam is a busy old cuss and has no time or money to waste over such little trifles as that. His time and attention are fully occupied with weightier matters, such as pulling an old mule's tooth to cure old age, and boring a cow's horn for the holler tail.

Alas, that horses and cows should be so dear and human beings so cheap!

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

IRVING V. KOCH, Adv. Manager,
30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for April, 1914.

Editor, J. L. Pearson Moravian Falls, N. C.
Man. Ed., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Bus. Man., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of March, 1914. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

IDIOTORIALS.

South America is trying to teach Uncle Sam and Mexico the A. B. C.'s of peace.

They call them the A. B. C. mediators, which means, "All Bloody Catholics."

How can a man call himself a Protestant and then refuse to protest? Did you ever see any hot ice or cold fire?

If you have found somebody who knows how to scratch your back just where it needs it, you have come pretty near finding your affinity.

About half the blamed hypocrites who go to church and sing about wanting to be an angel would be too rotten stingy to buy a pair of wings at 98 cents a pair.

"Every Mexican rebel is to have a plot of ground when Villa wins," says the Philadelphia North American. About four by six, I suppose.

The very latest is Bryan's announcement that he is in favor of voting by mail. But he still refuses to express himself on the subject of voting by female.

About the only thing that we poor devils get out of this life is the fun of seeing the rich devils worry over their wealth.

The difference between Job and Roosevelt is this: Job had his boils and then got licked, while Roosevelt got the licking first and the boils afterwards.

Tell your Pap and send word to your Uncle Hank that from now on The Fool-Killer will be a devil-catcher from several miles up the creek.

At least four of the old-established papers of North Carolina have died within the past month, and it is a matter worthy of note that every last one of them were mighty thick with the toe-kissers. You see the people are rapidly getting wise to Rome's capers, and they are not going to support her lick-spittle editors much longer. Goody!

I have before me a copy of a "leading" Catholic paper, and the most striking feature of it is a continual whine about not getting enough support to keep it alive. Goody! I hope the day will soon come when the foot-kissing papers won't get any support at all. They can't expect it from anybody but their own gang, and most of their own gang can't read. What better could you expeet, Mister Toe-Busser?

Pay particular attention to the new club rates on third page.

Some people are not ashamed to do a lot of things that they would be ashamed to be caught doing.

Most of our long-coated, high-collared Doctors of Divinity spend all their time doctoring divinity so that the rich devils in the church will swallow it and pay for it.

A Harvard professor declares that the bald head is hereditary. Yes, I have noticed that we are all born with it, but most of us recover from it soon after birth.

A subscriber at Warren, Ohio, wants me to tell him the difference between Bill Taft and Moses. Pshaw, that's easy. The Lord buried Moses where the people couldn't find him; and the people buried Bill Taft where the Lord couldn't find him.

Yes, Mister Redemocan, that's the truck! Just go ahead and bust your infernal gall cussing the Romish political machine, but be certain that you hang right on to the party that endorses Rome and all of her hellishness. Cuss the fire for burning you, but croud up closer to it. That's the truck!

May Number All Gone.

The demand for the May number of The Fool Killer has been so great that all the extra copies printed have been taken, and I have had a geat many calls for bundles of that number which I am unable to supply. There seems to have been something in the May number that made a special "hit," judging by the way it was called for, and I am very sorry that the supply has been exhausted. Will try to guard against such a calamity hereafter by printing more extra copies.

Somebody Had Better Look Out!

A good many complaints are being received stating that some of the subscribers are not getting the paper regularly. And on looking them up, we find that nearly every one is on the list correctly and that the papers have certainly been sent. Somebody is destroying these papers, either through carelessness or pure cussed meanness, and it is more than likely the work of some of our good (?) Catholic postmasters or mail clerks. It might be a good idea for these smart buddies to go a little bit slow with that sort of business, or they may get themselves into several bushels of trouble.

I STARTED IT ALL.

The Fool-Killer is the original Anti-Catholic paper in this country. The very first issue, printed in January, 1910, contained some of the hottest remarks that the old Dad of the Tiber ever had crammed down his ungodly goozle. And from that day till this, I have not missed an opportunity to tell my readers what I think of the old fraud.

For the first year or so I had to hammer away all alone, and some of the big editors made all manner of fun of me for presuming to criticize "a great branch of the Christian church," as they called it.

And then, one day, "The Menace" came kersplash into the journalistic swimming-hole, followed by "The Liberator" and others. The cause had begun to get popular by this time, and somebody figured it out that there was going to be some money in it. Hence there was no lack of little one-hoss editors ready to fight, bleed and die (on paper) at 25 or 50 cents a year.

Another year or two passed, and—would you believe it?—some of the very papers that called me a crank and a fool for my Anti-Catholic stand four years ago, have now flopped right over and gone to cussing the Romish machine in meaner language, if possible, than I ever dared to use.

Now I am not abusing anybody for taking up this fight. On the other hand, I welcome them with out-stretched arms and wish them great success. It is a pleasure to know that so many able editors who were formerly blinded to the dangers of Romish aggression have now got their eyes open, and may God hasten the day when the Rome-ridden daily press will also shake off the chains and be free.

But, as a matter of simple justice to myself, I just wanted to remind my 75,000 readers that—

I STARTED IT ALL!

And so come along, ye friends of liberty—let's present a solid front and wipe the curse of Romanism from the face of the earth.

GET A GOLD WATCH!

FOR ONLY $10.50 you can own a genuine 17-jewelled Elgin watch, 18 size, in a 20-year guaranteed gold filled case Send me your name and address and I will send it to you by parcels post, C. O. D., subject to examination before you pay for it If you think it is a bargain, pay your postmaster $10.50 and keep the watch. Otherwise, it will be returned to me, and you will not be out one cent. This watch has never been sold before for less than $13.50. Order to-day, as this offer will not last long. Address: J. M. PEARSON,
Box 192, Ronda, N. C.

CLUB RATES

Single Subscriptions,	25 cents.
In clubs of 5 to 10	15 "
In clubs of 10 to 20	12½ "
In clubs of 20 and up,	10 "

The above is my new graduated subscription rate for the summer. The price remains the same for single subscriptions (25 cents) and for clubs of less than ten (15 cents). But as the club gets bigger the price gets lower, as shown above, until it gets down to ten cents a year in clubs of twenty or more. Now let everybody get busy sending in big clubs at these reduced rates.

Address all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

GOOD NEWS

Dear Friends:—Maybe you would like to know that Mr Pearson's "other half" is also editing a monthly paper, called Good News. It is quite different from The Fool-Killer, and some of you might not like it, but if you want to send fifteen cents for a year's subscription, or get up a club of five or more at ten cents each, I'm satisfied you'll have no "kick coming" against me. Good News is a non-sectarian religious paper, same size as The Fool-Killer, and stands for the pure and undefiled religion of Jesus Christ and the Whole Truth of God's Word. As long as The Fool-Killer lives, the proceeds of Good News will be used in charitable and religious work. Also along with your subscription or club send me a good list of names (of women preferably) to send sample copies to—not very many from one postoffice—and I'll appreciate it. Address:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, - - - - - - N. C.

AGENTS- Wanted for the best selling soap and extracts on the market 10c gets full cake for sample.
Richey & Clark, Enoree, S. C.

AGENTS Sell Vest Pocket Cigar Lighters 25c Sell like hot cakes. Sample 15c Address W. P. Dobson, A9 Claremore, Okla.

MISTER DISEASE GERM.

I am a poor, unfortunate disease germ.

I think I have the hardest time of anybody in the world.

I ain't got no friends, nor home, and ain't welcome nowhere.

The place I like to live at is inside of folks, but folks don't want me to live there.

Folks are the things that inhabit the earth.

They are terrible big things.

They walk about on one end and build cities.

They also say prayers an cuss.

Folks are sometimes called people.

They are forked at one end, and the forked end has shoes on it.

There are two classes of people—sick folks and doctors.

The doctors are awful mean to me.

And yet I'm the best friend they've got in the world.

If it wasn't for me the doctors couldn't make a living.

They ought to be good to me.

But instead of that, they are always trying to kill me.

The doctors have got the people so scared of me that every time I walk into a person's anatomy, hang up my overcoat and take a seat in the front spare room of their system, they give forth a great yell and send for the doctor.

The doctor comes and peeps at me through a microscope and says:

"Yes, I see the little devil."

And then he goes to pouring in old nasty drugs and things trying to kill me.

What for does the old mean doctor want to kill me, I wonder?

Don't he know that a germ's life is just as sweet and precious to a germ as a man's life is to him?

When a germ happens to some fatal accident and gets killed, its family and friends gather around it and mourn just like folks.

I haven't got anything against man.

I like him as a friend and neighbor, and would like to be sociable with him.

But man seems to have different ideas about it.

He seems to think himself too good for us germs to associate with.

I don't know what we were ever made for if we are of no use in the world. It seems to me that we don't get a fair show, nohow. But I'm just a poor little disease germ, and maybe I don't know.

Good-by. I see that old doctor coming, and I've got to run.

UNSEXED.

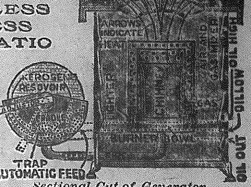
It doesn't unsex her to toil in a factory,
Minding the looms from the dawn till the night;
To deal with a schoolful of children refractory
Doesn't unsex her in anyone's sight;
Work in a store—where her back aches inhumanly—
Doesn't unsex her at all, you will note,
But think how exceedingly rough and unwomanly
Woman would be if she happened to vote!

To sweat in a laundry that's torrid and torrider
Doesn't subtract from her womanly charm;
And scrubbing the flags in an echoing corridor
Doesn't unsex her—so where is the harm?
It doesn't unsex her to nurse us with bravery,
Loosing death's hand from its grip on the throat;
But ah! how the voices grow quivery, quavery,
Wailing: "Alas, 'twill unsex her to vote!"

She's feminine still when she juggles the crockery,
Bringing you blithely the order you give;
Toil in a sweatshop where life is a mocker
Just for the pittance on which she can live—
That doesn't seem to unsex her a particle.
"Labor is noble"—so somebody wrote—
But ballots are known as a dangerous article,
Woman's unsexed if you give her the vote!

Berton Braley.

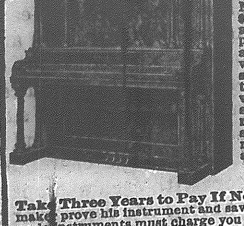
The principal use for cotton is for the stock exchange to gamble on, but it is also used extensively in the manufacture of woolen goods.



BURNS BARRELS OF AIR
WONDERFUL COMBINATION HEATING & COOKING STOVE
Just Invented—Nothing Else Like It
CAUSING GREAT EXCITEMENT WHEREVER EXHIBITED
Uses barrels of air while consuming one gallon of oil. Wood, coal and oil cost money—ONLY FREE FUEL IS AIR. Supply unlimited. No trust in control. Air belongs to rich and poor alike.
PORTABLE VALVELESS WICKLESS AUTOMATIC
OIL GAS AND AIR BURNER STOVE
Sectional Cut of Generator
Automatically generates gas from kerosene oil, mixing it with air. Burns like gas. Intense hot fire. Combustion perfect. To operate—Turn knob—oil runs into burner—touch a match, it generates gas which passes through air mixer, drawing in a large quantity of air, to every spoonful of oil consumed. That's all. It is self-regulating—no more attention. Same heat all day, or all night. For more or less heat, simply turn knob. There it remains until you come again. To put fire out, turn knob, raising burner, oil runs back into can, fire's out. As near perfection as anything in this world. No dirt, soot or ashes. No leaks—nothing to clog or close up. No wick, not even a valve, yet heat is under perfect control.
D. CARN, IND., writes: "It cost me only 4½ cents a day for fuel." L. NORRIS, VT., writes: "The Portable Oil-Gas Generators are wonderful savers of fuel, at least 50% to 75% over wood and coal." E. ARNOLD, NEB., writes: "Saved $4.25 a month for fuel by using the Portable Oil-Gas Stove. My range cost me $5.50 per month, and the Portable only $1.25 per month."

TWO BURNER STOVE.
BUY ANY NUMBER OF BURNERS.
M. KING, VA., writes: "Using one Burner and Radiator, I kept a 16x18 foot room at 70 degrees, when out doors 13 to 20 degrees were registered." REV. WM. TEARN, ME., writes: "This morning 16 below zero, and my library far below freezing point. Soon after lighting the Portable Oil-Gas Stove temperature rose to summer heat." WM. BEARING, IND., writes: "We warmed a room 18x14 feet, when it was about 10 below zero with one Radiator."
Not like those sold in stores. Objectionable features of other stoves wiped out. Ideal for heating houses, stores, rooms, etc. with Radiating Attachment; also cooking, roasting, baking, ironing, etc. No more carrying coal, kindling, ashes, soot, dirt. Absolutely safe from explosion. Not dangerous like gasoline. Simple, durable—last for years. Saves expense, drudgery and fuel bills. All Sizes. Prices Low—$3.25 and up. Sent to any address. Send no money—only send your name and address. Write today for our 30 day trial offer—full description—thousands of testimonials, 1914 Proposition. Catalogue free.
EXCITING BUSINESS FOR AGENTS
SALESMEN—MANAGERS—MEN OR WOMEN at home or traveling, all or part time—showing—taking orders—appointing agents. Messrs. HEAD & FRAZER, TEX., writes: "Enclose order for $81.00. RUSH. Sell like hot cakes. Sold 50 stoves in our own town." B. L. HUESTED, MICH., writes: "Been out one day and sold 11 stoves." This patent new. Nothing like it. Demand enormous. Agents reaping great harvest. Where operated people stop on street, leave their homes, places of business, miss trains to watch this generator—excites curiosity—watch it as though a thing of life. Show dozen—sell ten. Write today for Special Agents New Plan. Send no money. World unsupplied. Get in early for territory. Write today.
WORLD MFG. CO., 5054 World Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.

Any fool can tell a lie, but it takes a mighty slick rascal to make it sound like the truth.



Cornish Sent To You For A Year's Free Trial
Why Shouldn't You Buy As Low As Any Dealer?
More than 250,000 people have saved from $100 to $150 on a high grade piano and from $25 to $50 on a first class organ in purchasing by the Cornish plan—and so can you. We offer to send you an instrument, freight paid if you wish, with the understanding that if it is not sweeter and richer in tone and better made than any you can find at one-third more than we ask, you may at any time within a year send it back at our expense, and we will return any sum that you may have paid on it, so that the trial will cost you absolutely nothing,—you and your friends to be the judge and we to find no fault with your decision.
You Choose Your Own Terms
Take Three Years to Pay If Needed. The Cornish Plan, in brief, makes the maker prove his instrument and saves you one-third what other manufacturers of high grade instruments must charge you to protect their dealers and agents.
Let Us Send to You Free the New Cornish Book
It is the most beautiful piano or organ catalog ever published. It shows our latest styles and explains everything you should know before buying any instrument. It shows why you cannot buy any other high grade organ or piano anywhere on earth as low as the Cornish. You should have this important information before making your selection. Write for it today and please mention this paper Cornish Co., Washington, N. J. Established Over 50 Years

The Wendell Compress and Vacuum Washer
Washes Tub of Clothes in Three Minutes
Pat. Jan. 30. 1914.

I WANT 200 SALES AGENTS AT $1200 TO $3600 A YEAR
To introduce my new Compress and Vacuum Washing Machine to every home in the country, I want 200 additional representatives to begin work at once in their home counties. I consider this machine the most brilliant inventive achievement of the age in household necessities. It is selling faster than anything I have ever heard of—going like wildfire.
PROFITS START FIRST DAY
No waiting or guessing. The price of only $1.50 makes a sale at every house—cash business at 200 per cent profit to you. The biggest opportunity ever offered. I want hustlers—men and women who want to make money quick and fast. No large investment needed—business supplies the capital.
NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED Just follow instructions. Failure impossible. Success assured. Frank Greene sold 45 first three days—profit $45. Mrs. L. C. Marrick made $90 first three weeks in spare time only. J. H. Goddard took 18 orders first three hours. No talking necessary. Just show it—the order is yours right on the spot.
YOUR MONEY Doubled twice on Each Sale
Every machine sold on money-back guarantee. A child can use it. Abolishes labor of wash day. Women discard $15 and $20 machines for it.
MAIL YOUR APPLICATION TODAY
Don't delay. Get your county under contract. No charge for territory. To wait means to lose. Write me a letter or a postal card today. If you are honest and willing to work I will give you the position. Do not let someone else get in ahead of you. Mention the territory you want when answering. Write today—then you will have done your part. Do it right now. Address
H. F. WENDELL, Pres. Wendell Vacuum Washer Co., 318 Oak St., Leipsic, Ohio

THE POLITICIAN.

Oh, the mighty politician—
He is with us once again,
With his heaven-ordered mission
In behalf of mortal men.

He will spin you in his motor
For a dozen miles or more,
Though you're just a common voter
That he never saw before.

He has heard that you're a winner
From your neighbors, Smith and Brown,
Each of whom would miss his dinner
For a chance to run you down.

He can straddle all the fences
On a hundred-acre farm,
And befuddle all your senses
When he takes you by the arm.

First he pats you on the shoulder,
And he whispers in your ear;
Then he gets a little bolder
And he sheds a little tear.

Yes, he weeps for those who suffer—
That's the way he makes it look;
And you're such a big old duffer
That you swallow bait and hook.

Time goes on, and he's elected,
Then upon his office door
Words like these may be expected:
"I don't know you any more."

James Larkin Pearson.

PAPPYCRATIC PRAYER.

By President Tumulty-Bug.

O thou great and mighty Pappy of Rome, dad of deception and father of fraud, behold us as we fall on our bellies before thee. Yes, Pappy, just watch us root our noses in the dirt in order to smell of thy holy tracks. Thou knowest that we are thy little yaller dogs, and whenever we fail to do thy Romish will, then we pray thee to kick us with thy sacred foot. We consider it an honor to even be kicked by thee. And a still greater honor to kiss thy big toe. Poke it out here and let us kiss it right now. Yum-yum!—how good it tastes! And the smell of it soothes our senses like the sweet odor of a hoss's foot.

And now, O mighty Dad of the Tiber, we beseech thee to hear our supplications. We, thy faithful dupes here in America, are in several bushels of trouble, with no way of getting out unless thou canst help us. We have ever been mindful of thy wise counsel with which thou hast often warned us against the sin of thinking or allowing others to think. We know that thy mighty bald head encloses the only brain on earth that has any right to think for itself, and we count it a blessed privilege to take out thoughts ready-made from thee.

But, O Pappy, it grieves our hearts to tell thee that there has arisen here in America a class of stubborn bigots who insist on thinking for themselves. Not only that, but they are so wicked and depraved that they flatly deny thy authority to dictate terms to an American citizen. They have some sort of a devilish doctrine that they call "Separation of church and state," which is an open insult to thee, O Pappy, and a terrible crime against thy infallibility. These poor blind heretics even go so far as to deny that thou art infallible, and they have started an Anti-Catholic crusade that is knocking the shine out of thy halo right along.

Now what wouldst thou advise us to do about these things, O Pappy? We are working on an idea, and we would like to know if it meeteth with thy approval. A war with Mexico is what we have decided on as being the most likely to side-track the Anti-Catholic special that now has the right-of-way in the American mind. We hate like the dickens to make war on a good Catholic country like Mexico, but something must be done, and this is the only thing we can think of. Wouldn't it be a good idea to promise the Mexicans that all of them that get killed will be prayed out of hell free of charge? That would be a strong inducement for the average Mexican to become a willing corpse. And then after we get into it we'll just go on and annex Mexico to the United States, and that will give us several million more Catholic voters, which will be lots of help about "making America Catholic," don't you see? Thus we hope to use this war as a stone to kill two birds with.

To be right plum honest with thee, O Pappy, we don't know just how it will end, but we feel it in our bones that the problem will be solved to thy satisfaction. We are all thy obedient slaves, great master, and thy word is our law. If thou sayest fight, we will fight; if thou sayest quit, we will quit. Or if thou tellest us to surrender to Mexico, we will do that. We will do anything that thou commandest, whether it be to tote Jim Gibbons's shirt-tail, or to take up arms against our own country.

Now give us, we pray thee, just one more good strong whiff of thine odoriferous foot, and we will bring these suplications to a close. Yum-yum! Oo-oo-o-o! That's worth more than a thousand victories over Mexico.

AMEN.

A woman attired in the latest spring fashion met an automobile in the road the other day, and the poor old machine jumped astraddle of a barbed wire fence and spewed gasoline and chain links for two hours.

SERMON BY JOHNDEE, JUNIOR

Delivered Before His Sunday School Class in New York.

My dear Children of the Rich:

I see we are all here this morning, except those of us who are absent. And I want to say to you who are not present that you had better get present pretty quick if you want your immortal soul refreshed with the shower of religious eloquence that I am just about to turn loose.

Oh, dear children, it gladdens my heart this morning to look into your bright, smiling faces, and realize that I am trying to lead you all to heaven. Yes, I am praying that each one of you may be a star in my crown when I get over there. I want to have the honor of wearing more stars in heaven than anybody else. It will please my vanity to have the angels all jealous of me, and the common, ordinary saints will fall on their faces when they see me coming. I am a "big gun" on earth, and I am going to be a "big gun" in heaven, and that's why I want all you good little Sunday School folks to be stars in my crown.

Yes, dear children, I love you better than a dog loves a rabbit. I always did love children, and I want them all to go to heaven. To prove this statement, I point with pride to the bloody war that I have been carrying on in the mining camps of Colorado. I loved the children of those miners with such an intense and overpowering love, and wanted them to go to heaven so durned bad, that I employed at my own expense a trained army of private murderers and commanded them to riddle the tents of the miners with machine guns, killing helpless women and children by the wholesale. After which the dead were thrown into piles, saturated with some of my Standard Oil, and burned amid the ruin of their own homes. Thus did the souls of those women and children ascend to heaven in the smoke of their burning. That's one way of getting the children to heaven. The Sunday School is another way. Sometimes I use one method, and sometimes the other. And whenever it becomes necessary I can use them both together.

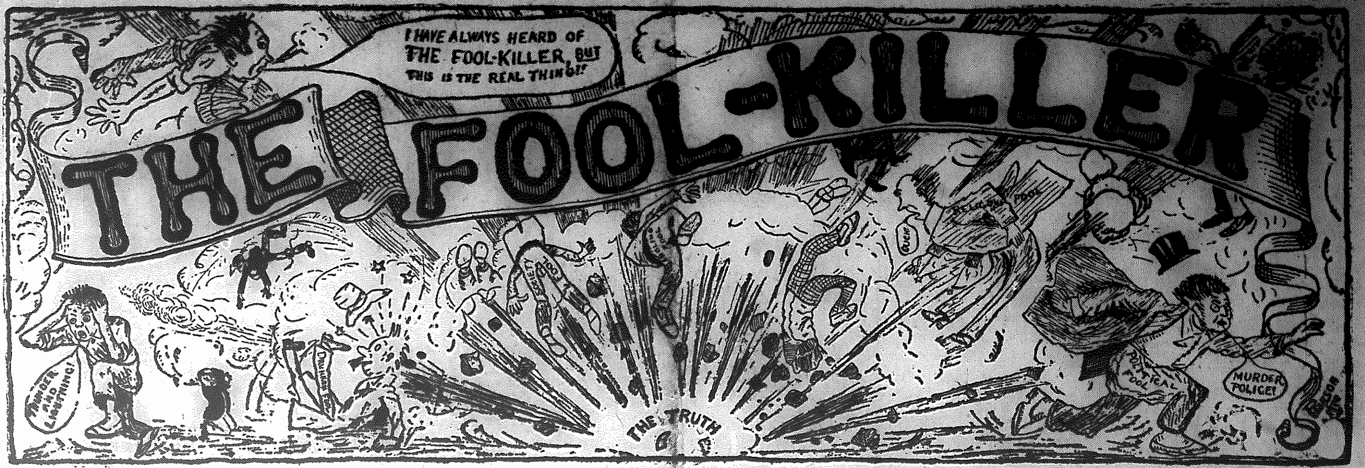
This business of getting children to heaven is a great thing. It is so important that any method is justifiable. Of course the Sunday School method is my first choice, but it is a mighty good idea to have a few Baldwin thugs with machine-guns stationed handy to help out the Sunday School in case of need.

Let me warn you, my dear millionaire children, against the sin of discontent. Learn to be satisfied with what you have. Of course I don't practice what I preach in this case, because I've got hundreds of times more than any of you and am still wanting more. If you hear of any more mines lying around loose in Colorado or elsewhere, please let me know. But, as I was just saying, discontent is a terrible bad thing to have, and I hope you will never be afflicted with it. Look at the Colorado miners—that whole trouble grew out of their discontented condition. The men objected to working more than fifteen hours a day, and they got discontented with the starvation wages I was paying them, and some of them got a fool notion that it wasn't to their best interests to be always in debt at the company store, and they asked permission to trade elsewhere. Think of that, will you! The very idea of those people wanting to cheat my company store out of its trade just because they could buy stuff twice as cheap at other places! And even the children were poisoned with that same awful discontent. They were not contented to sleep on a board scaffold and live a week on two crackers and a bone. A few weeks in a good Sunday School, with a good teacher like me, would have taught those children to be contented with their lot. They would have been told all about that mansion in heaven that awaits those who bear the burdens on earth. That would have had a tendency to quiet their discontent and make them forget their misery. I want the poor to be satisfied with just as little as possible, and that leaves more for me.

Hurrah for the Sunday School and the army rifle in the hands of a Baldwin thug. These are the two best agencies for getting children to heaven. Let us prey.

ONE CENT EACH.

Say, Mister Subscriber, ain't you got two or three dozen friends who are not taking The Fool-Killer, but who ought to be taking it? Sure you have. Then lemme tell you what you do: Send me the names and addresses of a whole raft of these friends, and enclose one cent for each name (to help pay expenses) and I will send each person a copy of the paper at once. Then you can drop around and take their subscriptions for a year and send in a big club. The one cent I am asking for with each name is to pay for having one copy sent to these people. Then when they read one copy they will want more. Just try it and see.



VOL. V. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY, 1914. NO. 5.

HERE AT HOME.

We Americans are wonder!—think of all our mighty deeds!
That's the subject of the present little "pome;"
We can oversee the nations and supply their crying needs,
But we're mighty poor providers here at home.

We can search for destitution in the corners of the earth,
Like a woman hunting "boogers" with a comb,
Sending food in great abundance where there's any sign of dearth,
But we cannot feed the hungry here at home.

We are great at arbitration under far-off alien skies,
And it's easy making peace beyond the foam;
We can settle all the fusses that in Mexico arise,
But we can't keep peace and order here at home.

We can send the blessed gospel to the Dagoes and Chinks,
Building churches both in Shanghai and in Rome;
We can wash and save the Feejee, who's so evil that he stinks,
But we can't convert the heathen here at home.

James Larkin Pearson.

FASHIONABLE CHURCHES

While in Washington City a few days ago I was passing through the multi-millionaire section with a friend who pointed out to me a great fine Catholic church which he described as "a very fashionable and exclusive church." Did you get that? "Fashionable and exclusive church." Was Jesus "fashionable" or "exclusive?" No indeed! Then how utterly ridiculous are such words in connection with people who pretend to be the followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene! If such blasphemous idolaters don't fetch up one of these days in a very fashionable and exclusive hell, it will be a wonder to me.

If any of your friends are in need of a sure cure for the blues, persuade them to try a few doses of The Fool-Killer. It never fails to produce results.

THE "UPLIFTER!" BAH.

Yes-sir-ee-bob! Johndee, Junior, is a honey, but the bees haven't found it out yet. If recent developments don't knock some of the shine off of his smugly pious saintship it will be a wonder to me. There has leaked out enough human feeling somewhere to start and Inquiry into the Colorado murderfest recently carried on under the sheltering wing of Standard Oil. And the great Sunday School spouter has been called before the board of inquiry to give an account of himself.

And when His Holy Smugness got on the stand it would have been funny to hear him if it had not been so pitiful. He admitted that he had not had much time to look into the working and living conditions of those who were slaving for him in Colorado, but he blandly repeated his old threat that unionism should be crushed out even if it bankrupted his company to do it. He shied around the gun business and the grewsome murder scenes at Ludlow, trying to smooth it over with the pretext of it being necessary to protect those who remained true slaves for the boss. The murder and burning of those innocent women and children didn't seem to effect his pious pluteship a bit more than the killing of that many chickens. It was just a passing incident, and had to be done for the good of the business. Yes, the business! There's the key-word to the whole situation. Where Big Biz is concerned, such a trifle as the life of a human being is not considered at all.

But at the same time all these things are going on under the authority of the Standard Oil Company, what do we find Johndee, Junior, engaged in? Him? Why, shucks, I thought everybody knew he was the sign-board of the Sunday School and the white-winged angel of the Red-Light contingent. He has plenty of time to shed tears and slobber over the fallen woman—after his hellish system has made her fall. Indeed, he is so busy pretending to "uplift" the fallen that he has not a moment to KEEP THEM FROM FALLING.

Oh, the snivelling hypocrite! He ought to have three bushels of mad hornets turned loose in his shirt-bosom and a bed of hot coals to dance on.

ONLY A FALSE ALARM.

And so we had all that terrible scare for nothing. Well, I'll be doggoned! The sad, sad news came wopefully out of South America that the only Toothadore Specksvelt had accidently dropped his beautiful smile in the river and had almost lost his life trying to rescue it. Then we were treated to a fine assortment of sob stuff telling all about how the Lion-Eater was getting hollow-eyed, flabby-muscled, and shaky in the knees. He was losing his strenuosity and slowly petering out. Even the afflictions of Job had settled upon him and the dogs were out on a strike. It looked like we would soon have to send an expedition down there to sift the sands of South America and bring home his teeth in a wheelbarrow.

That was the way the sensational news-mongers tried to make it appear, and they had us scared until we couldn't see straight. But, O glory halleluyer! What sweet relief it was when the mighty exploder (excuse me—I mean mighty explorer) again stamped his feet on Uncle Sam's dirt and asured us that he is still very much alive.

No, sir, the Lion-Choker has not lost his helath, his habits, nor his hold on the advertising business. The picture of him enjoying himself in his good old comfortable way at a snake-fight and having a perfectly bully time brings the tears of grateful gladness to a million eyes. The natives, of course, being unfamiliar with the Matchless One, were stricken with terror when at the close of the snake-fight he grabbed the victorious snake and performed a few graceful evolutions while twining it around his neck. The poor, ignorant savages were fearful lest the deadly snake should bite the Kernel. But lawsy-massy! If they had known him as well as we do their misgivings would have been turned the other way. Just suppose the Kernel had bitten the snake!

EXPECT NOTHING AND GET NOTHING.

Whoop! Sick-em! What news, what news! Here it comes straight from the Treasury Department that Secretary McAdoo has taken his adoring eyes off his blushing bride long enough to discover the Income Tax law is a failure. And he seems utterly astonished at the discovery. Well, bless my time, what did McAdoo think it was intended to do? Succeed? If so, he is a bigger fool than I took him to be. I don't claim to be any expert in such matters, but I knew all the time that the thing would not succeed. It was never intended for any such purpose. Its only object was to make the hayseeds think they were getting something, thus throwing them off their guard and giving the robbers a still better chance.

Mr. McAdoo should read his Fool-Killer a little more carefully, and he might avoid some of these awful shocks and surprises. It is a great pity that Mr. McAdoo has been too busy all his life to acquaint himself with the simple fact that you can't work any tricks on a millionaire. For every income tax law you can pass, the money kings can study up ten ways of dodging it. You might as well try measuring wind in a shifter. A millionaire is an expensive luxury, and the poor man always foots the bill. If he don't foot it directly, he does it indirectly—it always come out of his pocket.

And yet Mr. William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury and brand-new son-in-law of the President, was actually surprised that the income tax law didn't just make flitter-trees grow in every man's yard. Say, Mac, a good plan is to never expect anything, and then you won't be disappointed.

Wilson was going to make money plenty and times good, and reduce the cost of living. All he wanted was a chance to prove his ability. He got the chance. But money keeps on getting closer, and times harder, and the cost of living still goes up. And the worst is yet to come. Oh, it must be a thrilling experience to be a Democrat these days!

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

IRVING V. KOCH, Adv. Manager,
30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for April, 1914.

Editor, J. L. Pearson Moravian Falls, N. C.
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Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March 1914. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

IDIOTORIALS.

Get a firecracker and celebrate your poverty and misery.

* * *

"Executive ability" is the science of earning your bread by the sweat of other people's brows.

* * *

And the trusts were all going to be destroyed, you remember. But the trusts, I am compelled to report, are still here.

* * *

One thing is certain—the party that expects to run Roosevelt for president will have to put a plank in its platform endorsing the Roosevelt river.

* * *

"Who paints the daisies?" asks a spring poet. Hanged if I know. I have known a good many daisies and I always thought they painted themselves.

* * *

The new currency law was going to make the currency "contract and expand." Well, it has "contracted" all right—but I don't see much sign of any "expanding." What about it, Mister Scrat?

* * *

Skulls containing gold-filled teeth have been dug out of the ruins of Pompeii. Sure thing, they didn't live under a Democratic administration, or they wouldn't have been able to afford it.

* * *

There is money value in every vice. You can hardly oppose any immoral or indecent thing but you will find some fellow making money out of it, and you will generally find him deeply interested in "personal liberty."

* * *

Wilson has seemingly done his best to live up to the Democratic platform on which he was elected. But the Democratic platform, enacted into law, has utterly failed to do a blessed thing that its advocates said it would do. There's where the rub comes. And it will be worth your money to hear the excuses that they will soon begin to put up.

* * *

The time is rolling around for the politicians to "point with pride" or "view with alarm," as the case may be. But we should remember that such "pointing with pride" as the party in power always does, amounts to nothing. If our officials had always served their country as well as their political heelers say they do, the good people who die would long since have been sent to the United States instead instead of to heaven.

* * *

Look here, Mr. Common Man—how long is your memory? Do you remember how the Democratic newspapers and politicians dinned it into your ears that a reduction of the tariff would correct all the evils that ever affected a people or a government? Yes, sir, that was the only thing that would help you, and it would sure do the work. Well, the tariff has been reduced long a-plenty to have worked a few of its wonders, and what has it done? How much have you been helped? Don't all answer at once.

BOTH BLIND IN ONE EYE.

Say, folks, I want to chin you a few minutes about a certain couple of papers printed in this country, both having a very large circulation, and exerting, in their way, a powerful influence. I refer to The Menace, of Aurora, Missouri, and The Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.

Both of these papers are making a hard fight on certain evils that exist, and both of them are blindly ignoring other evils that need fighting just as bad. These papers are not openly opposing each other, but it is an odd fact that each one is as blind as a bat to the dangers that loom large in the eyes of the other.

The Menace, with its million-and-a-half circulation, is concentrating its fire on the Seven-Headed Beast of Rome, and ignoring Rome's twin sister, Plutocracy.

On the other hand, The Appeal to Reason, with its half-million circulation, is cussing Plutocracy to a fine finish and totally ignoring the dangers that threaten us from Rome. In fact, The Appeal goes out of its way to throw bokays at Rome, and refuses to believe that she is dangerous at all. The Appeal has apparently sold out, boots and baggage, to the Romish Hierarchy, the most corrupt and powerful money trust that ever existed, and still it seems to be laboring under the impression that it is fighting the poor man's battles against Plutocracy. Well, it is, to a certain extent, but it spoils it all by truckling to its own bitterest enemy. And the pity of it is that The Appeal seems blissfully unconscious of the ridiculousness of its position.

And the Menace is just as far on the other extreme. It can't see nor hear nor talk about a doggon thing but Rome. It can take a Roman mole-hill and make a mountain out of it quicker than magic, but it couldn't see a mountain of plutocratic outrage with a telescope. During that awful reign of terror in Colorado, where innocent women and children were murdered and burnt by Rockefeller's hired thugs, what did The Menace say about it? NOT ONE WORD? Didn't even know anything was going on out there. Why? Because that was Jawndee's doings, and Jawdee is supposed to be a good (?) Protestant, you know. Yes, he is a Protestant with a vim to it. He is protesting against the common people having any rights or any chance to make a decent living. And of course it never would do to raise a finger against murder and outrage so long as it is committed by such a good "Protestant." But let Rome do it and The Menace must have a fit.

It all reminds me of a man with two snakes in the bed with him. He yells for somebody to come and kill one of them, but wants to hug up the other one and sleep with it. Romanism and Plutocracy are both snakes, and one is just as dangerous as the other. They are the devil's Siamese Twins, and wherever you find one you find the other. Therefore it is rank nonsense to undertake fighting either one of these evils without fighting them both together.

The Appeal to Reason is blind in one eye and can't see the dangers of Romanism, while The Menace is blind in the other eye and can't see the dangers of Plutocracy. But The Fool-Killer has got two good eyes and can see that they are both dangerous. If you want to see the fur fly from both of these enemies of the human race, read The Fool-Killer.

S. O. S.!

Dear Friends:

There are a few things about this publishing business that always need telling and re-telling. I would rather not trouble you with so much of this "shop-talk," but it seems necessary in order to keep your working interest aroused and the subs coming in properly. That problem of getting subs is one that we editors always have to contend with. No paper can run long if the subs quit coming. Especially is this true of a paper like The Fool-Killer, which draws practically all its support from subscription receipts. Papers that carry large amounts of advertising can live awhile on the ads if necessary. But The Fool-Killer has no advertising to speak of, and when the subscription receipts are shy the expenses go right on, with nothing to meet them.

Now we all know that this is a dull season at best, and I didn't expect to break any records right along now, but I did want to at least make running expenses. However, I shall fail to do even that if business gets much duller than it has been for the past two months.

Now, boys, I can't stand much of that. Either the subscription receipts have got to pick up, or The Fool-Killer has got to go dead. Do you want that to happen? The only assurance I can have that my efforts are being appreciated and that you want the paper to continue is when you prove it by sending in subs. When you all remain silent and the subs quit coming, I will take it for granted that you have had enough of my gab, and I will feel like stopping the paper. Its fate is in your hands. What are you going to do with it?

Of course I would expect better business when fall comes—if I can just keep alive till then; but what if you let me perish to death before fall gets here? Let me remind you that I have to buy paper and hire work hands just the same now as when business was good, and it will soon eat me up if you don't come to my rescue.

Now let me hear from every blessed one of you on this subject. Tell me whether you want The Fool-Killer to stop or to go on. And if you want it to go on, then prove it by rolling in the clubs.

Yours hopefully,
J. L. PEARSON.

A "PSYCOLOGICAL" PANIC

"While I am aware of the depression of business, there is abundant evidence that it is merely psycological. There is no material condition or substantial reason why the business of the coutry should not be in the most prosperous and expanding condition." —Woodrow Wilson.

Don't worry, good people, because of the fact
That business is weak in the knees,
For Woodrow explains with remarkable tact
Such hard-up conditions as these.
This isn't a panic we're going through now,
And the men out of work everywhere
Are just the unfortunate victims, I'll vow,
Of a bad ''psycological'' scare.

It's pure "psycological" all the way through,
Which means that it doesn't exist,
Except in the minds of such people as you,
With a strange intellectual twist.
"Psycological" hunger is all that you feel,
And you are a pitiful dupe
To harbor such thoughts as you go to your meal
Of thin "psycological" soup.

You've made up your mind that you're out of a job,
And that everything's gone to the bad,
Hence you try to arouse in the minds of the mob
A spirit revengeful and sad.
But it's all a mistake, as I'm telling you here,
And business ain't struck any snags;
It's your mental machinery that makes you appear
Clothed in "psycological" rags.

James Larkin Pearson

SASSITEY NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. High Pocrisy gave a poker-pitch-euchre Sunday night for the benefit of the church. The prizes included currency, gold coins, silver coins, jewelry, one acre of unripe wheat, two acres of ripe molasses, and three acres of green cigarettes. The refreshments consisted of rum, punch, cocktails, highballs, salads, slaw, sausage, sandwiches, sauer-kraut, sour stomachs, and a few other things.

Mrs. Three-Hundred gave a tango trot last night in honor of Mrs. Two-Hundred. The hostess looked charming in an exagerated decollete exposure, made mostly of silk slits and suggestiveness. Miss Tango-trot-turkey wore a beautiful fig-leaf dress cut low at the top and high at the bottom. Mrs. Hug-me-tighter was very fascinating in a pink bathing suit made of a yard of cloth and a yard of nothingness. Miss Warm-girl wore a lovely white lace gown over half a yard of pink-flesh. Mr. Passionate and Mrs. Amorous won first prize for being the closest trotters. Mr. Bunny-hug and Mrs. Honey-bug took first prize for being the highest kickers.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

A SHORT SERMON ON PATIENCE.

By Edith Vaughan Michaux

Stop! Don't worry if things don't pan out at once. It does not always pay to be first—look what a boost The Last Rose of Summer got.

History teaches us to be patient. Think how long ago it was than Rip Van Winkle invented out-door sleeping, and it's only today that department stores give it advertising space.

Take the department store itself—we believe it to be a modern institution, yet Job patronized them in his day. You remember reading his patient remark, ''All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.''

Acquire patience. Sit near the Hub of the Wheel of Time, and everything rolls around again in the course of a thousand years or so.

THE DEAD FROM VERA CRUZ

By Isabel L. Rich.

The flags hang low, down-dipped from the towers of the Great City. They droop from the windows; strangely unmoved, they do not flutter in the spring breezes, but hang passive, looped with black—dismal black—against the red and white bars.

At the City Hall Park a throng waits the passing of the funeral. There is a general murmuring: ''Seventeen of them—poor devils!'' Seldom is the word ''war'' spoken—the men were simply ''killed,'' but today the papers herald them as heroes and patriots.

The cartooists have left off drawing irate Uncle Sam clamoring for war; instead there are sad-eyed Miss Libertys waving palms over the coffins of the dead men. As the procession passes, there are bowed heads in the presence of the Shadow, and Death looms over the Great City. Somber dignitaries ride by in the wake of the cold, still bodies. Silent, the city mourns for the seventeen young lives.

****

But in the City Hall Park, on the outskirts of the waiting throng, a khaki-uniformed man sits brazenly next a brazen poster. It reads: ''MEN WANTED FOR THE ARMY.''

The politician will soon begin to orate about the great virtues of the ''rank and file'' of his party. But ''rank and vile'' would be more correct.

DANGEROUS TALK.

It seems that 'Fesser Wilson has totally abolished his ''newspaper cabinet.'' You know it has been his custom to hold bi-weekly sessions with the newspaper correspondents, but they began to get him in deep water and he had to tuck tail and run.

At the last session of the ''newspaper cabinet'', when the matter of a salute by Huerta was the question of the hour, one reporter got off this one:

''Mr. President, if Huerta fires twenty-one guns to salute us, we are to fire twenty-one guns in return, are we not?''

''Yes,'' replied the 'Fessor, without the least idea of what was coming next.

''Mr. President, whom, then shall we be saluting?''

The 'Fesser scratched his head thoughtfully for a moment, and then said:

''You can ask that question, but I don't know anybody on earth that can answer it.''

Nobody printed that conversation, although it was worth more than anything else that got into print that day. The correspondent that put the poser wired it to his newspaper. In five minutes the managing editor had him on the long distance telephone and said:

''Cut that all out. It's dangerous.''

Dangerous to whom? or what? Does anybody know?

This trust busting is great business and no mistake. We busted the Oil Trust, and in three years it was exactly twice as valuable as it was before we busted it. We busted the tobacco Trust with the same result. And several others. Our ''busting'' seems to have the same effect on a trust as a good working has on a patch of corn—it just makes it grow faster.

LESS THAN 1¢ A GLASS
Make "ZANOL" TRADE MARK Soft Drinks in Your Own Home

In a few seconds—from our "ready-to-use" Concentrated Soft Drink Extracts. No drugs or chemicals. Absolutely pure. Guaranteed under U.S. Pure Food Laws. They delight young and old—the unexpected guest will be pleased. Seven kinds: Orangeade, Raspberry, Wild Cherry, Strawberry, Grape, Apricot, Peach. Any

4 Bottles $1.00—The 7 for $1.50

By Parcel Post prepaid. Each bottle makes 32 glasses—less than 1c a glass. No need of paying 5c or 10c at soda fountains. Just a half teaspoon of "ZANOL" in a glass of cold water, a little sugar—and you have a pure, delicious, sparkling, refreshing soft drink. Order today—money back if not pleased.

AGENTS WANTED MEN and WOMEN

Here's your chance—wonderful sales—amazing earnings. All time or spare time. No experience needed. We start you right. Everybody buys, young and old, every home, church, fair, picnic, etc. Greatest summer seller ever introduced. Get it while it's new. No competition. Small package—carry it right with you. Write postal today for special proposition FREE.

AMERICAN PRODUCTS COMPANY
2136 Sycamore Str., Cincinnati, O.

That old guy they call Shakespeare is reported to have said: ''The quality of mercy is not strained.'' It was too bad they packed off the old druggy mercy on Bill. I'd make 'em strain it next time.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

KEEP your screen door from warping. Will stop baby from falling out. Buy an automatic door catch and be glad. 25c Agents wanted. Cedar, 544 E. 147 St, N. Y.

GOOD NEWS

Dear Friends:—Maybe you would like to know that Mr. Pearson's "other half" is also editing a monthly paper, called Good News. It is quite different from the Fool-Killer, and some of you might not like it, but if you want to send fifteen cents for a year's subscription, or get up a club of five or more at ten cents each, I'm satisfied you'll have no "kick coming" against me. Good News is a non-sectarian religious paper, same size as The Fool-Killer, and stands for the pure and undelified religion of Jesus Christ and the Whole Truth of God's Word. As long as The Fool-Killer lives, the proceeds of Good News will be used in charitable and religious work. Also along with your subscription or club send me a list of names (of women preferably) to send sample copies to—not very many from one postoffice—and I'll appreciate it. Address:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, - - - - - - - - N. C.

BOYS AND GIRLS—Earn cash. Sell ten packages of my goods at 10c each. Very easy to sell in one hour. Write quick. Kicherer, 544 E. 147 St. N. Y.

THE SOCIAL CHRISTIAN. Has your religion shrunk up and pined away until you can only see some narrow creed? You need it enlarged to take in all the humanity as brothers. The Social Christian is the one magazine published for this exclusive purpose. Sixteen hot and scintilating pages and you can get it a whole year for 25 cents. Address:

SOCIAL CHRISTIAN,
G. 538 S. Dearborn, Chicago Ill.

THE EYE OPENER. The livest and hottest on the Pike. A monthly Journal of Mental Dynamite. It opens the Eyes of the Blind, Cures the Idiots, and Kills the Liars. Send ten cents, coin, and adresses of twenty friends and we will send it a whole year. Address:

FRANKLIN ALLEN &' CO.,
G. Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

DO YOU WANT MONEY?

LISTEN! $5 to $20 a day—easy. Be a *one minute photographer.* LOOK! Cable, Wyo., writes: "Made *$27 in 2 hours.*" Perry, Ky., writes: "Made $50 in 2 days." Hundreds of similar reports on file. Start business for yourself. *Small capital. No experience.* Big, quick profits at fairs, picnics, private houses—EVERYWHERE. Profits start at once. Write us today. Get out of the "time clock" line and the "pay envelope" brigade. Investigate the

"MANDEL" POST CARD MACHINE

New invention—wonderful machine. Takes, finishes and delivers original post card photos at the rate of 3 a minute—*Right on the spot where you take them.* New, startling, sensational, photographic success—

Photos Direct on Post Card

No Plates, Films or Dark Room

Machine is everything in one—a *complete portable post card gallery.* Gets the interest, attention and order from every onlooker. Sale of first supplies gives you back practically entire investment. You make money on the same day outfit arrives. Immediate sales—Immediate profits. Do you want to make *$3,000* this year? *Then write at once.* INFORMATION IS FREE. Address either office:

THE CHICAGO FERROTYPE COMPANY
622 Ferrotype Bldg. Chicago, Ill. or 622 Public Bank Bldg. New York, N.Y.

BEATEN.

The folks that live in the place below
Heard how the bon-tons dance;
They begged Old Nick for a fancy hop—
Said he :"You'll have the chance."

He led, himself, with the turkey-trot,
And while he thrashed about,
The fires went down and he skinned his shins;
His hoofs were plum worn out.

Then Mrs. Nick, in a wild attempt
To "hesitate" just right,
Careened and fell in a sulphur-pot,
And say!—she was a sight!

They broke their bones in a bunny-hug,
The crushed each other's feet;
And Satan groaned, as he limped to bed,
"Old girl, they've got us beat!"

E. GARIBALDI.

Mendocino, Calif.

A SERMON ON CIVILIZATION.

By Monroe Woolley.

Civilization is a state of culture or refinement, so the dictionary says. That is much like naming a thing without explaining it. Civilization cannot be defined in a minute, and a man who can describe it must be master of miracles. There are too many brands. Fifty-seven varieties would be a miserly estimate. Briefly, civilization might be said to be inconsistency personified, because it is judged by different standards by every race, tribe, and family. Even individually we have our own private views as to what constitutes civilization.

The white man's standard says because a brown man wears a ring in his nose that he is hopelessly savage. On the other hand, rings worn in the ears make the paleface highly civilized. Barbarism now days is knocking a man's brains out with a club. Civilization performs the operation with a high power rifle. Civilization looks upon a leper as a dynamite bomb about to explode, and at the same time views consumption with complacency. We delight in murdering scores at a clip in automobile races, and pay to see aeroplanes behead multitudes as they graze grandstands. The next day we piously censure the Spaniard and the Mexican for their beastly bull fights.

In most countries, allegedly highly civilized, a bank balance and a high hat are indications of culture and refinement. Elsewhere a bill of fare of bird nests and shark fins bespeaks civilized advancement. When a patriot wins a rebellion civilization makes him an international hero. When he loses his cause the same force condemns him to be shot as a miserable traitor. The white disciple of civilization crazed with commercial lust trades his health and his soul for currency. The less ambitious are indolent and ignorant, poverty is a crime.

We despise the black man for his color. At the same time we go to war and sacrifice thousands of our kith and kin to free him from the house of bondage. We mock, revile, and ridicule the brown man because he belongs to a past age, while we take his lands in payment for the task of uplifting him,—to civilization, the American brand. We send our missionaaries from the hive where hides the world's highest murder rate to convert docile peoples of races where murder, rape, and prostitution stand at the foot of the crime column.

Civilized surgeons work themselves into a frenzy trying to save the life of the would-be suicide who has committed murder. Afterward the prosecuting attorney labors for a year and civilized government squanders fat sums in an attempt to wipe out the selfsame life on the gallows.

One form of civilization caters to policemen and secret service organizations to support it. Another flourishes without these guardians. The white man who returns to the solitudes of the jungles quickly relapses into what civilization calls savagery. He merely becomes himself again. After all a simple twist of the wirst, so to say, can carry us from our highly vaunted plane back to the cave era, for after all civilization is a very thin veneer that wears off quickly when the safety break is loosed.

Man from a genetic standpoint is still a wild animal. Civilzation may help him to fly, it may prolong life, it may show him broader fields to conquer, but the basic formation,—the animal,—will ever remain. The ladies of one land may effect leg-binding to make them charming. For their weakness we may be rude enough to call them savage. Yet leg-binding is as sensible as waist-binding. Only civilized persons resort to the kiss. The people who rub noses are called barbarians. But this don't stop them when they want to rub.

It has been said that it is a matter of opinion as to where the unpolluted fountain of the most modern civilzation can be found. It is claimed by China and Europe. But the whole world is schismatic on the subject. Certainly Americans won't acknowledge that the Chinese have a superior brand of civilization. But when Japan was known to the world as a nation of artists only, Europe and America called her names. They said she was barbarous. Notwithstanding, when Japan killed fifty thousand Russians she was proclaimed highly civilized. No one has the nerve to call her names now. She is civilized, according to the Japanese standard.

Eevery race it satisfied with its own particular brand of civilization. This is why we Americans think we are the most advanced race on earth. We are, according to our standard of civilization.

But there are other peoples with grades of civilization superior in some ways to our own. The trouble is we refuse to believe it. Perhaps the only way to overcome the obstacles ensuing from a needlessly large variety of civilization is to have the Hague peace court put up and distribute a canned brand so that the world's civilization can be standardized and harmonized. There wouldn't be much to fight about then. The road to perpetual peace would be wonderfully shortened.

WIRELESS MESSAGES.

By Edgar White.

"TO THE AFFLICTED—Cures by suggestion; distance cuts no figure; write full description of where hurt is, enclosing five-dollar bill; results begin on receipt of letter and money. G. K. Wireless, M. D., Corn Building, St. Louis."

"Dr. G. K. Wireless—Dear Sir: Enclosed find five dollars for treatment by suggestion. The patient is my wife, a fairly good-looking young woman of 25. She is of a cold, unresponsive disposition; appears to take no interest in anything about the farm, and is sullen at meals. It seems that she is absolutely wanting in affection. Please get busy on her case at once.

"Yours, Zeb Jones,
"Duck Crossing, R.R. 3, Kansas."

"Mr. Zeb Jones—Dear Sir: Yours with enclosure to hand; please accept thanks. Operators are now at work on Mrs. Jones' case. Will say we have been favored with quite a number of similar commissions, and we have been invariably succesful. The affections are peculiarly susceptible to absent treatment, and you may look with confidence for beneficial results. Please report progress.

"Sincerely, G. K. Wireless, M.D."

"Dr. G. K. Wireless—Dear Sir: Replying to your of recent date will say that Mrs. Jones has developed an extraordinary fondness for Tom, the housecat. She goes about hugging and kissing it as though it were a child; has blue ribbons tied to its legs, and is making a velvet collar. She used to run it out of her way with a broom stick or a piece of stove wood. Her attitude towards me, however, is unchanged. Couln't you put on a little more steam?

"Your, Z. Jones."

"My dear Jones: Don't allow lack of faith to dominate your soul. Mrs. Jones's affection for the house-cat shows a gratifying development of her malady toward recovery. From the feline to the human is but a step. Send another five dollars and we'll cause her to take it.

"Yours, Wireless, M. D."

"Dear Doctor Wireless: The five dollars you requested brought results. Mrs. Jones took the step. Last night she disappeared with my hired man. You may use this as a testimonial if you like.

"Yours, Z. Jones."

The hired men at Washington have been wasting a month or two talking about "free tolls". Gee, what a paradox! The word "free" indicates that it don't cost anything, while the word "tolls" conveys the idea that something has to be paid. It reminds me of the Irishman who wanted an empty barrel of flour to make his kitten a dog-house.

"SERVING MANKIND."

(Pearson's.)

At the time when a terrible civil war was raging in our own borders, when battles were being fought and sieges planned, when a private soldiery hired by lawless mine-owners was assisting a state militia similarly controlled to shoot down men and burn women and children, the President believed we had time and leisure to go to war with Mexico over the question of whether a salute should consist of five guns of twenty-one.

Whereupon he plunged the nation into such a war and then asked Congress to approve it. Asked or ordered. Since the introduction of the caucus system of government either amounts to the same thing.

Congress, long ago perfectly subjugated, obeyed overnight, and doubtless would have done no less if he had declared war on Mars or ordered battleships to circumnavigate Vega.

Sweet spectacle. It shows at one and the same time how free and independent we are, how just and reasonable, and how sincere were our pious utterances in favor of peace. No wonder the world cynically laughed. One day with eyes uprolled and smug quotations we profess the faith of universal good will, and the next day send down a fleet of battleships to attack the weakest nation on earth and kill 156 of its citizens—for the explosion of 16 bland cartridges.

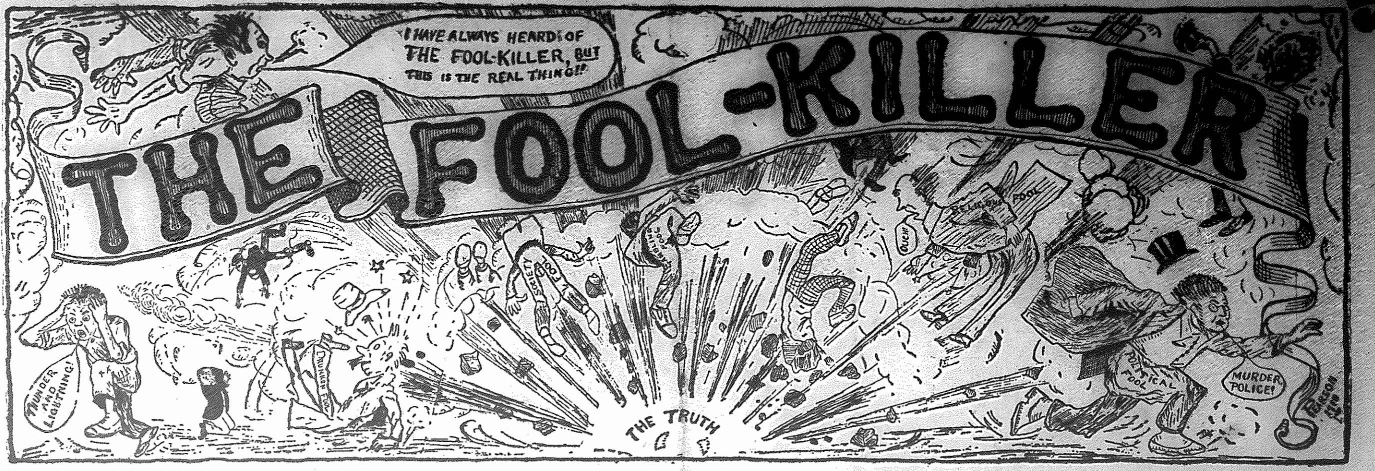
Nobody concerned with this performance made what you would call a delectable appearance, but certainly the sorriest spectacle was of that accomplished artist in platitude and piffle, the Hon. William J. Bryan. Our battleships, according to this weird and wordy fakir, were to be "Friendship" and "Fellowship." Under these names, it now appears, and with concealed guns, we were to lure another nation within striking distance and then blow it to hell.

On the Chaw-talk-way circuit this summer Mr. Bryan should add this episode to his favorite lecture on "The Prince of Peace." It would contribute a sweetly convincing note that hitherto has been lacking in this famous effort.

If diffident of his own powers on such an occasion, he has fortunately an eminent and irreproachable authority to which he can resort for quotation. At the funeral of the sailors in New York President Wilson said that he had gone down to Mexico to serve mankind. So it appears that if Huerta had saluted the flag with twenty-one guns we should have allowed mankind to slide along for awhile longer and do the best it could, but as Huerta refused to salute the flag with more than five guns we are going to fix up mankind right away.

This is a point that I am sure Mr. Bryan will appreciate and render in his own inimitable way.

Speaking of psycological matters, I wonder if 'Fesser Wilson was ever "psycologically" hungry?



VOL. V. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST, 1914. No. 6.

ANY LITTLE THING WILL DO.

When you feel like talking, talk,
  And don't stop till you're through;
If you have nothing important to say,
  Just any little thing will do.

When you feel like singing, sing,
  And make folks hear you, too;
If you don't know any classic songs,
  Just any little song will do.

When you feel like laughing laugh,
  And make your laugh ring true;
If there's nothing else to get tickled
    about,
  Just any little joke will do.

When you feel like crying, cry—
  Just go "Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"
If there's nothing bad to cry about,
  Just any little thing will do.

When you feel like courting, court—
  Don't sit there feeling blue;
If you can't court the stylish girls,
  Just any little girl will do.

TOOT! TOOT! GETTIN' UP STEAM!

Well, boys, my blood is getting warmed up now, and The Fool-Killer is going to be warmer than the weather from this on. I ain't been exerting myself very much for the past few months, knowing that it was a dull time anyway And, for that matter, it is going to be dull times right along till we wake up and change the times. And that is exactly what is going to happen about the next thing you know. The well-fed "upper crust" is still asleep, but the common people are waking up in a hurry. They are hungry for the facts about how they are being humbugged with bogus "reforms" and counterfit "prosperity," and The Fool-Killer proposes to dish up the facts in its own home-spun way and serve 'em hot.

Where are we at?
How did we get here?
How can we get away?

These are the questions that the people are asking, and they are not going to be satisfied with any of Woodrow's "psycological" answers. The Fool-Killer has ideas about all these things, and it is getting just in the temper now to express them without any frills, fandangles, or sugar-coating. Possibly they might be of interest to you and your folks. Better pass the word around and give everybody a chance.

WHOSE WAR IS IT?

Taking it the world over, 96 per cent of the people are common people. The other 4 per cent represents the wealthy and wicked "master class." Now it stands to reason that the common people of this country and the common people of Mexico have absolutely nothing to be mad at each other about, and, as a matter of fact, they are NOT mad. But the fact remains that we have been (and probably are yet) right kerdab on the verge of war with Mexico.

What for?

Simply because the Standard Oil trust of America and the Cowdray Oil trust of Great Britain are fighting each other for the possession of the rich oil deposits that Nature placed in Mexico for the benefit of all the people.

That's all there is to it.

The Washington Post, the New York Herald, and other big papers, have just recently published a remarkable story which absolutely proves all I have said and much more. Letters and documents have been produced to prove that the British oil interests were in league with old Diaz and that the American oil interests were behind Madero. British oil, with the help of Rome, planned and executed the murder of Madero and selected Huerta as its cats-paw. Thereupon American oil went to the aid of Carranza and Villa and began to put up the hard cash to finance their revolution against Huerta.

It became plainly evident that Huerta and British oil were going to lose out, and so British oil appealed to the pope of Rome, and he got busy with his A. B. C. mediators, and they went to Niagara Falls and tried to persuade the top dog to give the bottom dog part of the bone. But the top dog didn't take kindly to the idea, and at last accounts the war-dogs were still growling and showing their teeth.

People glance over other papers and throw them aside, but every feller who gets his tater-grabblers fastened onto The Fool-Killer reads it from A to Izzard before he turns it loose. That's the secret of its great success.

CONSULTING BIG BIZ.

Now, by George, the wolf has showed his teeth for certain. If anybody was still so blind as to believe that Woodpile was the friend of the workers, they will surely get their eyes open now.

Woodpile has got so brazen in his pandering to the plutes that he don't care a doggon who knows it. He has allowed the newspapers to give out the word that he is going to hold a series of "consultations" with the Captains of Industry. Not only going to do it, but the thing has already started. The first one of the series was held with J. P. Morgan at the White House a few days ago, and before this paper reaches the readers several more of the kings of finance and bosses of boodle will probably have left their cigar stubs in Woodpile's spittoon.

Yes, sir, going to talk it over privately with Morgan and Rocky and all the rest of the bloody billionaires and see if there are any other favors he can do for them. He has already done everything he can think of for the plutes and against the common people, but he wants to do more. Hence these conferences with the money-gods.

Honest, now, Mister Working Man, have you had any invitation to the White House for a conference with the President? Have you heard of any other working man getting such an invitation? Do you expect that any poor man or any friend of the poor will ever get such an invitation? Well, if you wait for it you will still be waiting when Gabriel toots.

And so you just as well take the cold facts as I hand them to you and expect nothing but kicks and cuffs from this money-serving, pope-worshiping administration.

Wake up, workers, and get ready to throw off the yoke before it finally chokes you to death.

The pronunciation of President Tumulty's name is somewhat of a puzzle to most of us. But whether we call it Tum-ulty (with the accent on the Tum) or Tu-mult-y (with the accent on the Tu), it presents a mighty dark picture. A "tumble" is bad, and a "tumult" is worse, but if the Pappycrats don't give us both before long I'll be surprised.

ANOTHER MEDIATION

Now that the Mexican mediation has either succeded or failed, and nobody seems to know exactly which, The Fool-Killer rises to suggest another mediation in the interest of the warring politicians of these Benighted States.

Let our Republican Cientificos and our Rooseveltistas accept the mediatory offers of the plenipotentiary from the River of Doubt and meet at the Falls to prevent the horrors of either Progressive intervention or Republican annexation.

They can there decide whether a salute of 21 soda-pop corks will be adequate satisfaction for the injured feelings caused by the Chicago incident. They can decide whether an embargo on California delegates is an act of war. They can dig up the political remains of Mr. Taft and ascertain whether he was executed by the order of a Bull-Moose court-martial or stabbed in the back.

They can also agree on the elimination of Dictator Wilson in 1916 and on his inelegibility to run for president in the constitutional election to be held that year. They can decide on a provisional government consisting of George W. Perkins and William Sulzer to run the country pending the choice of Wilson's successor. They can agree in the interests of civilization that all enemies of the Republic, such as working men and Socialist editors, shall be executed without trial.

In the meantime they might discuss the question of whether it was right for the "Christian Soldiers" to seize the Custom House of Armageddon, and for Admiral Rockefeller's "brave boys" to shoot and burn the women and children at Ludlow.

These are just a few of the providential purposes that such a mediation might accomplish. Let us hope that this bright dream may soon be realized.

Instead of lowering the cost of living, as they promised to do, they are now asking us to "lower our style of living." All right—where's the spade and shovel. I'll have to dig a hole in the ground to let mine down into if it gets any lower.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart,	25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More,	15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

IRVING V. KOCH, Adv. Manager,
30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for April, 1914.

Editor, J. L. Pearson Moravian Falls, N. C.
Man. Ed., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Bus. Man., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of March 1914. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

HERE'S WHERE I STAND!

People are asking where I stand politically, and the only honest answer I can give them is to confess that I am a man without a party.

Since I kicked over the traces and said good-by to the old rotten Republican hulk a few years ago, I have been more in sympathy with the Socialist party than any other. But even that party allows itself to stand sponsor for a few things that I am not so all-fired certain about.

However, as it looked to me like the best thing in sight, I had no other choice. Because it stood up bravely against the wicked Money Power and cried out in behalf of the "under dog"—for these reasons my sympathies were with it. Another thing that inclined me toward Socialism was the fact that it was the only party in the field that was not under the thumb of Romanism It had the name of being Rome's bitterest enemy, while the other parties were bowing and scraping before the pope. Years ago I saw the need of some political party to take up the fight against Rome's politcal advances here in this country,and so I patted myself on the back and said, "Here, Pearson, is the party you've been looking for."

But, blame-take it, I just wish you'd look yonder now at my Socialist party. There goes Fred Warren with it in his vest pocket, and he is headed straight for Rome to hand it over to the pope. I don't know just how many pieces of silver Fred is getting for betraying his party into the hands of the enemy, but I'll bet it would make Judas's little wad look like thirty cents.

Now everybody that wants to can follow Fred Warren into the Roman trap, but here is one buddy who pointedly will not do it. Fred can talk himself black in the face about there being no danger, and that all this anti-Catholic hurrah is unnecessary, but I know better. There IS danger! The alarm DOES need to be sounded, and it ought to have been sounded long ago. Americans MUST take concerted action against Rome if they expect to preserve the few liberties they have left. The man must be miserably blind who cannot see that every branch of our civil government is ALREADY in the clutches of Rome and her grip is going to get tighter every day until we arise and shake her loose. There is no use to try to dodge these facts. They are before us, and we must meet them like men. It must be ballots now, or bullets by-and-by. Which shall it be?

And so that's where I stand politically. The party that gets my vote hereafter MUST put into its platform a plank declaring for ABSOLUTE SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE, AND FOR FREE SCHOOLS AND FREE PRESS. Are you with me? Then get busy sending in subs.

SAVE, DOGGON YE! I SAY, SAVE!

Somewhere in the wilderness of Snobdom lives a well-fed rooster by the name of Dr. Frank Crane. This Crane person is broke out all over with a bad case of Blind Optimtis and spends most of his time writing hypnotic dream stuff for the capitalist press.

I have before me a pious preachment by Dr. Crane on "Thrift," and I just want you to listen to a few ear-fuls of his fancy fuss:

> "The man or woman who is spending all he or she makes is a fool. No other term expresses it. Of the great 'army of unemployed' who have been beseiging our cities, panhandling for dimes and standing in line for bread, it is safe to say nine-tenths need not have been in that condition had they saved some of their money while earning wages. Lower your styles of living if necessary. Your 'position in life' is not essential. Your savings are essential."

Now, Tom Henry Peter, you've got it straight.

Say, Sal Malinda Lucy, did you hear that?

Save!

That's the word!

Strange nobody ever thought of that before.

If you are getting four dollars a week and it takes three dollars to pay your rent, don't be so wasteful as to eat anything, and for goodness' sake don't think of wearing any clothes! Lay up that other dollar and save it.

And lower your style of living!

Why certainly!

If you have been living on bread and water, just cut out the bread.

And if you have been enjoying the luxury of a pair of ragged breeches, sell 'em to a nigger for ten cents, put the money in the bank and go into your shirt tail.

There is nothing like saving, you see.

Of course that "army of unemployed" ought to have saved something while they were earning wages. I suspect some of them were getting as high as seven or eight dollars a week before the "Wilson prosperity" hit 'em, and they didn't have, on an average, more than seven or eight mouths to feed and backs to clothe out of it. So they ought to have saved up at least half their wages for the time when "psycoogy" was going to bow up its back and start around the ring making a fuss like "Hard Times."

A shining example of this lack of "thrift" is found in the case of our goody-goody Secretary of State, Billyum Jawbone Bray-on. Poor old Billyum can't save a cent out of his salary, and even has to splice it out with Chaw-Talk-way lectures to make tongue and buckle meet. But then there is some excuse for Billyum not saving anything. He only gets a measley little thousand dollars a month, while men have been known to get as much as thirty dollars a month and could not save anything. I reckon Billyum does the best he can with his little tad of a salary, but I am awfully afraid he will have to join the "army of the unemployed" before long—say about 1916.

But as for you and me, let us take the advice of Dr. Crane—save ten cents and buy a railroad.

CAN YOU DO IT?

Say, Mister, here is a little job I would like for some man to undertake, just to see how it works out. If you want the job, I will give you the instructions. Here they are:

You go out in your town or cummunity, buy you a plot of ground and build a house on it. Put heavy bars on the windows and heavy locks on the doors. Also build a strong high wall around your house. Then go out and entice a gang of young women into your prison and lock them up, and act in other ways to arouse suspicion that something is wrong about your institution.

Then when the officers of the law come around wanting to know what is going on inside, you tell them it is none of their blamed business. If they insist on going in to see for themselves, you bristle up and tell them to keep out. Tell them that you are trying out some kind of a new-fangled religion in there and that they have no right to interfere with your religion.

Now, Mister, do you think you could pull off such a stunt as that and get away with it? No, not to save you from the devil. But the Roman Catholics are doing that very thing all over America today, and the officers of the law are not lifting a finger against it. Romanism is the only institution in America that can run a questionable business under lock and key and compel the authorities of the law to keep out. WHY? Well, that's what we are trying to find out.

AIN'T YOU PROUD OF THIS?

That was a great stroke of justice that we pulled off down at Vera Cruz when with one thundering shot from one of our mighty guns we sent into eternity the blood-spattered souls of one hundred Mexican school-children.

Of course those children must have been very mean, and they were caught right in the crime of trying to study and develop their minds for future usefulness. But our "brave boys," with their big guns and their patriotic desire to "serve mankind," put a mighty sudden stop to that diabolical plot.

To be a school-child in Mexico is almost as great a crime as to be a miner's child in Colorado There may be some little difference, but we ain't got time to figure it out. We are too busy serving mankind. And so the safest plan is to murder and burn the Mexican children just like we do the Colorado children. This plan is guaranteed under the Pure Feud and Thug Act of April 20, 1914, and has the approval of the government.

So on with the tango! Let the rich children dance while the poor children die! Open another keg of powder, my brave boys, and let's serve mankind some more. Bang!

* * *

For the benefit of those who may not have heard about it, The Fool-Killer takes occasion to announce that President Tumulty's private secretary is a fellow named Woodrow Wilson.

THE INDIVIDUAL FOOL.

One Mr. Joel P. Stephens, of Tabor, N. C., who seems to be a pretty good, religious kind of a fellow and no doubt means well, has written me a friendly letter of advice about how I must run The Fool-Killer. Now I always like to get advice, provided it comes from an honest heart (as I think it does in this case), but I must always exercise my own judgment about whether to follow it or not.

Pick out any hundred men capable of editing a paper and turn them loose on The Fool-Killer and no two of them would do the job alike. It happened to be me that started this thing, and perhaps I better run it to suit myself. Those who like it can read it, and those who dont' like it can let it alone.

My friend Stephens admits the truth of most that I say, but he thinks I might improve matters by saying it a little differently. He says I should fight the corrupt "System" and not say such hard things about individuals. Great Jumping Jerusalem, Mr. Stephens, what are you talking about? I'd just like to see you shoot at the "System" without hitting any individuals. Suppose you were a general in an army and the enemy was in front of you—do you think you could wipe out that opposing army without killing any men? Certainly you could not. It takes individual men to make an army, and the individual fool is responsible for the existence of the "System." Not that the "System" itself is any fool—it is too doggon smart for that. And the men who compose the "System" are not fools so far as their own financial welfare is concerned. The real fool is the man who has the powerful ballot in his hand and ain't got sense enough to use it for his own protection. I don't want to literally kill such a man, but I do want to kill out the foolishness in him and learn him to have some sense.

In other words, I want to enlighten the poor simple fool, but the rich smart fool can't be handled that way. I've simply got to come down on their big bald heads with my two-handed journalistic club till they see more stars than any telescope could reveal.

Now I do hope I have made my meaning clear to Mr. Stephens and all the rest of you. The fact is, in order to get the "System" we have got to hit the individuals. And we are going to hit 'em hard. So now is the time to subscribe.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

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Boils, bakes, fries, roasts—cooks anything. Ideal for family use, picnics, cottages, camping, Quick meals, washing, ironing, hot water, canning fruits. **SUMMER and WINTER STOVE.** Intense heat under control. **Not Dangerous Like Gasoline.** Valveless, Wickless, Automatic, Blue flame. **Air Gas Burner.** Consumes **Barrels of Air** to one gallon of Kerosene (Coal Oil). **Won't Explode. Thousands Now In Families.** Ed. N. Helwig—"Used half gallon oil last week for baking, cooking, ironing." F. C. Boylston, S. C.—"Easy to run—nice and clean." Wm. O. Poe, Mo.—"Can get a meal in 20 minutes." Mrs. M. E. King, Ky.—"Can do anything my range does. Cool, comfortable kitchen." No coal, wood, dirt or ashes. Nothing to get out of order. Gives economy, service, genuine comfort. Saves time, trouble, expense, drudgery, fuel bills. Always ready for use. Simple, durable, lasts for years. **Price Low—$3.25 and up.** Any number of burners. Not sold in stores. **Send No Money.** Write today for description, **30-Day Trial Offer.**

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ANOTHER INSULT

When one of Huerta's old halfbreeds in Mexico "insulted the Stars and Stripes," the fat was in the fire and the devil to pay right at once. Our army and navy had to be hurried down there to "defend the honor of the flag" and to "serve mankind."

But right up here in Pennsylvania just a few days ago our flag was insulted again—this time by an old Roman Catholic priest—and not a word will be said about it. It was on the occasion of the funeral of a Grand Army veteran who happened to be a Catholic, and because the casket was draped with the Stars and Stripes, the priest would not let is be brought into his church until the flag was removed.

Now who will dare to say again that the Catholics are not opposed to the flag and traitors to their country? That ought to convince anybody that they are subjects of an alien power and not to be trusted for one minute. But what will be done about it? Will the army and navy be called out to make that old toe-kisser "salute the flag?" Not on your life, brother. Why? Figure it out for yourself. Blamed if it ain't too much for me.

ONE GLORIOUS FIZZ.

No use to listen to all this cut-and-dried Democratic palaver about what a grand and glorious record Woodpile is making, and how good the times are, and all that. The Dems themselves don't believe a word of it, but they hate like thunder to admit that they have made such a wholesale fizz of everything.

If times are so gloriously good and business on the high gear, what do the Dems mean by so much talk about the "increased signs of a great business revival?" A thing don't need to be "revived" unless it is getting pretty droopy. That is a straight out admission from the Dems themselves that times and conditions are not what they ought to be. As an all-around perpetual failure Democratic rule is always a howling success.

OBEY YOUR ORDERS, WOODY

The following remarkable paragraph is taken word for word from the current news reports, and there is no doubt about the truth of the statement. The wonder is that the subsidized news agencies would have been brazen enough to give it out. Listen:

"J. Pierpont Morgan, and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., New York bankers, have asked President Wilson to turn over to them all revenues collected at Vera Cruz to pay interest on bonds held by New York bankers."

And of course it will be done. If there is any dilly-dallying about it, the bankers will pray to the pope, and the pope will instruct Tumulty, and Tumulty will command Wilson to fork over the cash. You will find that Rome and the bankers always work together. They issue orders to politicians, and the politicians obey. It don't matter a doggon how much other people must lose, the bankers and the "howly" church must have their pay. They even have the gall to command the government to hand over its own rightful revenues to pay private greed a big interest on its watered speculations. Don't it beat the dickens?

"SPEEDY JUSTICE'.'

Speaking of "speedy justice," here is a case of it. After considering the matter for less than 40 years a District of Columbia court has wiped off of the docket the libel suit of Alexander R. Shepherd against Whitelaw Reid and Charles A. Dana. To forestall a charge of undue haste the authorities point out that all the parties are too dead to take further interest in the proceedings.

THE SOCIAL CHRISTIAN. Has your religion shrunk up and pined away until you can only see some narrow creed? You need it enlarged to take in all the humanity as brothers. The Social Christian is the one magazine published for this exclusive purpose. Sixteen hot and scintillating pages and you can get it a whole year for 25 cents. Address:

SOCIAL CHRISTIAN,
G. 538 S. Dearborn, Chicago Ill.

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LISTEN! $5 to $20 a day—easy. Be a *one minute photographer.* LOOK! Cable. Wyo., writes: "Made *$27 in 2 hours.*" Perry, Ky., writes: "Made *$50 in 2 days.*" Hundreds of similar reports on file. Start business for yourself. *Small capital. No experience.* Big, quick profits at fairs, picnics, private houses—EVERYWHERE. Profits start at once. Write us today. Get out of the "time clock" line and the "pay envelope" brigade. Investigate the

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New invention—wonderful machine. Takes, finishes and delivers original post card photos at the rate of 3 a minute—*Right on the spot where you take them.* New, startling, sensational, photographic success—

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HURRAH FOR "INVESTIGATION!"

And now just look here, for instance, what great things "investigation" can do. In 1893 we "investigated" and found out that 85 per cent of us were poor. Then for twenty years we hammered along under the impression that conditions were improving. But the 1913 "investigation" was so ill-mannered as to inform us that 96 per cent of us were poor. Now ain't that some glorious result to show for all the "investigating" and "reforming" that has been done? At that rate, how long will it take for us all to get rich?

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Washes Tub of Clothes in Three Minutes
Pat. Jan. 20, 1914
AGENTS WANTED Make $1200 To $3600 Per Year

SALESMEN, GENERAL AGENTS, MANAGERS

I want 200 additional representatives to begin work at once in their home counties to introduce my new compress and vacuum washing machine to every home in the country. I consider this machine the most brilliant inventive achievement of the age in household necessities. It is selling faster than anything I have ever heard of—going like wildfire. **Squirts hot water and suds through the clothes, driving the dirt right out.**

Profits Start First Day

No waiting or guessing. The price of only $1.50 makes a sale at every house—**cash business at 200 per cent profit to you.** The biggest opportunity ever offered. I want hustlers—men and women who want to make money quick and fast. No large investment needed—**business supplies the capital.**

No Experience Required

Just follow instructions. Failure impossible. Success assured. Frank Greene sold 45 first three days—profit $45. Mrs. L. C. Merrick made $90 first three weeks in spare time only. J. H. Goddard took 18 orders first three hours. No talking necessary. Just show it—the order is yours right on the spot.

$1.50 Selling Price

200% PROFIT

Every machine sold on money-back guarantee. A child can use it. Abolishes labor of wash day. Women discard $15 and $20 machines for it.

Mail Your Application Today

Don't delay. Get your county under contract. No charge for territory. To wait means to lose. Write me a letter or a postal card today. If you are honest and willing to work I will give you the position. Do not let someone else get in ahead of you. AVOID IMITATIONS.

Write today—then you will have done your part. Do it right now. Address

N. F. WENDELL, Pres., Wendell Vacuum Washer Co., 391 Oak St., Leipsic, Ohio

A HISTORY

Of The Fool-Killer and Its Editor

Dear Comrades and Friends:

I never have tried to write a history of my great and wonderful career, but if you'll just keep your mouth shut and let me alone for about thirty minutes, sarn-taked if I don't try it.

I am going to tell you all about The Fool-Killer and how it happened. But before doing that, I must go a little further back and give you a sort of birds-eye view of myself as a poor little ragged, barefooted kid here in the backwoods of North Carolina.

Knowing that all great men had a habit of being born in log cabins, I was very careful to select a log cabin for my birthplace. It consisted of one small room with a stick-and-mud chimney at one end. The chimney probably started out with the firm intention of going to the top of the house, but when it got about half way up it took a swimming in its head and stopped. You could almost stand outside and reach your arm down the chimney and pick the dinner out of the pot with your fingers.

This cabin stood in a little clearing on top of "Berry's Mountain," about three miles from where The Fool-Killer office stands. In this cabin on the 13th of September, 1879, I was first introduced to the trials and tribulations of this world.

No room here for the little details. It is enough to say that I grew up there in the backwoods without any school advantages. The little district school of two or three months in the year was taught in the winter when the weather was bad, and we lived too far away for me to go. Altogether, my schooling would not amount to more than twelve months, but it was enough to give me a little start in reading and writing. Just that little glimpse into the kingdom of knowledge set my brain on fire, and I became an omnivorous book-worm. At home, during my spare moments, I read and studied every book I could get my hands on, and soon developed a great liking for poetry. Strangest of all, I got it into my head that I could write poetry! So I got hold of an old broken slate, and it was a sight to see the poems I turned out. They were simple and childish in thought, to be sure, but the rhyme and measure were always perfect. From the very first attempt, my thoughts seemed to flow into poetical feet just as naturally as breathing. When I showed my efforts to people they were surprised and would hardly believe that I composed them.

That settled the matter of my choosing a career—I was to be a POET! Live or die, sink or swim—the Muses for mine!

But as I grew older and became more familiar with the ways of the world it began to dawn upon me that poetry was a mighty poor dependence for a living. While I continued to write and occasionally had a poem printed in some paper, I found is necessary to work on the farm about twelve hours a day and do my reading and writing by the light of a pine-knot after supper.

And so it went on that way till I was 21 years old. We moved about from one rented farm to another, and seemed to get poorer and poorer all the time—if that were possible. There were just four of us in family, and we all worked like slaves, but we never could accumulate any property. It was a hand-to-mouth struggle for existence, with the wolf always at the door.

Through all these ups and downs I never entirely lost sight of my chosen calling. I knew that I was destined to be a writer, and that my chance was sure to come by and by. When out plowing in the corn-field I always kept my note book and pencil with me. As I plodded along the furrow my mind was busy working out a poem, and at the end of the row I would stop and let the old mule pick grass while I wrote out what I had composed. In that way many of my best poems were written.

Then one day, when I was about 21 years old, I got an offer of a job in a printing office. It looked like a step in the direction I wanted to go, and so I took it. That proved to be the turning point in my career. I soon learned the printer's trade and it turned out to be a valuable schooling for me. I have picked up in the printing office a general knowledge of affairs that is a tolerable good substitute for the school education that I missed. To-day I wouldn't be much afraid to measure the little knowledge I have picked up with half the school teachers in the State.

And so, having learned the printing and newspaper trade, I soon moved on from the country weekly to a city daily, and from "office devil" to editorial writer and Washington correspondent. At one time, for a period of several months, I made my headquarters in Washington City and wrote nearly all the "dope" for a paper having a circulation of 100,000.

But all this time I was a "hired hand," and had to take my orders from a "boss." That didn't suit my notion very well, and so I found myself planning to settle down and start a business of my own.

There is always a girl somewhere in the foreground of a young man's plans at about that age. In an unguarded moment she said "Yes" and that's how she got herself into trouble. We were married in the city of Charlotte, N.C., on May 1st, 1907. Cora Wallace had been in very bad health for two or three years before I married her. Her trouble was asthma and a bad cough. But I married her just the same, hoping I could give her a chance to get well.

Soon after our marriage we decided that the hot weather and the bad wated of Charlotte would go against my wife's health, and so I gave up my job with the Observer Company and we came back here to Moravian Falls where we were both born and raised.

Some months before this I had saved up a little money and bought an old poor ridge farm near this village, and I had also picked up a small job printing press and a few pounds of second hand type. This little printing outfit was stored in the basement of the old farm-house while I was away, and when I brought my wife back here there was nothing to do but to locate on the old farm. It was my intention to run my job printing office getting out a book of my poems, and farm a little at the same time.

My wife is a printer as well as myself, and she helped me all she could on the book, but her cough and asthma seemed to be getting worse, and she was not able to do much. Her worst suffering was at night, when she could not lie down and sleep, but had to sit propped up in bed and cough and smother all night.

But we worked on at the book as fast as we could, until finally it was finished and ready for sale. It contained nearly a hundred of my best short poems, and its title was "Castle Gates." It was bound in red cloth, and the binding was a very neat job—even if we did do it ourselves. Fifty cents was the price we set on the book. I printed a circular to advertise it, and wrote lots of letters, but the sale was very slow. In order to sell enough books to get living expenses I had to get out and canvass the neighboring towns. It was hard work and very discouraging, but by keeping at it I finally managed to sell most of the edition, which was only 500 copies. But as fast as the money had come in it was used to live on, so we were no better off than before.

All the time my wife's health continued to get worse and worse, and her suffering more intense, and it was plainly evident that something would have to be done. The farm was mostly red banks and too poor to make a living on, and the sale of books was too uncertain.

With these and several other things in mind, I sat down to study the situation over and map out a course of action. It occurred to me that I had written a lot of acceptable stuff for other men, and that these men had made money out of my writing. Then, thinks I to myself, if my writing will make money for other men it will make money for me, and I will politely start a paper of my own.

There was my job press and my type, and I saw no chance only to make them support us in some way. I could print a little paper, one page at a time, and if I made it interesting enough it might grow and get to be a big thing. Yes, that part of it was settled—I would start a paper.

Having gone that far, the next thing to decide on was the style or character of my paper, and a name for it. Reason taught me that it must be odd and unusual if I wanted to attract any attention. In the first place it must contain nothing but original "hot stuff." In the next place, the name must be something to catch the stranger's eye and rivet his attention at once. I made out a long list of possible names and studied them carefully from every angle. And, finally, from this list I selected "The Fool-Killer" as the one most likely to attract attention and take the public by surprise.

Without further delay I began to prepare "copy," and the first issue of The Fool-Killer appeared in January, 1910. Only three or four hundred copies of that issue were printed, and I scattered them around the best I could in order to get a subscription list started. It was a leap in the dark, and I had no idea whether it was going to lead to success or starvation.

Well, it was pretty disheartening for the first six months, and then the subs began to come in right nicely. By this time we had bought an old store house here in the village and moved all our earthly belongings into it. The front end was the printing office and the back end was the living department.

We did not pretend to be "living" there in the back end of the printing office—we were just "camping" and waiting for a chance to do better. Disease was every day taking a deeper hold on my wife and I was not able to give her the care and attention she needed.

The growth of The Fool-Killer was not rapid but it was steady, and each succeeding week the subscription receipts were a little more than the week before. That was encouraging, although every bit of growth made that much more work, which must be done under very trying conditions.

At the very outset The Fool-Killer espoused the cause of the poor and oppressed, and was merciless in its attacks on the "dollar aristocracy" and all the high-flyers of Society, Church and State. It was natural for me to take this stand, because I had always belonged to the poor and oppressed—had always been an "under dog."

The language of The Fool-Killer was (and is now) the common corn-field English that I learned and used while growing up amid poverty and hardship. As I have often expressed it, The Fool-Killer's object has been to make a man laugh right big, and then cram a truth down him while his mouth is open.

We sold the old farm and applied the money toward the starting of a home here in the village. As soon as the new cottage was far enough along to make out with we moved into it, and, although far from finished, it was a great improvement over the way we had been living. We now had a chance to fix up one or two rooms to look something like a home, and to get our home-life separated from the business. It also gave us more office room, which was beginning to be needed.

In the meantime the paper was growing at a gratifying rate, and it was soon necessary to have a larger press. So about March, 1912, I put in a large Cottrell Drum Cylinder Press capable of printing all four pages of the paper at one impression, and at the rate of 1,000 complete copies per hour. I also installed a gasoline engine to pull the new press, and then I began to turn out Fool-Killers at a rate that made the little job press ashamed of itself.

Having then an outfit that enabled me to get the printing done, I began to push the paper with samples, advertising, etc,, and it was soon growing by leaps and bounds. In a short while the subscription receipts were running anywhere from $50 to $100 per week and I was handling more money than I had ever seen in all my life before.

From 15,000 the circulation mounted rapidly to 20,000, then 25,000, and on up. I was surprised and pleased with the popularity which the paper had attained, and the financial help it gave me was a great satisfaction. For the first time in life I was not "hard up" for a few dollars in cash when needed.

But the bright picture of success was marred by one great shadow—sickness and suffering. My wife remained a semi-invalid, and the agony of her suffering was at times almost unbearable. Nobody can understand it unless they have gone through the horrors of asthma and bronchitis. Then came indigestion and stomach trouble to add their horrors to the case, so that nearly everything she eats throws her into great misery afterwards. As the result of this she has had to starve herself until she is now little more than skin and bones. In September, 1912, I sent her to Florida and kept her in a high-priced Sanatorium down there for several months. But she received practically no benefit from this treatment, and since that we have not wasted any time nor money on doctors nor medicines. The only thing we are building any hopes on now is a proper observance of nature's laws, such as diet and exercise, deep breathing, fresh air, etc. These things my wife has been trying to observe for several months now, and she seems to have a little more strength and the suffering is not quite so severe. She may finally get well, and she may not, but in either case there is no use to give up. With a successful and growing business that we can depend on for our support, the case is not quite so desperate as it was while we were struggling with poverty.

And so I am still pushing The Fool-Killer. The fact that it has grown to its present size in a little over four years indicates to me that it can just as easily grow ten times bigger. If 30,000 are interested in it there are 300,000 more who will be interested just as soon as they see it or hear about it. I must depend largely on my present subscribers to introduce the papers to new readers. Speak a good word for the paper wherever you go, and try to send in a big club about once a week or oftener. I will furnish all the sample copies you can use.

I have been promising to enlarge The Fool-Killer to twice its present size, and this will be done just as soon as the growth and income of the paper will justify the added expense. Already, since the first of the year, I have put in electric lights in my home and office, and electric power to run the machinery. I have also installed a Belknap Rapid Addressing Machine to handle the subscription list. But this is just a start. Now I have set my head on a two-story brick office building equipped with web press, linotype machine, and all the modern facilities for getting out papers and books by the million. I have enough of my "poetry" stacked away to make four or five volumes, and these I very much desire to bring it out in book form. How many of you would like to have the "Complete Poetical Works" of James Larkin Pearson in about five neat clothbound volumes? If interested in either the paper or the books, let me hear from you. Address:

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, - - North Carolina.

GOOD NEWS

Dear Friends:—Maybe you would like to know that Mr. Pearson's ""other half" is also editing a monthly paper, called Good News. It is quite different from the Fool-Killer, and some of you might not like it, but if you want to send fifteen cents for a year's subscription, or get up a club of five or more at ten cents each, I'm satisfied you'll have no "kick coming" against me. Good News is a non-sectarian religious paper, same size as The Fool-Killer, and stands for the pure and undelified religion of Jesus Christ and the Whole Truth of God's Word. As long as The Fool-Killer lives, the proceeds of Good News will be used in charitable and religious work. Also along with your subscription or club send me a list of names (of women preferably) to send sample copies to—not very many from one postoffice—and I'll appreciate it. Address:

MRS. CORA PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, - - - - - - - N. C.

The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. V. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER, 1914. No. 7.

PATRIOTISM

Tommy Dubb was a German's son,
And Jimmy Dubb was French;
And they both shouldered an army gun
To die in a bloody trench.

The interests of Tom and Jim
Were just about the same;
Each had a master over him
Who understood the game.

These two had labored side by side,
And no dispute arose;
You could not, even if you tried,
Imagine them as foes.

But lo! A bunch of royal scrubs
Among themselves have fussed,
And just for that a million Dubbs
Must bravely bite the dust.

So Tom and Jim rose up in haste,
As all good soldiers do,
And with their loaded guns they faced
And shot each other through.

—James Larkin Pearson.

EVEN THE ENEMY CAN'T DENY IT.

And it came to pass that I stepped up to a news-stand to buy a copy of a Socialist magazine, and a prominent Republican saw me do it. We got into conversation and it turned out that my Republican friend was a close and careful reader of the magazine in question and he freely admitted that it contained more good hard common sense and plain unvarnished truth than any other magazine printed.

"It certainly does deal the Big Interests some hard blows," he said, "and the worst of it is that every word of it is the absolute truth and can't be denied. There are men who would give millions to suppress that magazine, but it can't be done. It makes some startling revelations concerning Big Business, and it is prepared to back up every statement it makes with positive proof, and that's what hurts."

Now I call that some puff to be given a Socialist magazine by a man who will go to the election next fall and vote for the very men and measures that the magazine condemns and against everything that it stands for. For the fool who don't know any better, there is some excuse, but for the man who does know better, there is none.

THE POOR DEVIL'S SIDE OF IT.

It's war this, and war that, and you can't hear anything but war. So much is being said about it that it seems useless for me to say anything on the subject. But I am going to say a few mouthfulls, anyhow.

I am not going to take sides with anybody—unless it be the poor, pitiful, helpless, suffering, bleeding and dying slaves of all nations who are being driven into this red hell of war against their will.

The war jingoes are making a great to-do about how eager the masses of the people are for a war. They try to make us believe that the common folks of all these nations are just itching to fight each other to the bloody death.

But don't you believe nary word of it. Instead of being anxious to fight, they would give anything on earth to get out of it. They are in a panic of fear and dread. But the poor, pitiful creatures don't know how to escape. A few ambitious and irresponsible kings and emperors have become jealous of each other and decided to settle their personal disputes by murdering a few millions of their poor, innocent, subjects. If the kings and emperors would get out in the back lot and fight it out among themselves, it would tickle me to hear that they had killed out all their useless breed. But no!—they must keep hid behind a palace wall and send out all their nation's best manhood to be butchered up like hogs.

Don't talk to me about the common people of Europe wanting to fight. I know better. There may be few hot-headed fools who have no better sense than to want to fight, but they are the exceptions and not the rule. More than that, not one soldier in a hundred who has been pulled into this thing has the faintest idea of what the fuss is about. It is stated on good authority that many of the soldiers who have been taken prisoner have begged their captors to tell them what the war was started for. The reports say that the prisoners are cowed and down hearted and seem utterly unable to understand why they have been dragged into this bloody conflict.

The Socialists of the world are the strongest advocates of peace. Year in and year out they have gone up and down the world preaching the Brotherhood of Man and pointing out the foolishness and wickedness of war. We all know that the Socialists of the world have always taken the lead in the Peace Movement. And so the breaking out of this terrible war right on the heels of all their preaching may look like a defeat. But it is not. Nothing is more useful sometimes than a "horrible example", and that's what we are getting right now. Yes, we are getting it in great bloody gobs. By the time this is over the people who still remain alive will be willing enough to listen to our plea for peace and brotherhood. They will have learned the folly of depending on kings and bosses who rob them of their rights and murder them in capitalistic wars. They will have learned that the common people of all nations have common interests, and that it never pays them to fight each other.

Lift up your heads, O Comrades, for this is your great opportunity. Those who have called you dreamers and fools will now hail you as prophets and wise men.

The dye-works of Germany have all been closed down, but the die-works are running on full time.

This paper, in spite of its name does not believe in killing people. The name is merely to attract attention. Read it and pass it on.

At least one great blessing that we will get as a result of the war will be that American women can't get so many outlandish fashions from Paris.

An exchange carries an ad headed: "Recipe for Gray Hair." Now who wants a recipe for gray hair, I'd like to know? Just wait long enough and your hair will get gray naturally.

Recently I was talking with a prominent man who has been a a Redemocan all his life. When politics was mentioned he shook his head sadly and said: "If I vote at all next fall I am just as apt as anything to act the fool and vote the Socialist ticket." That man has been using his head for something besides a peg to hang his hat on.

LET THE COB PENS FALL.

The nations of the modern world have long reminded me of a gang of small children down on the floor building cob pens.

Two or more children will get a basket full of corn-cobs and each child will start it a pen. It is no trouble to build them up a little piece, but after they get up a foot or so from the floor they get tottery. Then begins the rivalry between the children to see which one can build its pen the highest before it tumbles down. One will get one ahead and then all the rest will try to put on two cobs in order to get ahead of the first one. Finally all the pens get so high and tottery that they can't stand any longer, and so they all tumble down in a pile.

That is a perfect picture of what the nations of the earth have done in the matter of armament. It has been a mad race to see who could build the biggest dreadnoughts and maintain the largest armies and navies. Science has racked its brain for more deadly inventions. Higher and higher have towered the cob-pens of armament, each nation striving to pile on one more cob in order to get ahead of the other nations.

At last the limit was reached. The tottering stacks of guns could stand no longer, and like the children's cob-pens they are tumbling down, never to be rebuilt. This is going to be the greatest and bloodiest war of history; and the last one. The gods of war are destroying themselves. After this comes the golden age when swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks, when nation shall not lift sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

This is a dark cloud, but it had to blow over before the sunshine of eternal peace could kiss the earth into gladness. Let the cob-pens fall.

A boy caught a minnow and decided to scale him. The minnow wriggled, and the boy said, "Be still, little minnow, I'll skin you just as easy as I can." Say, Rube, your capitalistic masters are skinning you just as easy as they can, but they are skinning you all the same, and you don't even wiggle. You ain't got as much backbone as the boy's minnow.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

IRVING V. KOCH, Adv. Manager,
30 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for April, 1914.

Editor, J. L. Pearson Moravian Falls, N. C.
Man. Ed., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Bus. Man., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of Sept., 1914. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

IDIOTORIALS.

Billions for war; pennies for peace.

A man who can be bought ain't worth buying.

South Carolina has put its Cole in the cellar.

Whoever gets the Nobel Peace Prize this year will have to fight for it.

Carnegie will have to hire a standing army to defend his Peace Palace.

It has been suggested that Mexico ought to sue Europe for damages.

It seems that the Bully Moosevelt party in New York is about to take a dose of Bromo Sulzer.

What if it should turn out that the war in Europe is just a "psychological condition."

Old Huerta, over in London, is singing that well-known popular song, "Oh, Take Me Back to Mexico."

There ain't no hull nor core to The Fool-Killer. It's all "goody." Help yourself and tell your neighbor to try some.

The Progressive Farmer tells about "a girl who did her own painting." Aw, goosey, shut up! Just lots of 'em do it.

The funniest thing in these Benited States is the anti-suffrage woman who plunges madly into politics for the purpose of keeping the women suffragists out.

Baltimore and Boston are still fighting like wildcats over the birthplace of Edgar Allan Poe. So far as I know there isn't any dispute about where he perished to death.

Here in North Carolina the Bull Moose party, knowing that it is dead anyhow, has decided to divide itself up, giving every member a little chunk to keep as a souvenir.

Now dont' it look like big armies and navies are a guarantee of peace? Now just don't it? About as much sense in that as there would be in jumping in the river to keep dry.

A rich church member will not trust his poor brother member for a bushel of corn, but he will trust a rich sinner for anything he wants. No wonder the poor brother loses faith in the church and becomes a howling Socialist. Now is it?

"Elect ME! I'll represent this district! I'll represent you!" That sounds familiar, doesn't it? That talk will soon blossom all over the land. That's candidate talk. You don't have to swallow it this year unless you just want to. Read the Fool-Killer and find out what small dependence there is to be put in all this campaign bunk.

LISTEN, COMRADES!

The report seems to have gone forth that The Fool-Killer was dead, but it happens to be a mistake. Never was The Fool-Killer more alive. And, more than that, it ain't going to die as long as it can get a breath. You can put that in your pipe and smoke it.

It is true that the Summer months have been mighty dull and I haven't much more than paid running expenses, but I pulled through without missing any issues, and I am not going to miss any unless business gets a sight worse than this. There are four papers published in this town, and The Fool-Killer is the only one that has not missed one or more issues during the Summer. That doesn't look much like a dead thing, does it?

Of course no man can make very definite promises for the future these days. We are facing the great European war which is already shaking the world to its very foundations, and what effect it MAY have on the United States of America no man knows. If we can keep strictly out of it and go on attending to our business we ought to get along fairly well, it seems to me. But if we should get drawn into the mad whirlpool of blood and carnage, with everything wrecked and destroyed as it in Europe, The Fool-Killer would have to go down in the general crash.

Yet they tell me it isn't a good idea to cross a bridge until you get to it, and so let's not borrow trouble. Let's hope for the best and be prepared for the worst, and get all the good we can out of life while it lasts.

In the light of things that are now happening, The Fool-Killer has thought it advisable to make a few changes in its editorial policy. This miserable war has impressed upon me as nothing else ever did the fact that Socialism is the hope of the world. The Socialists of Europe made a brave stand against this useless butchery, but they were outnumbered. Many thousands of them have been forced into the armies against their will, and others who absolutely refused to go were lined up against a wall and shot. But it shows who are the friends of peace, and when the Socialists of the world get strong enough to hold the balance of power there never can be another war. It is my opinion that this present trouble will make Socialism grow so fast that Jonah's gourd-vine won't be in the race at all. The money-masters and the war-gods will be kicked from their bloody thrones, and the people will rule.

Yes, beloved, this is Socialism's great opportunity, being a literal demonstration of the fact that the old systems have failed. Socialism SAYS it can do better, and the people, knowing that it couldn't possibly do any worse, will soon be ready to try it.

Heretofore The Fool-Killer has been what you might call a "near-Socialist" paper, but from now on it is going to go the whole hog. I have heretofore disagreed with Socialism on some little points, but in the present crisis these points of disagreement are not worth noticing. I have also disagreed, and will continue to disagree, with the personal views of some Socialists, but that's entirely beside the question now. We have enough in common to build a new society on the ruins of these tumble-down systems if we will stand together and apply it. Our task is to agitate and educate and get the blind slaves to open their eyes and be free.

The Fool-Killer will not be so much a party organ, but it will devote itself to preaching the great central truths of Socialism in its own original way. Let me here repeat that this paper, in spite of its name, does not believe in killing people. It only wants to kill out the foolishness in folks and let everybody live and be happy. Everybody who can subscribe to that creed should fall in line and boost The Fool-Killer. Comrades, this is your chance. Don't neglect it!

Are You a Socialist?

Dear Reader:—I am very anxious to find out just how many of my readers are Socialists, and so I have decided to ask each and every one of you who are real true Socialists to write and tell me so. Of course I want you to send me a good list of subs in your letter if possible, but if you can't do that, then just write anyhow and send me a list of Socialist names for samples. I would like to have the name and address of every true Socialist in these Benited States of America. I especially want the secretaries of Locals everywhere. From now on The Fool-Killer is going to be the finest thing on earth for the Locals to scatter broadcast for propaganda purposes. It will be furnished in bundles to one address at the rate of 50 copies for 25 cents, and it will certainly do the work.

Now let me hear right quick from every Socialist who reads this. Yes, EVERY ONE! Give me a regular FLOOD of letters.

PITY THE POOR RICH.

By Hugh Mack.

The Parable of the Badger

There was a certain rich man, very subtle in laying up treasures of gold and silver, but from whom, when his eyes beheld a tango skirt, wisdom fled and he became as one full of the juice of the prune.

On an evening he sat in his house, and the wife of his bosom was not with him. She had gone unto a far city to buy seasonable raiment.

And there came unto him a damsel, fair to look upon, but of stubborn heart. By day she smote the keys of the typewriter and by night she diligently snared fish.

So the rich man sat before the damsel meat, and brake bottles of rare wine that she might quench her thirst.

And it came to pass, as they were eating and drinking and making merry, that a man appeared unto them suddenly, as if from a cloud. He was of great stature, and in his hand he bare a fowling-piece.

From his mouth came words of wrath, and he said unto the rich man: How now, dost thou separate me from my wife and cause me vexation of spirit and my name to be a sign of laughter among the people?

And the rich man was sore afraid, and he appeased the fellow with much gold and jewels. and the man and the damsel gat themselves thence from the house, and unto the owner thereof wisdom returned for a brief season.

The Parable of the Suspect

Now a certain man sat in his house and he was all alone save only for his servants. The goodwife was over against the shore of the sea, for it was the heated season.

Now this man was greatly concerned in business, and gave little heed to the affairs of his house. But, being alone, he chanced to behold the maid-servants that encompassed him roundabout. And he greatly marveled, for never had he gazed upon such uncomely ones.

So he called his chief servant unto him, and said unto him: Is this a menagerie that thou hast chosen specimens such as these? Go forthwith, I command thee, and disperse this throng and seek thou diligently for maid-servants that offend not the eye.

And it came to pass, when the good wife returned from the sea, she waxed exceeding wroth. And she called unto her the chief servant, and said unto him:

Is this a beauty show wherein are gathered together all of the fair ones of earth? Go now, I command thee, and cause them to depart, and do thou hire in their stead ill-favoured ones.

And when the man of the house perceived it, he took counsel of himself, saying: Verily, the wife of my bosom hath confidence in me like unto the trust the rabble hath in banks in times of panic.

But he spake not aloud, for he was wise, and he wit that an offense to the eye is better than a house that is rough.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

THAT MERRY WIDOW.

THE LASH.

Well, why some women are widows before they get the matrimonial paint and powder worn off their face, is no longer a mystery to this scribe.

While riding on a train recently, a bright-eyed, frisky little woman took a seat just behind me. She could out talk a Victor graphaphone, and every word was polished with brilliancy

She had a suit case and a hat box. Only a short time elapsed before she advised me that she was a young widow, her husband having peaceably entered the hence beyond.

By the time the train had moved out from the station she insisted on counting her suit case and hat box. She counted. There was just two. I counted and made no more nor less. Then she wanted her parasol put into the rack, and her coat folded up and her hat box counted again. I counted it. There was just exactly one hat box of it.

As the train glided along she wanted to know if I was sure she was on the right train to Greensboro. I was sure. Then she wanted her suit case counted. I counted it once more. By this time she wanted a window up, and asked me if it wasn't really a hot day. I said it was. Then she felt for her money, tho she was sure she had lost it. While counting her money, she told me of her sister, in going west ten years ago lost three dollars. She wound up the story by asking me if it wasn't a hot day. I said it was. Then she wanted that confounded hat box counted again and I counted him. He was still one hat box.

She paused long enough to get a long breath, and then she wanted a drink. I got it for her. Then she wanted to know if we were on the right road to Greensboro. I assured her that I was positive of the fact. The porter then called out a station so indistinctly that she wanted me to go and see what the name really was. I went. It was Donnaha. She wanted to know if I was sure that it was Donnaha, and I held up my hand and assured her that I would vote the Democratic ticket sooner than deceive her. By this time she wanted her suit case counted, and I counted 'er. She figured up as before. I had just finished counting when she wanted to know if I didn't think it was a hot day. I told her I did. Then she wanted to know if I was sure we were on the right road to Greensboro. I told her that I hoped to perish with political liars if we were not, and she was satisfied. Then her poodle followed the conductor out of the car, and she asked me to get it back. I chased that little four-legged bunch of hair thru every coach from the baggage car to the rear, but finally succeeded in landing her beloved poodle in her presence. Then the window had to go down. The hat box was counted again and he was just one. Then the window went up and she asked me, if in my opinion it wasn't a hot day. I replied that it was.

During that day I counted that hat box three hundred times, raised the window twenty-six times, said it was hot till my tongue was blistered, got her sixteen drinks of water, and enquired the names of eleven stations. She said it was so nice to have a man in whom a stranger could place confidence.

When we reached Greensboro, I counted the things three times over, and helped her off the train, got an auto for her, directed her to Clegg Hotel, told her the street, price, name of the landlord, head waiter, porter, and cook; assured her that she would not be robbed or murdered; that it had been a hot day; that Greensboro had a population second to any city in the State, the place was dry, and Al Fairbrother was editor of "Everything." Poor woman, I hope the landlord had plenty of patience.

I Have "Jined."

I have now made application for membership in the Socialist party, and I aim to remain a regular dues-paying member just as long as I can scrape up enough cash to pay the annual fee. This is a step that I should have taken long ago, and now I must make up for lost time. If you don't believe I mean it, just keep your eye on The Fool-Killer.

GREATEST EXPOSURE OF ROMANISM

Ever published—32 pages, illustrated. Send one cent (1c) stamp to cover postage and it will be sent to you by return mail. Address: HENRY M. TICHENOR, 411 Olive St., Saint Louis, Mo.

Home, Sweet Home.

Oh, home! It is a sacred place—
Or was, in olden days,
Before the people learned to chase
To moving-picture plays;

To tango dances and such things,
To skating on a floor;
And now the youthful laughter rings
Within the home no more.

You will recall, old men and dames,
The homes of long ago,
And you'll recall the fireside games
The children used to know.

The neighbor's kids would come along
With your own kids to play;
And merry as a bridal song
The evening passed away.

An evening spent away from home
In olden days was rare;
The children hadn't learned to roam
For pleasure everywhere.

But now your home is but a shell
Where children sleep and eat;
It serves the purpose very well—
Their home is on the street,

Their home is where the lights are bright,
Where rag-time music flows;
Their noon's the middle of the night;
Their friends are—Lord, who knows?

The windows of your home are dark,
And silence broods o'er all;
You call it home—God save the mark!
'Tis but a sty or stall.

Three Drunks A Year.

"Three times a year is not too often for a gentleman to get drunk," said Daniel Noble at Jamaica, New York, the other day. And this gentleman went on and delivered a long lecture on the crying need of at least three benders a year.

I wish I could have heard that lecture. And I would give my yearly allowance of red eye to get a legal definition of the word "gentleman" in this connection. Some men call themselves gentlemen who are not recognized as such by their neighbors, and I sorter 'spishun that this New York booze-artist is one of that kind. No doubt he knows the "drunk" business from the bottom up, but he wouldn't know a gentleman from a lamp-post in broad daylight. I take it that he is one of these continuous-performance drunkards who gets half sober three times a year and goes out to whoop it up for the likker gang.

Three drunks a year! And each drunk four months long! If that's what it takes to make a gentleman, I prefer to be something else. What do you say about it, mister?

Lives of great men should remind us
Of this fact to make a note:
All one needs to be a statesman
Is a long Prince Albert coat.

THE CHURCH OF MAMMON

Now it came to pass in the year of the Bosses 1914, that the great high priests of the Church of Mammon did congregate in the temple of Graft for the purpose of worshipping the Almighty Dollar and for the transaction of such other business as might properly come before them.

J. P. Morgan acted as moderator and introduced the orator of the day, Rev. Son-in-Law McAdoo, who preached as follows:

"Dearly beloved of the household of Profit, I greet you in the name of our blessed Wall Street, and in the name of all the holy Reserve Banks. Brethren, I am greatly rejoiced in the region of my vest pocket (to say nothing of my other pockets) because of the great things that we have done for ourselves. If any set of men ever had a right to ~~con~~gratulate themselves, we are the buddies.

Behold, O dearly beloved, how beautifully we have pulled the wool over the eyes of the Common Plugs. You know they were getting restless and suspicious and threatened to give us trouble if we didn't do something for them. Well, of course we wouldn't be guilty of doing anything to really help the Common Plugs, but we had to make them think that was our object.

And so we got our sharpest lawyers and bankers together and called in the Devil as chief adviser, and we soon had a financial scheme blocked out that the common plugs will never fathom as long as they live. It consisted of a great mess about Regional Reserve Banks, Federal Reserve Boards, India-rubber currency, and so forth, and we mixed it up till even our lawyers admitted that they could not make head nor tail of it. It sounded awfully learned and important, but it meant nothing, and that was exactly what it would take to fool the Common Plugs.

Then, dear brethren of the household of Profit, you remember how we crooked a finger at our subsidized newspapers and ordered them to supply us with a certain amount of "public opinion" favorable to our Great Patented Plan for making flitter-trees grow in every man's yard. The papers obeyed and were helped out by the hired orators of the money trust. In every nook and corner of the land went the news that some magic trick had been turned and that everybody were going to be prosperous and happy. Nobody had the faintest idea of how our sleight-of-hand financial jugglery was going to work, but they had the blind faith that it was all right. And that's the advantage of having a population of Dubbs and woodenheads. They are so delightfully easy to fool.

We will now be led in prayer by President Tumulty:

PLUTOCRATIC PRAYER.

"O Lord, if you want to see the smartest crowd of men you ever did see, just look at us. Ain't we a fine looking bunch? And don't our clothes fit us just fine? O Lord, do you smell anything wrong with our breath? That last barrel we got had a powerful lingering odor, and cloves and cigar smoke don't seem to have much effect on it. But you know how it is, Lord, and please don't say anything about it to our wives.

We thank thee, O Lord, for making us so much smarter and better looking than the Common Plugs. We are the high financial experts of America, and we have just been having a big laugh over what fools the people are. Nine tenths of them don't know when they are being skinned. We thank thee for making them so ignorant and we pray thee to keep them so. It makes it easier for us rich bosses and affords us lots of fun.

As the responsible heads of the Democratic administration, we thank Thee, O Lord, for the European war. We were sorter uneasy lest the people might find out how we had rubbed it in on 'em with our currency bunk, and we hadn't provided anything to blame it on when times began to get harder. But the war came just at the psychological moment to furnish us an excuse. Now if anybody begins to blame the administration with hard times, we can just weep a few salty wopes in our cry-rag and say, "Oh, just look what the war has done!" And so we thank Thee again for the war. It will be a good thing for Brother DuPont of the powder trust, Brother Carnegie of the steel trust, and all the other dear millionaire brethren who have supplies to sell. It will be hard on the Common Plugs of America as well as Europe, but what is that to us? Our business is to feather our own nests, and we ain't so very particular as to where we get the feathers. Amen.

At the close of the prayer, the congregation sang:

THE MILLIONAIRE'S HYMN.

(To the tune of "Take Time to Be Holy.")

Take time to be wealthy,
Grasp all you can hold;
A gaining the dollars,
And coining the gold;
Make friends with all grafters,
Beat all who are weak,
Forgetting in nothing
The dollar to seek.

Take time to gain millions,
Heap your thousand pile;
By adding the hundreds,
And gaining, the while;
Make friends of the bribers,
Drain all who will leak,
Forgetting in nothing
The dollar to seek.

Some day you'll have Billions,
And then you can smile,
For adding the millions,
Soon heaps up your "pile";
Make friends of the wealthy,
Rob them of their "roll",
Forgetting in nothing
The billion's the goal.

The people who warn you that Socialism is such a dreadful dangerous thing belong to the same breed as those who thought the earth was flat. Some of them are capable of learning, and it is our job to educate them.

FORGET IT.

By Robert Quillen.

Every Tom, Dick and Harry in this and any other town has, at some time in his life, done a disgraceful thing. It doesn't matter who he is or what he is; it doesn't matter how respectable or wealthy or honored he may be, he has, some time down in the valley of years, done a thing of which he is ashamed—a thing that, if made public, would cause him to hang his head. It may have been an open crime; it may have been a sneaking crime; it may have been a cowardly thing; it may have been so secret that only he and God know the facts, but nevertheless the thing was done. It is on the records of his memory, and it is there to stay. He can lie to the world about it, but he can't lie to himself about it.

Most of us have been able to hide or live down that period of our lives which held the mistake, but some few of us were found out.

In this little town, where everybody has been "fotched up" together; where everybody has known everybody else for years; where all the faults and mistakes and misfortunes are without a hiding place, there seems to be a disposition to keep talking about things that ought to be buried and forgotten.

What does it matter if Tom did beat his wife years ago; what does it matter if Tom did steal a sheep in the Fall of '88; what does it matter if Tom did put a rock in a bale of cotton seven years ago? Those things are a part of his past. They belong to him, not to you. If he is living like a white man now; if he is honest and decent now, then what right have you to forever remind him of the past?

If Dick once burned a building for the insurance, it is no affair of yours. Judge Dick by his life NOW, not by what he once was.

And if you have talked and talked and talked about the fault of his until you can't think or dream of anything else, let me tell you how to forget it.

Just go off to yourself for a few hours. Let your mind run back over your own record. When you come to the black spots (they are there, right enough) just turn your imagination loose and try to picture what people would say about you if they knew. About two hours of that treatment will make you feel so utterly small, so guilty, so contemptible, that you will find it a physical impossibility to let your tongue wag about your neighbors' past.

You needn't tell me there are no black spots in your record. I know better. You'd probably lie about them if you were cornered, anyway.

Let the past die. Forget it. There is work enough on hand in the present. Dig in and help boost. You can't build yourself up by pulling the other fellow down. Exposing his past doesn't make your present any more secure. Forget these things.

Do you know what thought comes into my mind when I hear Dick telling about Harry's past? I think that Dick is saying to himself: "I'm going to tell Quillen about Harry stealing that sheep, because I know Harry has told him about me stealing that hog."

Each is afraid to quit talking, for fear the other fellow won't.

Why not call the game a draw and everybody shut up at once.

Forget it, Brother; forget it.

PARAGRAPHS.

In her efforts to serve both God and Mammon, the church has become so cross-eyed that when she cries the tears run down the back of her neck.

Tobe Spilkins has been trying to organize a company of Smooth Riders among the millionaires of America to go with him to war. The only qualification for membership in Tobe's company of Smooth Riders is that each man must be worth at least a million dollars. Tobe reports if he had ninety-eight more he would just lack two of having a hundred.

The astronomers are still talking about these long parallel lines of something that they can see on the planet Mars. Most of them think they are canals. But now if Mars is anything like Europe it's more likely that those lines are opposing armies of men with their bayonets gleaming in the sun. The fact that Mars is the god of war makes that explanation all the more plausable. Canals, bosh!

Chips From The Battle Axe.

Funny, isn't it, that the same fellows who are so very anxious for the people to have pure milk are the very same boys that work every kind of hook and crook to fill their blood with nasty, rotten, poison corruption from the festering, running sores on a sick cow? Vaccination? Um-hum.

Preachers, take notice! You are hereby notified to cut out of the ceremonies held over the dead the well-know line—"Inasmuch as God in His all-wise providence has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved brother"—and instead say the health department and the doctors fell down on the job and let the fellow die. Selah!

And one of the "Sawsiety set" is going to the Philippine Islands to "convert the heathen." Bosh! If I was a freckled nigger trotting through the wilds of Africa on an old billy-goat, sleeping with lousy razor-back hogs, and eating snakes, lizzards and tadpoles, I think I would be as fit for a "missionary" as one of the "high sawsiety set."

The Fool-Killer

SAMPLE COPY

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. V. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER, 1914. NO. 8.

Buy Your Granny!

Buy a bale of cotton,
And buy a box of meat;
Buy a stack of fodder,
And buy a bin of wheat.

Buy a crate of cabbage,
And buy a drove of cows;
Buy a ton of sugar,
And buy a load of plows.

Buy a car of lumber,
And buy a keg of nails;
Buy a bed of oysters,
And buy a shoal of whales.

Buy a cord of fire-wood,
And buy a ton of coal;
Buy a well and pull it up,
And then buy the hole.

Buy a box of dry-goods,
And buy a team of mules;
Then let me loan you fifteen cents
To buy up all the fools.
Pack it on Pearson.

THE SANITARY KISS.

Dr. William F. Snow has the floor.

Hear him!

He is the Secretary of the American Hygiene Association, and he is just back from Washington where he went to secure a patent on his new "Sanitary Kiss."

Having secured his patent, and made evrything safe and sanitary he now proposes to put it on the market at so much per smack.

If your mouth is watering for one of the new kisses, you go after it something like this:

First, find somebody you want to kiss, and who is willing to undergo the ordeal with you.

Next, cut out a square of tissue paper.

Subject it to a bath in a sanitary solution.

Place it over the mouth.

Then:

KISS.

But don't wear out the paper or break through.

If one paper is used several times during a moonlight evening, you must take care not to change sides with it. That would mix the two sets of germs and the result might be fatal.

It will probably become very fashionable now for young men to go around with their pockets full of little squares of tissue paper. I look for the market in tissue paper to have a boom and the price to suddenly rise on account of the great demand. Get in your order early, before the price goes up.

"Why is it that so many of the battle-songs of the world have been utter nonsense?" asks the Greensboro (N. C.) Daily News. Dunno, pardner, unless it is to be in harmony with the battles, which are themselves utter nonsense.

THE WAR DID IT ALL

Woodpile Wilson's uncle, up in New Jersey, has got a bad rising on the back of his neck. The doctor who is attending on the old man says the rising is the direct result of the European war.

One of William Jawbone Bryan's best Jersey cows died on his Nebraska farm last Thursday evening. No blame attaches to the Democratic party, as it is well known that the war caused the cow's death.

While dressing for a White House reception two weeks ago yesterday, Senator Williams, of Mississippi, swallowed a bone collar-button, which lodged in his wind-pipe and has given him a good deal of trouble ever since. The matter was referred to the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs and it was soon discovered that the war caused the accident.

While on his way home from early mass at St. Pat's Cathedral last Sunday morning, President Tunulty lost two finger-bones of Saint Hanner out of his vest pocket. The war caused it.

A registered letter containing two bushels and three pecks of Lincoln pennies was stolen from the mails at Sitka, Alaska, on the 3rd day of October. No effort was made to catch the thief, as it was generally understood that the war caused him to do it.

An old fisherman friend in Norfolk, Virginia, writes The Fool-Killer that the fish are not as fat this fall as common. He says it is undoubtedly due to the war.

The New York American says that William Randolph Hearst has got a big seeded wart coming right plumb on the end of his nose. The wart is an outgrowth of the war and will doubtless go away when the war stops.

The Weather Bureau at Washington has discovered the cause of the Moravian Creek, here in North Carolina, being so low this past summer. The war caused it.

The committee appointed to investigate the wreck on the Podunk Railroad between Bat Cave and Frog Level have reported that no rotten ties or open switches have been found, and that the train crews were all sober. There is no longer any doubt that the war in Europe is to blame for the wreck.

Woodpile had better be careful how he tries to get the war stopped. It's a mighty fine excuse for the hard times here. If the war should happen to stop, and still times got no better in this country, his excuse would be gone. Say, Woodpile, had you thunk about that ary time?

A SERMON ON THE DEVIL.

We have always heard that there was a devil, and there must be some truth in the report. Various rumors have been circulated about the old fellow's personal appearance and manners, as well as the location of his place of buisness, but nobody seems to know exactly the straight of it. Perhaps the testimony of Esq. Job, a leading citizen and Justice of the Peace in the county of Uz, is about as reliable as anything on the market. Hear him:

"Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, 'Whence comest thou?' Then Satan answered the Lord and said, 'From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.'"

And so the devil goes in good company and wears store clothes. He is also a member of the meeting-house and squirts ambear in the Amen Corner. I have even known him to occupy the pulpit, and the way he can preach takes all the starch out of the theological cemeteries—excuse me, I mean seminaries.

And the devil is a keen politician. He belongs to the Redemocan party and runs for office at every election. And he always gets elected. The devil is a perpetual office-holder and is never out of a job. He owns nearly all the politics of the world, and nearly all the religion. He frowns on us, and we tremble. He gives orders and we obey. He makes out a ticket and we vote it. That's all the sense we've got.

If a good man enters politics the devil sets all the political dogs on him and tears him to pieces. And if an honest party hangs out its sign on the political highway, the devil trains all the artillery of hell on it in an effort to destroy it. And the Redemocan voters whoop it up for the devil and rejoice in his success. That's all the sense they've got. A few have learned better, and others are learning. How about you?

And the devil is a great business man. Rich?—just hush! Johndee and the rest can't hold him a light. He owns all of them, just like they own us. Hell is the home office, and Wall Street is the American branch. Europe is the fertile field where they raise hell for the market.

The cost of living is high and the cost of dying is not much lower, but the people pay the freight and the devil gets the money. Yes, beloved, there seems to be a devil, alright, and if there is anything on earth that he don't own and operate, I've failed to discover it up to the time of going to press.

A SERMON ON FASHION.

Now, my dear human hens and gentleman chickens of the fashion world, suppose we all fly up on the roosting pole of reflection and take a good look at the front side of our features while the band plays "Made in America."

Fine feathers make fine feather beds, but beauty unadorned is against the law. However, it don't take much adornment to satisfy the courts, and a diaphanous gown revealeth a multitude of charms.

Behold, I show you a mystery—we shall no longer go nude in French, but we shall have our nakedness translated into plain English. A Parisian sunbeam draped over a dream is equal to four yards of American liberty done up in moth-balls and packed away in a thimble.

Great is your fortune, O ye American beauties, because you are freed from the bondage of European fashion plates. Most glorious is your transition from an alien meal-sack to an American pillow-slip with draw-strings in it.

Rejoice and powder yourselves exceedingly, for behold, powder is cheaper than sunburns, yea, cheaper than four-cent cotton.

On account of the war, clothing is out of sight, but as much can't be said of your pink skin, O ye American beauties.

Let not your hearts be troubled about the cotton market, but go straightway and buy yourselves two petticoats and one full top skirt, even as it hath been spoken by the mouth of Champ Clark's daughter.

For verily I say unto you that many shall wear cotton in these days, and anybody caught going naked next winter will be in danger of freezing.

"See America First," and then tell America to put on some clothes. Tell her to "wear cotton." That's the word that has been passed down the line. Heed it, O ye fair daughters!

Buy a bale of cotton,
And wear it for a bustle;
Let Paris be forgotten,
While cotton growers hustle.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart,	25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More,	15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for Oct., 1914.

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Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of Sept., 1914. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

IDIOTORIALS.

Grin and bear it.

Hats off to the heathen!

Europe to America—"Come on in—the blood is fine!"

Ask for The Fool-Killer, and don't take any substitute.

I've got MY Red Card. Have you got yours? If not, why not?

The heathen cannibals of Africa may now go to sending missionaries to Europe.

This "war tax" hellabaloo reminds me of the feller who had the itch and called it appendicitis.

The Fool-Killer has been endorsed by the N. C. State organization of the Socialist party.

Wonder if any of the "war tax" will be levied on the gabtraps of the Redemocan spellbinders?

When it comes right down to brass tacks, which would you rather be—a live coward or a dead hero?

A philosopher who married an uneducated girl calls her "brown sugar," because she is sweet but unrefined.

Lost—on the road from Berlin to St. Petersburg, ten centuries of civilization. Finder please notify Royalty, Box 23, Eastern Hemisphere.

Writing this "funny stuff" is a serious matter with me. The medicine it takes to make me smile is a big fat club of subscribers with a little blue money-order enclosed. Please tickle me.

The men who are carrying on that awful war are everyone opposed to Socialism on the ground that it would "destroy the happy homes." You haven't heard about any happy homes being destroyed by the war, have you? Why, of course not! Who ever hear tell of a nice, good-mannered thing like war injuring anybody's home? But Socialism would destroy the home—so say the warlords. Now tell me honest, pardner, if you had to take one or the other, which would you choose?

All the efforts of the cotton raisers to get some help from the government's new currency system have simply called forth the statement that no DIRECT help will be given. If anything is done at all it will be done through a string of banks about as long as the Nites of Columbus oath, and every bank will get its rake-off. By the time the little tad of "help" gets down to the poor cotton raiser he will be paying about ten per cent compound interest on it, and he will be tied head and foot with mortgages till he can't wiggle his toes. How long will the Democratic cotton raisers of the South stand for such business? After this direct slap in the face, if they still go on voting the mule's daddy ticket, they DESERVE to suffer. That's all I've got to say.

THE CONQUERED CONTINENT

Hell from beneath hath lifted up its head
And leered upon us with its awful smile,
While devils reap the harvest of the dead,
In silent windrows banking mile on mile.

God from above hath turned away His face,
And all the hosts of heaven stand aghast
To see such slaughter of the human race
On battlefields so bloody and so vast.

O, bleeding Europe, where the red tide foams,
With millions marching to the drums that beat—
What wilt thou have for all thy ruined homes,
And all thy hopes in ashes at thy feet?

Can vengeance pay for fathers and for sons,
Or build again the cities and the towns?
Can wives and mothers love the conquering guns,
Or children climb and kiss victorious crowns?

Ah, mark ye not the boundaries of states,
To say that these have won and those have lost.
A curse upon thy childish tribal hates
That purchase homage at so great a cost!

Death is the victor—he it is that wins,
And, all alike, the bleeding nations lose!
O Europe, dying for thy rulers' sins,
Sad that self-murder is the death ye choose!

—James Larkin Pearson.

A GIGGLE AND A WOPE.

Wholesome fun is all right in its place. A good laugh is better medicine than pills or paregoric. When a smile comes in at the door, "that tired feeling" goes out at the window. Grins and grouches can't live together.

The Fool-Killer has always tried to keep the corners of its mouth turned up, and its windows open to the sun. And when the sun didn't shine, it has turned on the electric light and whistled "Hurrah for the World and His Wife" in the key of F sharp.

And that ain't so bad. If my tomfool gabometer has eased the pangs of somebody's ingrowing grouch, or kept some reader's incipient blues from becoming malignant, the effort has not been wasted. I might have tried harder and done worse. It is better to perform a little duty well than to fall down flat on a big one.

The Fool-Killer is glad to have had the privilege of serving its readers with fresh, ripe smiles on toast, with a hot roasted grin for dessert, and it will endeavor to keep its literary pantry supplied with these good things right along.

But times have changed, and conditions have changed with them, and the world will never be the same any more. What was appropriate in the past is not appropriate now. Good as fun is in its place, it can't fill all the demands of these perilous times. A good thick smear of the sop of seriousness just about hits the spot.

The Fool-Killer will have fun a-plenty for those who want to laugh, and also some serious talk for those who feel that way. And if you feel both ways at once, you ought to get religion, wash your feet, send in a club and be happy.

PERSONAL CHAT.

Now, boys, here goes for the "Personal Chat" once more. I always enjoy these personal chats, because they seem to bring me closer my readers than anything else I write. It is here that we can clasp hands across the distance and feel that we are one big family of workers in a common cause. I can tell you what I am trying to do and thank you for what you are doing to help me.

Say, I have been wondering all during the past month if it would be possible for me to offer you any better rates on subscriptions than I have been doing. Looks like there is mighty little margin on the 15-cent rate, and it just won't do to put it below the actual cost of production. Anybody knows that. Even editors have to eat a little once in a while.

But here's just the size of it. Times are hard, and money scarce, and everything running pretty much on the ragged edge. To try to deny the facts, or hedge around them, only makes matters worse. As Grover once said, this is "a condition, and not a theory," that we are bucking up against right now. We've simply got to face it and do the best we can. I am willing to divide with my readers just as long as there is anything to divide. And so, for awhile at least, I am going to risk my chances on a

Special Reduced Rate of
TEN CENTS A YEAR
In Clubs of Five or More.

I can't promise how long this rate will run. It may be withdrawn in next issue. And so everybody had better rush in while the door is open. I am expecting every day to hear that the price of print paper has gone up, and if that happens the ten-cent rate will have to be withdrawn right then.

But this offer, while it lasts, will give lots of people a chance to get The Fool-Killer for ten cents a year who have hesitated to pay fifteen cents for it. A nickel isn't much in prosperous times, but it shore is some money these days.

And now, boys, this is the best I can do. The proposition is before you. The result will have to rest with you comrades out in the field. Jump up on a soap-box and holler it out to everybody that they can all get The Fool-Killer for ten cents a year—if they will hurry. Then you gather up the dimes and send in a club of five, or ten, or as many more as you can get at the same price. Now, friends, you do your part and I'll do mine.

I had 34 cents saved up toward buying me an automobile next spring, but now they've gone and put a "war tax" on 'em, I jist ain't going to buy nary one. You hear that, don't you?

If Woodpile has to put a "war tax" on us while we are at peace with the whole world, what in the blistering blazes will he do for us when we get into war? Scratch your head five times and clear up your throat before you answer.

REDUCED CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, TEN CENTS A YEAR

The regular price of single subscriptions to the Fool-Killer has always been 25 cents, or 15 cents in clubs of five or more. But since Wilson has made times so prosperous and reduced the cost of living, I have decided to give bargain rates on The Fool-Killer for awhile. Until further notice, subscriptions will be accepted, in clubs of five or more at one time, at ten cents per year each.

The Fool-Killer is nearly five years old. It has become an established institution and is well known all over the country. It now has a national circulation of over 25,000 copies each month. It goes to every state in the Union, and also to Cuba, Canada, England, Africa, and many foreign lands.

At the very low price I make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. Address all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

THE PEACE PRAYER

Sunday, October 4, was the day set apart by President Tumulty for all the people of the Benited States to join in a prayer to God for peace in Europe. According to newspaper reports the day was widely observed. But when America got off of her knees and craned her neck over toward Europe, she said:

"Just like I expected! They are still fighting!"

If there had been in all America an amount of faith equal to a grain of mustard-seed, the prayer might have prevailed and stopped the war. But all the faith could have been put in the hollow of a half grown mustard-seed, and still there would have been room to hide the souls of every monarch in Europe.

But America prayed, or at least went through the motions of praying, and God, who notes every sparrow's fall, must have heard. But can you imagine what that collective prayer sounded like when it reached the ear of the Omnipotent? Gathered up through the great funnel of the skies and poured into the prayer jug of the Recording Angel, I wonder if the mixture didn't look something like this:

"O Lord, it seems like things are getting miserably balled up down here on earth. Looks like we are just bound to have some help pretty soon, or Thy entire footstool is going to the bow-wows. Lord, we don't like to bother Thee with our troubles, and we don't very often, but this is an urgent case. Thy loving children over in Europe are murdering each other as a mark of brotherly affection, and it looks to us like they are sorter over-doing the job. We know that war is a good thing to have, and that Thou delightest in seeing Thy Christian followers fight each other, but Thou hast taught us to be temperate in all things. Kill just a few thousand at a time, then rest awhile and kill some more. That is the method adopted by our good Christian government, the Benited State of America. We have a feeling, somehow, that Thy faithful followers in Europe are carrying their pleasant pastime a little too far. We pray, therefore, that Thou wilt stop the present war and save a few men for other happy occasions of this kind. If all the men are killed at once it will be like eating up all the cake and having none for next mess. Therefore make them stop it. A little at a time, and the fun will last longer. That has always been the Christian custom in the conduct of wars and other forms of worship.

"Lord, Thou knowest that the Christian nations don't want to fight each other, but they can't help it. It is such glorious fun for men to get their heads blowed off and their bowels ripped out that they just will rush into it, and Thy holy and peace-loving monarchs like Emperor Bill, Czar Nick and King George can't hold them back. Even the Pappy of Rome, with all of his power, couldn't do a thing. He couldn't even get the Saint Ann bones to work their charm on himself so as to keep him alive. That will cause some of those wicked papers like The Fool-Killer to say that the Pappy didn't have as much power as he claimed to have. And so we good Christians here in America are now pleading with Thee, O Lord, to take a hand in this matter and settle it. Of course, back yonder a few months ago when we were down in Mexico murdering school children by the hundreds, we didn't pray to Thee to stop us. We considered it a solemn Christian duty to make those Greasers salute our Christian flag. Speaking of that salute —'sh!—'sh—don't mention it! And we haven't wasted any prayers over the civil war in Colorado, where Thy servant Johndee has been murdering helpless women and children by the wholesale. We considered all those outrages (including the "burnt offerings" at Ludlow) as simply a part of Johndee's devotional exercises. Knowing him to be such a good Christian and Sunday School worker, we hated to ask Thee to interfere with his operations.

Lord, we know that the Socialists are going to throw it up to us about praying for peace in Europe and at the same time shipping over ten million bushels of wheat per week, and other things in proportion, to feed and equip the soldiers and prolong the war. The Socialists are saying that if we wouldn't send Europe any supplies it would soon have to quit fighting and go to work. There might be some truth in that, but then we can't afford to take the advice of them old Socialists. They are the folks who want to destroy our happy homes. The war is not destroying happy homes, is it, Lord? Besides, we've just got to sell our stuff to the warring nations because our speculators need the money, and the poor working people of America ain't got nothing to buy with. We American Christians are powerfully worked up and running over with sympathy for the sufferers of Europe, but we ain't got any sympathy to waste on the destitute, suffering millions of our own country.

Now, Lord, that seems to about cover the ground. We don't know anything else to say. President Tumulty told us to pray for peace, and we have prayed. We hope Thou wilt take the matter under consideration and see what can be done about it. Amen.

COMING OR GOING—WHICH?

Here in North Carolina there is a big fight on hand over a certain Physical Geography that has been adopted for use in the public schools. It seems that the Geography teaches that the origin of man is not known, but that scientists agree that he evoluted up from some form of animal life.

Some of the orthodox religionists are in arms against the book, and there promises to be hair and horns all through the air.

Now The Fool-Killer is not in the business of settling such disputes as that, but in this case it seems to your Uncle that the new Geography and its enemies are ALL wrong. The latest evidence seems to prove that man, instead of evoluting up from the animal race, has simply remained an animal, and is getting more like a beast every day. Even those who might be said to have evoluted a little have now got their evoluter tail end foremost and are hurrying back to the jungle state at a mile-a-minute clip. It doesn't take Geographies or Bibles either to settle that. Look at Europe.

The Fool-Killer is glad to welcome into the ranks of Moravian Falls journalism another new paper called "The Dixie Suffragist" the first issue of which has just appeared, bearing an October date-line. The new paper is a five-column folio monthly, and Mr. John B. Greer is the editor and publisher. It will be devoted entirely to the great and growing woman suffrage movement, with which The Fool-Killer is in full sympathy, and I am glad that this worthy cause is to have another champion in the South. Mr. Greer is an able and earnest young man, and I take pleasure in recommending "The Dixie Suffragist" to any of my readers who are interested in the woman suffrage movement.

A "war tax" on campaign lies would be a paying proposition. Why don't somebody call Uncle Sam's attention to that?

It is said that Sampson slew more men in his death than in his life. It seems that European royalty, knowing that its day of judgment has come, is trying to do the Sampson act.

THESE "CHRISTIAN" NATIONS.

'Whenever I hear somebody referring to these Benited States as a "Christian nation," I always want to ask him to describe what a cruel, craven Christless, heartless, hellish heathen nation would be like.

Chirstian nation, your foot!

If this is a Christian nation it is a hard slam on Christianity and a compliment to the heathen.

Woodpile Wilson and William Jawbone Bryan are "nominal" Christians. That is, they PROFESS to be Christians. So does the Emperor of Germany, the Czar of Russia, and the Kings of England and France. They are all "Christians!" And look at 'em! Up to their necks in the blood of their suffering citizens, and still crying for more blood. It seems to take solid oceans of blood to satisfy the cravings of a "Christian" monarch. And he pretends that his God is backing up all that bloody murder and writing it down to his credit in the Ledger of the Skies.

If such men are Christians, give me the heathen for mine. They, at least, are not infernal hypocrites. They may be ignorant—they may bow down to their gods of wood and stone—but they do the best they know, and that is a blamed sight better than the "Christians" do. Darkest Africa could now, with entire propriety, go to sending missionaries to Europe. But she will probably keep on the safe side and wait until the "Christians" quit fighting—if they ever do.

I bring no indictment against true Christianity. It is the finest thing in the world—and about the scarcest. The point is that these big bullies of nations that call themselves "Christian" are just plain liars, and hypocrites on top of it.

But we, standing over here and looking on, are apt to think that our Christianity is a better grade of stuff than they have in Europe. Not a bit of it. All cut out of the same cloth, and not a thread of real Christianity in it. We are "armed to the teeth" and still arming. We must have some notion of fighting, else why such preparation? The only reason we are not now embroiled in the sickening murderfest is the good luck that placed us on the opposite side of the world. And if we keep out it will be that more than anything else, and not because we are any better "Christians" than the others. Indeed, if Jesus Christ should appear in Washington tomorrow and say some of the things that He said in Jerusalem, He would not fare any better than He fared in Jerusalem.

GREATEST EXPOSURE OF ROMANISM

Ever published—32 pages, illustrated. Send one cent (1c) stamp to cover postage and it will be sent to you by return mail. Address: HENRY M. TICHENOR, 411 Olive St., Saint Louis, Mo.

Just a Little Bunch of Cotton in Your Ear.

Mister Ladies, give attention!
Here's a thing I want to mention;
It concerns the way and manner you must dress;
Honest, though, you should have gotten
Posted as to "wearing cotton"
From the campaign that is raging in the press.

In the papers, night and morning,
You're confronted with the warning
That the cotton market's busted, mighty near,
And the papers are declaring
You can save the day by wearing
Just a little bunch of cotton in your ear.

No, of course you're not expected
To be shadowed or detected
In the act of wearing any sort of clothes;
For the job of buying rations
Plays the mischief with the fashions,
And we've got to face a multitude of woes.

But you can't ignore the pleading
Of the planters who are needing
Your assistance in this awful day of fear;
Therefore "Buy a Bale" and eat it,
And then face the world and greet it
With a little bunch of cotton in your ear.

James Larkin Pearson.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ADAM RACHFORD, Box 47, Beaumont, Tex.—Enclosed find money order for $2.10 for 14 subs. This is all I can get at present, but I have some more in view.

WM. W. THOMPSON, Fredericksburg Ohio.—I have kicked myself all over the back yard trying to cure the "fool." It helps, but does not cure. You have the never-failing medicine. For the enclosed 25c send me a year's treatment.

D. HENDERSON, Box 153, Louise, Tex.—The Fool-Killer, Dear Pap:—Look on the other side of this sheet and find seven names and addresses for seven scalps, and also find money order in this letter for $1.05. I will try to do better next time.

L. J. RANTZ, Star Rt., Lock Haven, Pa.—If it please you to send me several sample copies during the next six weeks I will get some subs for you. The Fool-Killer is the proper antidote, and I can recommend it. I am filing every copy for future use.

FRED P. WATE, Sec. S. P. Local, Red Bluff, Calif.—For the enclosed money order please send The Fool-Killer to the names attached. I have read just one copy of your paper—a stray one—and like its punch. Hereafter I will keep your little giant in mind when I meet a "dead one."

FLOYD FARMER, Wesley, Ga.—Dear Sir:—I am enclosing 75c to pay for a club of five to The Fool-Killer. Please enter the enclosed names on your list of wise men and send them your paper one year. Please get our names in the pot in time for us to get the next issue.

ED. L. HORNSBY, R 1, Tallassee, Ala.—Enclosed find money order for 75c, and forward The Fool-Killer for one year to each of the enclosed names. I got these five names in about 45 minutes, and if I had the time to spare I could get many more subs. These five persons are Socialists. The Fool-Killer is some great paper, and my friends and I will always speak a good word in its behalf.

J. A. MILLS, 4033 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.—Dear Comrade Pearson:—I failed to receive my three copies of The Fool-Killer for September. I do not think my time is out. Please see what is wrong. I cannot keep house without The Fool-Killer, so don't break up my happy home.

ANSLEY A. RUMMEL, R 1, Bx 42, Creekside, Pa.—Dear Comrade Pearson:—Having been a subscriber to your good little paper, I decided to get up a club again. So here is a money order for $4.20. This is the second club I have sent you. I got 27 and will pay up my own sub, making 28 in all.

C. P. ANDREWS, Sec. S. P. Local, Dinuba, Calif—Dear Comrade.—I have just read with pleasure the last issue of your paper and I want to congratulate you on having joined the Socialist movement. We need you and your paper. Enclosed find money order to pay for five subs. Long live The Fool-Killer and its editor. Will send you the names of some Local Secretaries in this county.

MRS. C. R. STURTEVANT, Box 13, Crobsy, Pa.—Editor Fool-Killer:—I know many readers of your paper wish you to enlarge it.'' Now, if I could have my wish, instead of a larger paper it would be printed twice a month. I like a small paper to hand out to the folks, but I don't like the long, long wait between times. What say you? Think it can ever be done? I am sending you addresses of a few people. See that they get something good to read.

J. M. JOHNSON, Clarksville, Fla.—If I know myself and the platform of the Socialist party, I am a Socialist. It is the principle I have always wanted to support and have always tried to support. Unless it deviates from its present platform I shall always support the Socialist party. There is but one thing now to keep us from having as good a government as we need, and that is, there are too many Henry Dubbs in the way. But to the best of my judgment they are getting their eyes open faster and faster.

PAUL M. LANGE, Sgt. 1st Class Hosp. Corps, U. S. Army, Fort Clark, Brackettville, Texas.—Enclosed find moneyorder for $1.50 for which please send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed ten names for one year. Your little paper is O. K. I heartily agree with you on the Catholic question. Of course I am an army man, but I believe in hewing to the line and letting chips fall where they may. That is why I am paying the subscriptions herewith enclosed.

D. F. PERON, Blue Lake, Calif.—Dear Comrade:—I received the Sept. Fool-Killer and notice your request. I wish to support all Socialist papers as much as I possibly can. I subscribe to seven papers and two magazines. They cost me more than I ought to spend of my family's money, but my heart is there and I simply can't help it. In my town many subscribe to your paper, and many others besides. But there are some who don't want to spend one cent for papers—all for booze. I like your paper. Too bad it don't come oftener. I suppose you have seen that little book given away by The Appeal entitled "Who is Who." I am in it, and am proud of it, even if the master sends me to jail some day for my good work. I am 69 years old and a barber, with my son Jules, and we have a long chance to talk. You can count on us, and also on my partner, Mrs. D. F. Peron. She is just as good a Socialist as any good one. We are living in hope. We are teaching every day in the year, and for our trouble we are getting a million kicks.

B. B. BRADLEY, Newport News, Va.—Friend Pearson:—Enclosed you will find 75c. Please send The Fool-Killer to these names. Wish I could send you more, but it seems mighty hard to get a fellow to cough up a few nickels. You know the system we are living under don't allow a fellow any money for literature, because when you get a Billy Bonehead to reading you will get his eyes open, and that is just what our masters are afraid of. You know we are not supposed to have anything but a little sow-bosom and ash-cake—that will give us strength enough to keep on slaving for our masters so they can have more monkey suppers and more gasoline buggies. I saw in your last issue that there are some people who want to dictate how you must run The Fool-Killer. Now you take my advice and don't pay any attention to those fool Smart Elicks. Just roll up your sleeves and spit in your hands and go at them like you have been doing. Hit 'em hard—I like to see 'em flinch. I certainly enjoyed that Sunday School lesson about Ludlow, Colorado. Give us another lesson. I will switch off now and try to come again with more subs. The only fault I find with The Fool-Killer is that it don't come every day.

ROOSEVELT NO MORE.

The following dead-shot "confession of faith" is quoted from an anti--Catholic paper called The Peril, edited by George D. Beason and published at Wilkesboro, North Carolina. Listen:

"The editor of The Peril has voted for Theodore Roosevelt every time a chance was afforded, but he will vote for him no more, nor for any other candidate who is a Romanist or a so-called Protestant who favors Rome for Catholic votes. Roosevelt has recently stated in public print that he took a Roman Catholic priest with him as a companion on his recent South American trip. That settles it with us. It has also reached this office from several reliable sources that Roosevelt's private secretary at the present time is a Roman Catholic and a Knight of Columbus. The Peril recently sent one of its reporters to interview Roosevelt on his stand on the great question of the day—political Romanism. He refused the reporter an interview, with the promise that he would write his views direct to the Peril. This he has not done. WE HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THEODORE ROOSEVELT IS THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN AMERICAN POLITICS TODAY. He is unquestionably a henchman of the Roman Political Machine.

"THIS YEAR AND IN THE YEARS TO COME THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER PROPOSES TO VOTE FOR TRUE AMERICANS FOR OFFICE IRRESPECTIVE OF WHAT PARTY THEY BELONG TO, AND WE CALL UPON EVERY VOTER TO JOIN US IN DOING THIS. IT WILL MEAN THE COMPLETE OVERTHROW OF THE ROMAN POLITICAL MACHINE IN THIS COUNTRY."

Gimme your hand on that, old sport! Your experience and mine—with regard to Toothadore Specksvelt—are as much alike as two black-eyed peas. Only it didn't take me as long to learn my lesson as it seems to have taken you. This new knowledge that is so startling to you is ancient history to me. I long ago got wised up to the fact that the Lion-Eater was just like the rest of the plutocratic humbugs—out for political pie and personal glory, with not one speck of interest in the welfare of the people. But say, Beason, if you don't vote for Romanists sympathizers, who in the gee-whiz are you going to vote for? Looks to me a sight like you have landed right into the Socialist camp and didn't know it. For be it known unto you, my brother, that no other party is going to put out a candidate who opposes Rome. Hurrah for Comrade Beason! Next!

You never know today who will be president of Mexico tomorrow.

"FEED AMERICA FIRST"

This seems to be a day of new "slogans," and how will the above heading do for one? Try your mouth on it a few times—"Feed America First." Don't that have about the right jingle?

Readers of newspapers and magazines have been bombarded from all sides with "Buy a Bale of Cotton," "Made in America," "See America First," and probably others of the same kind. They are all right. I ain't got a word to say against them. A good collection of "slogans" is a mighty nice thing to have about the house. But it seems to me that our collection is not yet complete, and with your kind permission I wish to add another—"Feed America First."

I am not opposed to giving Europe all the help and sympathy we can spare. The Lord knows she needs it. But sympathy and human kindness should begin at home. We have plenty of poverty, hunger and destitution right here in Aemrica, and are sure to have more. Millions of people out of work and on starvation right now, and what it will be when winter closes in is too awful to think about.

Yet in the face of these conditions, our capitalistic bosses—the owners of America—are sending food to Europe by ship-loads every week. This food goes to feed the soldiers and keep them fighting, when otherwise they might quit fighting and go to work. But the grain speculators and food sharks must have the money, and it don't matter to them what becomes of our own poor—the jobless and the hungry who must face actual starvation this coming winter.

Here we are in a land that produces more food than the whole population could use if everybody got enough—and yet half of the people must go hungry. And they are the very people who do most of the hard, slavish work.

Therefore, I suggest that our official and commercial masters lower their sights a little and try looking closer home for somebody that needs help. In other words—"Feed America First."

Pray for peace, but vote for the parties that uphold war. You'll be certain to accomplish wonders at that sort of a game.

Ten million bushels of wheat going to Europe every week to feed the soldiers and prolong the war. And ten million people right here at home who will starve for that wheat next winter. We are committing a double crime, and still have the gall to pose as a "great Christian nation!" Eternal shame on such pretended Christianity!

The "Rockefeller Foundation," established and owned by John-dee, now proposes to "investigate" the Rockefeller outlawry in the Colorado strike region. Take it from me, that will be some investigation. Imagine the murderer placed in the judge's chair to pass sentence on himself. Excuse me till I get done laughing.

The Fool=Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. V. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER, 1914. NO. 9

IT'S ALL OVER.

THE LASH.

Well, the polls are all closed and the voting all done,
And the hand-shaking stunt is now ended;
The bought 'ns and drunk 'ns are wagging away,
On whom all the bosses depended.

The booze-jugs are empty, the stoppers are gone,
The grafters have mounted their perch—
The praying "ameners" who voted for sots,
Are heading again for the church.

Hypocricy's common at every precinct,
To each church a stumbling block goes,
While the Devil's all smiles to the end of his horns,
And Christianity's holding its nose.

PROCKSGIVING THANKLAMATION.

By President Tumulty Woodpile.

Well, feller citizens, according to the government's medical almanac, we are getting around again to the time of year when it is cuss-to-Mary for the Pope's agent in the White House to send out a Procksgiving Thanklamation. Now therefore, I, Tumulty Woodpile, president of the Benited States of Plutocarcy, having been put through the Twilight Sleep, have been successfully delivered of the following:

All people of these Benited States are hereby notified that the first thing to be thankful for this time is the Atlantic Ocean. Never did the old Atlantic look so good to us as it does at present. There have been times when we have thought that theCreator was unnecessarily wasteful with his water supply when he made the Atlantic Ocean, but now we can begin to appreciate His wisdom. Just now it ain't any too wide to suit us, and if it was a few thousand miles wider it wouldn't hurt. The further we can be from Europe these days the better it pleases us.

Therefore all you slaves who call yourselves free citizens should give thanks to Rocky D. Oilyfeller because he has kindly consented for you to live here in his country, provided you will do just as he says, give him everything you work for and never go on a strike.

But while we are giving thanks that we live outside of the war zone, we must remember that the war is a blessing to us. In the first place, it has been a mighty fine excuse for the hard times we have been having, and if it hadn't been for the war the administration would have had to bear the blame.

And we must be thankful that the same cause which we said made the hard times is now promising to give us good times. Let us be thankful for the great market which the war is making for the abundant crops which we have raised. Let us be thankful for the speculators who have cornered these crops and are making millions selling them to Europe. Let us be thankful that the poor farmers who raise the crops will not get much of the profits, because if they did they would get the big-head. Let us be thankful that all the wheat, corn, and other food stuffs are being shipped to Europe, so that our own poor will have to starve this winter. It serves them right. The poor farmers and wage-slaves are getting so full of this-here darned Socialism that they are a menace to the country, and it will be a blessing if they all perish. Maybe we can then raise up another generation which will be more humble and obedient to the masters.

Let us be thankful for the capitalist class, because without it the workers would get too independent. Even now it is all that Rockageer, Carnafeller & Co. can do to hold them in check.

Let us be thankful that the war in Europe leaves no room in the papers to tell about the uncivil wars in Colorado, Arkansas, and elesewhere in this country, in which General Dollar is leading in the fight against the workers. Let us be thankful that only one Socialist was elected to Congress this time, and let us tell all the lies on him that we possibly can. Let us be thankful that the masses have not yet learned to vote as they pray, because that would be a death blow to our present system of legalized robbery.

There are many other things for which we people of the Benited States of Plutocracy ought to be thankful, but these I have mentioned are the principal ones.

In view of all these great blessings which the plutes of our land are enjoying, it seems proper for us to appoint Thursday, November 26th as a day on which the under dogs may come together and thank the Lord for their poverty and wretchedness, and for the bosses that keep them in that condition. And the bosses can thank the Lord for the slaves who are willing to keep on being slaves just because they ain't got any better sense.

(Signed)

TUMULTY WOODPILE.
Pres. B. S. P.

Billyum Jawbone,
Sec. of State.

A SERMON ON PATRIOTISM.

Well, honey, it looks like just as good a time as we'll get to fire off another sermon on "Patriotism." The Fool-Killer has preached from this text a time or two before, but the subject has not been exhausted and there is always something more to be said.

We hear a great deal of slobbery gush about "Patriotism" in these days, and it might do us good to investigate just a little.

What sort of a looking thing is "Patriotism," anyhow?

Where did it orignally come from, and what ticket does it vote?

Ask a Redemocan that question and he'll very gladly inform you tha it always votes the Redemocan ticket. Ask somebody else, and you'll get a different answer.

It all depends.

In the language of my old friend, Postle Paul, Patriotism is all things to all men.

Now here:

I know a man who hates everybody but himself. He goes heavily armed and is a terror to his family and his neighbors. He just struts and brags about what a great fellow he is, and swears he could whip a whole township with one hand tied behind him. If I had to pick out a word to describe that fellow, I would call him a "Self-Patriot."

I know another man who loves his own home, but hates the homes of his neighbors worse than poison. He would burn his neighbor's house at the drop of a hat. Just as well call that fellow a "Home-Patriot" and let it go at that.

Another gentleman of my acquaintance loves his county just like all fury, but hates every other county in his state worse than the devil. All it takes to get up a fight with that fellow is to tell him you are from some other county. That very minute his fighting blood gets active. He can't give you any reason for it, except that his nature just ain't big enough to comprehend more than one county. What's the matter with "County Patriot" for him?

Another fine sample of citizenship who is just one degree broader is a great lover of his state,and would defend it with his life; but any man who happens to live two hundred yards beyond his state line is his bitter enemy. This man is a "State-Patriot."

Now, Mister, what do you think about all these various "patriots?" Don't you think they are the biggest blamed fools you ever heard tell of? You think they would be better Patriots if they had "broader" views, don't you? For instance, you think, maybe, that they ought to stretch their patriotism enough to take in a certain group of States, or a certain nation in which they happen to live, and that they ought ot stop there. Your "National Patriot" must love his own nation, but he must hate all other nations and he must be prepared to fight them at a moment's notice. Not because the other people are not just as good as he is, but because his "Patriotism" wasn't cut quite big enough to cover them.

Now look here, sonny:

If I've got a good tail-hold on your argument, it seems like we are getting around to the conclusion that "National Patriotism" is better than the smaller brands we've been talking about. If that's so, why wouldn't "Internaional Patriotism" be still better? Why not have a heart big enough to embrace the whole world and regard all men as brothers? Taking it up one side and down t'other, the people of one nation are just about as good as another, or a little bit better. When we grow intellectually tall enough to look out across the imaginary lines that men have drawn about over the face of the earth, and recognize the good in all men, then we will quit fighting and begin to live like brothers.

"International Patriotism" is what we want.

They say times are getting good again—for the capitalists and speculators. But that class have been doing well enough all the time. The thing we want is some good times for the working feller. What do you know about that?

Socialism is a wedge that is being driven into the butt-cut of political cussedness, and every election drives it a little deeper. It is making the capitalistic splinters crack like all sixty, and pretty soon the old rotten chunk will pop open.

The warring governments of Europe are encouraging all soldiers to marry before they enlist, in order that the ranks of posterity may be filled. They have reduced the cost of marriage licenses, but nothing has been said about reducing the lost of raising a baby.

Say, Buddy, you remember that "Peace Sunday" that Woodpile appointed and asked everybody to go to church and pray for peace in Europe. Well, just the day before the prayers were to be sent up, a ship left New York harbor with sixteen million rifle cartridges to be used in the war that "Christian" America was going to ask God to stop. No wonder the prayers didn't rise higher than the market price of muskets and bullets.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart,	25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More,	15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm. Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for Oct., 1914.

Editor, J. L. Pearson Moravian Falls, N. C.
Man. Ed., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Bus. Man., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of Sept., 1914. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

PERSONAL TO YOU.

Howdy, comrades!

Hope you are all feeling good.

I hardly know how to express my thanks to you for the splendid work you have been doing for me. If I had 1,000 arms, and every arm was 1,000 miles long, I'd just like to hug every one of you. But I've only got two poor little arms, and they are kept so busy that I don't hardly get time to hug my old woomern.

Since I reduced the club price from fifteen cents to ten cents the clubs have literally poured in from every nook and corner of the United States. Several club-raisers have sent in three or four clubs a week right along. I have been trying to acknowledge the receipt of all clubs, but during the past two or three weeks they have come in so fast that I have got behind and can't catch up. Therefore a good many clubs have not yet been acknowledged in the usual way. To those club-raisers who have not received my regular letter of acknowledgment, let me say here that I appreciate your help more than words can express.

As stated in the October issue, I can't tell how long the ten-cent rate will run. If the price of print paper goes up (which I am expecting) it will have to be withdrawn. But we will risk it for another month, anyway. So tell all your friends to hurry and jump in while the bars are down.

Comrades, you know The Fool-Killer is your paper as well as mine, and I want you every one to take a personal interest in it. Don't rest, and don't let anybody else rest, until everybody in your neighborhood are subscribers to The Fool-Killer. If ever the common people needed to do some independent thinking it is now, and The Fool-Killer will give them something to think about.

Now do your best, friends. Just "shell the woods" with Fool-Killers, and don't let a man escape. Let the clubs pour in here like four men a-measuring apples, and if I don't keep 'em awake you may have my head for a maul.

HERE'S THE REASON

Friends, I hate like all sixty for The Fool-Killer to be so late, but there is a good reason for it. Sickness in my home has made it impossible for me to give proper attention to the paper for some time past, but I am hoping that the worst is over and that I will now be able to catch up and keep up. Also, for the same reason, my personal and business correspondence has been much neglected. If I am due you a letter, let this be my apology for not writing. I am doing the best I can.

The constantly growing Socialist vote must make the old-partyites feel sorter like the antedeluvians felt when they saw the flood coming up over the land. The plutes used to laugh at the Socialists, just like those folks laughed at Noah; but now it is getting to be a serious matter with them.

PRECEDENT vs. PROGRESS.

One of the hang-takedest, dog-bitedest, nonsensical, unreasonable words that Noah Webster ever trotted to sleep on his manly knee and put to bed between the covers of his diction book, is that little scoudrel they spell this way:

"P-r-e-c-e-d-e-n-t."

I shall now take that word for my text and preach you a little sermon. You know the accepted meaning of the word. Or if you don't you'd better dig into your Webster and find out.

Miss Precedent is the accomplished daughter of Mr. Precede, and the grand-daughter of old Uncle Go-Before. She is supposed to be a pattern—an example—something to go by. The idea is that you must not do anything unless somebody else has done the same thing, or something just like it, before.

It is enough to tickle a wooden Indian to see some great jack-leg statesman bounce upon a cracker box, cram his handkerchief in his breeches and mop his face with his shirt-tail, and then chew up a square mile of perfectly good atmosphere trying to find a "precedent" for this, that and the other.

Why, ding it, mister, what if old Adam had waited to find a "precedent" before he started to raising babies—where do you reckon you would have been at today? If everybody must have a pattern to go by, who in the Tom Thunder will make the patterns?

Go back to the very beginning—before man had accomplished anything. It looks to me like some daredevil of a fellow, had to hit out for himself—take a leap in the dark—and do something. He couldn't have had any pattern to go by, either. Somebody, some time, and somewhere, had to make the first "precedent" or the blamed thing never would have been made. And if that somebody had a right to do it, why haven't you and I the same right?

But still we are slaves to precedent. Here we sit like a pack of blamed idiots, afraid to risk our own judgment.

Back in the dim past a crowd of our ancestors got together and hewed out a plan of government. They made it just as perfect as they could, of course, and it was all right for that day and time. But one generation of people can't look ahead and know what future generations will need.

To say that this government reached perfection in its infancy, and that no further improvements are possible, is the same as to say that the new-born babe is wiser than the old college professor. It is the same as to say that the school-boy's first crude essay is better and more perfect than the masterpiece of a Shakespeare.

I reverence and respect our forefathers as much as anybody. They were brave, honest and patriotic old souls. But they didn't know it all. We don't accept them as our authority in modes of travel. They had the stagecoach; we have the automobile and Pullman car. We have improved their method of sending news. They started a runner on horseback; we send it over a wire or an ether wave. They would have burnt a man at the stake if he had talked about flying, but we can fly.

Shucks, it would take a week to name all the things common to us that our forefathers knew nothing about. Just suppose we had accepted them as our final authority on science and invention, and had hung every man who tried to improve something. The year 1914 would have been found sucking the hind tit of 1776, with the lice of ignorance a foot thick all over it.

Now, then. Just think a minute. If the good old men of those early days had such a limited knowledge of our material progress, and of what our industrial needs would be, how on earth did it happen that they were so all-wise in matters of government? How could they know just exactly what form of government would suit us best here in this Twentieth Century?

Here we are, a nation of living people, hemmed in and fenced about with the thoughts and theories of dead men, and with an ingrowing belief that we haven't the right to change anything.

Fiddlesticks! Why didn't our Revolutionary ancestors build a big insane asylum to put us all in if they thought we wouldn't have sense enough to take care of ourselves?

They mixed up a jug of politics and left it in the closet, with instructions for us to take a dose of it every so often. Well, we've been taking it like good babies, but now the blamed stuff has soured and stinks worse than the very devil. I'm in favor of pouring out the whole rotten mess, scalding the jug, and trying something else awhile. What do you think about it, mister?

IDIOTORIALS.

Pronounce it Pat-riot-ism and you'll have it.

Prayers are cheap, but there is a profit in selling war supplies.

Belgium will be excused if she fails to observe Thanksgiving this year.

The killing of poor men will not stop as long as there is any profit in it for the rich men.

One thing for us to be thankful for is that we don't have to read the Russian war poems.

This must be a dull time for the publishers of histories of the American Civil War.

They are fixing to have another year. The medical almanacs for 1915 have begun to appear.

Headlines that report "Millions of Men Engaged" must make lots of the old maids jealous.

One thing can be said for the leaders in turbulent Mexico—they have never tried to pack off their meanness on God.

I'll bet my bale of cotton against your summer hat that you won't get any benefit out of the new currency plan—unless you are a banker.

A SERMON ON SINGING

There is a certain kind of unearthly screeching that they call " fashionable singing. " Ever hear any of it? If not, you've missed a treat. Just go into most any city church on Sunday morning and they'll give you a sample of it. Here's how you will know when it's a-coming; You'll see somebody go to the piano or pipe organ and begin to claw over the keys like a puppy digging for a ground-mouse. Then you'll see a young lady march out onto the stage with her arms full of sheet music and her face set like the time-lock on a national bank vault. She stops and gazes over the audience as solemnly as a convict going to the electric chair. Then she unfolds her music and begins to pucker her mouth till it looks like the blossom end of a swivelled cucumber. Everybody holds their breath. Something awful is about to happen.

Suddenly the young lady's mouth opens like the nose end of a tobacco sack, and you hear a noise that sounds like pulling a yard of bologna sausage through a tin horn. Her eyes seem to bore through the ceiling like two left-handed gimlets and her throat works-like a frog swallowing a June bug. Her voice seems to have been made in joints and put together with brass rings, and it rattles against her Adam's apple like dragging a log-chain over a bridge.

The audience leans forward and drinks it in like a young catbird eating a worm. Of course nobody understands a word of the song, and if they did the song would be a failure. It would not be "fashionable singing." The only thing required of you is to sit there like a chicken with the gapes and drink it in. Let it run in at both ears and ooze out through the pores of your soul.

The singer stops to get her breath and to wait for the audience to catch up. The organist hits the instrument in the face a few times like a nigger woman a beating out peas, and then they sail in again. Lickety-split they go, up and down the scale, like two hound dogs after a rabbit, and all the while the expression on the singer's face looks like a mixture of cramp colic, death agony, a toothache and a sneeze.

Once in a while the jointed melody comes in such volumes that it almost jars the shingles loose, and then it fades away till it sounds like where the little end of a cat-fight tapers off to nothing.

And when it is all over, you go home feeling like somebody had run a wood rasp over your sore tooth. But it is the Fashion, you know, and Fashion is a great old gal.

In view of the election returns, it looks like the Bull Moose might just as well be placed in the National Museum with the rest of the Roosevelt relics.

REDUCED CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, TEN CENTS A YEAR

The regular price of single subscriptions to the Fool-Killer has always been 25 cents, or 15 cents in clubs of five or more. But since Wilson has made times so prosperous and reduced the cost of living, I have decided to give bargain rates on The Fool-Killer for awhile. Until further notice, subscriptions will be accepted, in clubs of five or more at one time, at ten cents per year each.

The Fool-Killer is nearly five years old. It has become an established institution and is well known all over the country. It now has a national circulation of over 25,000 copies each month. It goes to every state in the Union, and also to Cuba, Canada, England, Africa, and many foreign lands.

At the very low price I make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. Address all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

A SERMON ON TATTLERS.

Hello there, Old Lady Tattletrap! The Fool-Killer is out after you scalp this trip. You old longtongued social viper and neighborhood nuisance, if you don't want me to run a red-hot pitchfork through your old slimy tongue, you had better reel in about 85 yards of it and tie a blanket over your mouth.

The tattler's tongue is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that has ever been discovered. It is loose at both ends and limber in the middle, and forked poison plays over it like lightning on a telegraph wire. It is the devil's Jewsharp, and he plays on it all the time.

The only thing a tattler knows to talk about is her neighbors, and she never lets one escape. If she hears something good about somebody she is very careful to forget it, but anything that can be twisted into a scandal is her greatest delight. She begins early and talks late, and the more she tells it the bigger it gets, until some innocent life is wrecked by the poison of a tattler's tongue.

A tattle is a gossip; a gossip is a liar, and a liar is the devil's yaller dog.

Whenever you find a tattler you find trouble—unless she is the leading lady at a funeral, and then everybody is glad and in a good humor.

And say, you old breeches-wearing Gabbyjacks, I ain't through till I give your old rusty simlins a few whacks. I know some of your kind of tattlers who are just as bad as the petticoat variety, and you every one ought to be shot in the mouth with a 48-calibre bucket of mud.

Yes, doggon your hateful pictures, you've always got your big dog-ears propped open to catch a bundle of news, and everything you catch is multiplied by four times the length of your venomous tongues and published in The Tattler's Trumpet, which circulates all over the world.

Friends, beware of the tattler's tongue. The man or woman who will backbite other people to you will backbite you to other people. Remember that. Treat a tattler as you would a rattler—keep out of its way.

THOSE WHO SUFFER.

While the air and the newspapers are filled with the names of the kings and emperors and generals and prime ministers and the statesmen of much or little power and influence in this general European war, what of the people of those countries?

The lives of millions of men are being thrown into the scales of war. The lives of scores of millions of women and children are to be cast after them.

What of these men, the brawn, the backbone of these countries that these royal snobs are tossing about as a child's toy? What of these women and children, these widows and orphans, doomed to lives of misery and suffering?

What do these millions of men know of this war, or what do they care for its causes?

Nothing.

What do these women and children know of this war or care for its so-called reasons?

Less than nothing.

They can't even guess why it is forced upon them.

The people, the common people, the workers, do the fighting in this and all other wars.

What for?

Nothing.

Worse than nothing.

They do the fighting, they get killed and crippled, and that is all.

Whether they win or lose the war, they lose for themselves.

If they should win they lose, and if they should lose they lose all the more.

Either way the people of warring countries always lose.

The people never win.

They do the fighting.

They do the suffering.

They do the dying.

They endure the privations.

They bear the burdens.

They pay the bills.

But they never get any of the rewards.

This war, like all other wars, is a clash of the big interests.

Like all other wars, this international blood-letting is for the benefit of the kings, the emperors, the financial monarchs, the jugglers in statecraft.

They will get all the returns.

They will gather in all the rewards.

They will harvest all the gains.

Oceans of blood will be shed, and millions of lives will go out amid tears and bitter groans.

But none of this blood—none of these lives—will be contributed by any of the kings and emperors, monarchs and potentates, and jugglers in statecraft.

Not one.

PERKINS, PROFIT & PUKE.

Here is a great joke. The United States Steel Company has adopted what it calls a "profit-sharing plan" and is going to give its wage-slaves just a tiny speck of its billion dollar profits.

"The men will appreciate it," said George W. Perkins, head of the steel trust. "If we act in good faith,, we will be willing to take the men into our confidence, for they will be our partners. This profit-sharing plan puts an incentive on individual initiative, and it will get the best there is in the men. Theoretically it is right—practically it must be."

Oh, he-haw! haw! haw! haw! For the Lord's sake, do come and rub my tummy. I am just bout to die with pure tickledness.

Law, yes, Perk, that is a great thought you have thunk out with your litte thinkeratus. To open up your old dough-bag and let the men who created your great wealth get just a tiny smell of what they have created—that will work wonders. It will be a great incentive to individual effort, and will cause the men to do their best. O, yes! Sure!

But hold on there, Perk! It seems sorter like I read t'other day something about how dangerous it is to give workers too much of what they produce. If you give the laborer the full value of what he produces— that is, if you give him ALL the profits—it will destroy his incentive to work and fill the land with idlers and deadbeats. You must give labor just enough of its own earnings to sorter half-way keep soul and body together, and you millionaires pocket the rest.

Now we are getting down to the facts. We are going to learn something pretty soon. The light is beginning to dawn. Now it is all as plain as a bug in your soup. Give the wage-slaves just a smell of the profits and they will work better. But give them enough to do some good—enough to keep them from going ragged and hungry—and it will take away all their incentive to work, fill the land with deadbeats, and cause the downfall of the nation. Fry a meat-skin and hold it under a man's nose and he will work his fool guts out to get it; but spread a feast of good things before him and it destroys all his "incentive" to eat and he just lies down and goes to sleep.

I say, Perk, that is a great idea! Why don't you and the rest of the plutes get a patent on it?

And that's what tickles me so. Haw! haw! haw!

GREATEST EXPOSURE OF ROMANISM

Ever published—32 pages, illustrated. Send one cent (1c) stamp to cover postage and it will be sent to you by return mail. Address: HENRY M. TICHENOR, 411 Olive St., Saint Louis, Mo.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REV. J. C. FINK, Morgantown, W. Va.—Please find enclosed one dollar for which send The Fool-Killer one year to the enclosed list of names. And you will please send to my address one dozen sample copies of the October number. Was glad to hear you had "jined" and have you Red Card. I "Jined" and have my Red Card and am not sorry of it. I preached last Sunday evening at the Local Hall, Morgantown; subject: "Christian Socialism." Large attendance; good attention, with quite a good effect in the Social Cause. I used a few facts from The Fool-Killer with grand results and great cheering; and here is ten subs and probably I can get more.

LOUIS KENT, R.F.D. 1, Honoraville, Ala.—I took The Fool-Killer some years agone. I liked it like O-hello, but I let my subscription run to seed. Haven't seen the paper here since Jones sold his old red cow. What does The Fool-Killer look like now? If you will send me a sample copy I will sure take it another year.

H. C. HANCOCK, Glock Station, Anderson, S. C.—I am willing to help you in getting subs. I am a subscriber, and everybody wants my Fool-Killer before I read it, and I think I could get some new subs by giving away some samples. I will see that every one you send is given to some man or woman. I only wish you could write a daily paper, for it is a fine little paper. Everybody here are anxious for The Fool-Killer to come, for that is Laughing Day. We have a good many Socialist papers come here. I hope the poor devils will learn something for themselves by reading, for that is the only chance. I am a cotton mill man myself, but I am learning every day. Send as many samples as you like. The October issue is a good one.

B. E. F. BUCKLEW, R. 4, Terra Alta, W. Va.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Here I come with a club of subs for The Fool-Killer. Enclosed please find post office money order for $4.60 Mr. Editor, please publish this bunch of subs. Has anybody beat it? If so, tell me who he or she is. The Fool-Killer is the best paper out. It isn't afraid to talk to 'em.

J. H. WYATT, Box611, Rocky Ford, Col.—Here comes an endorsement of your little Mustard Plaster from the Far West by a typical Westerner, and near where Johndee's murderous thugs and gunmen, under the guise of National Guards, murdered and burned helpless women and children. Retribution is due and is in order. Please find money order for 90 cents for which send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed names for one year. Please blister these fellows.

J. M. BROWN, 304 Lemon St., Palatka, Fla.—Enclosed find my subscription to The Fool-Killer for one year. I was an old subscriber when I lived at Leverett, Ga., and I raised several clubs of ten and fifteen for it. I am now living in Florida and would like to have The Fool-Killer here. If it needed anywhere in the United States it is in Florida. Please send it at once.

W. M. EMERICK, 208, Greenwood Ave., Punxsutawney Pa.—Enclosed please find postoffice money order for $1.50 for which send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed names. I picked up a copy of The Fool-Killer on a train; showed it to several friends, the said, "Let's subscribe." Should you have any extra copies on hand and . will send me some I will show them around.

G. W. TRUE, Kensington, Kans.—Comrade Pearson:—I got a sample copy of your paper on election day, and I thought it a little giant. So I concluded to get up a club, and this is what I got in two hours. Send your paper one year to these fifteen names, for which I enclose money order for $1.50.

L. C. HELMS, Cr. Jackson Cotton Mills, Monroe, N. C.—I am going to send you my subscription to The Fool-Killer one year. I found one of these Fool-Killer papers, and I sure do like it. I tell you one thing—if I can get it you won't fail to get 25 cents from me once a year. It beats any paper I have seen lately. If I had known there was such a paper I would have subscribed long ago.

LOU CARPENTER, Cuba, Kan.—Enclosed find money order for amount covering the enclosed 22 names. These few may help you some. I assure you that there was little time spent on my part in getting these, and if it is worth while to you to send me your paper, I will surely appreciate your kindness. I figure the total amount to be $2.20.

T. C. TURNER, Utica, Okla.—I enclose a money order for which send The Fool-Killer one year to the accompanying list of names, I welcome you to the Red Card Brigade, and I hope you'll be faithful to the cause of the workers. I was a Republican, and took The Yellow Jacket, which said so many things that Socialism stood for that in 1904 I commenced to investigate, and the more I investigated the more I was convinced that Socialism was right. I took your paper two years ago and would have continued, but I moved around so much that I didn't renew. I am located now for awhile and will try to send another club as soon as I can. I try to support every Socialist paper I can, but a capitalist paper I shun, because they are against my interests. I am with you exactly in regard to Catholicism, and I would like to see such rot stamped out; but they are here, and a few of them vote with us. Catholicism is the fountain head of all the infamous lies that are told on God. I long to see the day come when justice will prevail on earth, and every newspaper that advocates Socialism is surely hastening the day.

W. J. McCARD, Meansville, Ga.—Find enclosed money order for $2.00 to pay for 20 subscrpitions to The Fool-Killer one year. Please send them all a back number. Send me some samples and I will try again. Yours to serve as long as the fun and sugar hold out.

JOHN G. LECHTEN, Union, Mo.—I herewith enclose a money order for one dollar to pay a list of subs. I am also enclosing an old copy of the Foll-Killer which I would like to have replaced with a new one. This copy went through public school, and if you think it wasn't read you are badly mistaken. Would like to have one of these on new paper, for this is worn out.

PROVERBS REVISED.

1. The proverbs of Pearson, the editor of The Fool-Killer.

2. My son, hear the instructions of this paper, and forsake not the advice of its editor.

3. The editor by wisdom hath founded The Fool-Killer, and by understanding hath built up its circulation.

4. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, but the reading of The Fool-Killer is funny.

5. A wise man readeth and handeth to his neighbor, and a man of understanding getteth up a big club.

6. Blessed is the man that sayeth unto his neighbor, "Look here! This is a good paper. Don't you want to subscribe?"

8. Say not to the club-raiser, "Go, and come again tomorrow, and I will subscribe," when thou hast the money in thy pocket.

9. A funny paper maketh a glad subscriber, but a foolish paper is a heaviness to the reader.

10. The fining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold, but The Fool-Killer killeth the fools.

11. As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is The Fool-Killer to the rascals and hypocrites.

12. The fool wanteth his paper sent on time, but the wise man payeth in advance.

13. Commit thy nickels and dimes to my pocketbook, and thy subscriptions shall be recorded.

14. Whosoever subscribeth to The Fool-Killer showeth wisdom, and he that getteth subscribers is wise.

And still I say, "Feed America First!"

VALE VENUS.

A few days ago there came to me through the mail a bundle of circulars advertising books and things. A miserable joint calling itself "The Mail Order Book Concern" wanted to sell me a book on the subject of "Women" written by a buck named Sloppyhowler, or something like that. Get a good grip on your nerves and hold your breath while I quote you a few lines from the circular about that great and wonderful book:

"This volume shows the natural born falsehood and deception in all women, and in women's love. It tears to tatters the hoary old legend that women are either beautiful in form or angelic in mind. All young men should read the book before they are trapped into lifelong servitude to some narrow-souled, long-haired vampire with laughing eyes, a pink-and-white complexion, and the was of a snake."

Lord have mer—— no, I'll just declare I won't ask the Lord to nasty His hands with such a low-lived, scoundrelly son-of-a-gun as the author of the above slander. The infernal imp who would write such a book is nothing but a two legged human devil with horns on his soul and a little chunk of hell where his heart ought to be. And the conscienceless cuss who advertises and sells it is no better. They both ought to be tied head downwards to the hind leg of a kicking mule and turned loose in a hornet's nest.

The poor, miserable, measley mongrel who daddied that awful slander on womanhood is not fit to associate with a decent dog. He is so low down in the scale of civilization that old Satan will have to use a windlass and a million miles of rope to get him up into the basement of hell.

I'll bet my t'other breeches against a copy of his book that old Sloppyhowler and his publisher are both old dried-up bachelors, so thunderation mean and ugly that no woman would stay in a mile of them.

It beats bobtail that women are not beautiful in form. Maybe some women are not, but I'll bet a dollar the ugliest female shape in forty states would look like a flower-pot by the side of these mis-begotten masculine muts. And if you could stand with them on the street corner and watch their fishy eyes devour the outlines of a hobble-skirt you would think they saw something pretty.

The average man knows that woman is not quite perfect, and he admits that he don't understand her very well; but with all her failings she is the best thing in sight, and man likes for her to make a fool of him.

Speaking of love, it is a well-known fact that in most cases woman's love is truer than man's. It clings to some mighty unworthy objects sometimes, but still it has some respect for itself. Of course it has never got low enough to touch these brawling blatherskites, and I guess that's what they are yow-yowing about.

SISTER CHURCH AND BROTHER WORLD.

Time was when you could distinguish the difference between a church member and a sinner by thir daily walk and conduct, but you can't do it any more. Sister Church has taken the arm of Brother World, and they go galloping around together like two young fools at a country dance. They galavant up to the house of God together, and there they sit snuggled up in the amen corner looking as innocent as two pet rabbits. A stranger would be sure to think that the angelic pin feathers were sprouting out behind their shoulder blades. While the poor old preacher is working for dear life at the handle of the old gospel pump, the Church and the World sit there with their mouths open like a gang of young catbirds, looking as sanctified as an angel's grandmother. But as soon as the benediction is pronounced these two inseparable companions, the Church and the World, go hiking off to the devil's stomping ground, where the gossips and the toughs congregate, and there they almost rupture their leather lungs trying to see who can reel off the biggest and nastiest yarns.

Some people seem to have an idea that religion is a thing that they can put on and off with their Sunday coat — that they can be a saint in the church house and a devil everywhere else. But they can't cram that sort of doctrine down old Saint Peter's wind-pipe. When these double-faced hypocrites get to the Golden Gate and try to slip through on the sly, old man Peter will grab a chair post and frail the devil out of them.

There's no seventeen ways about it, a man simply can't serve God and the Devil at the same time, neither can he serve God one day and the Devil the next. He must choose one side or the other and then stick to it like a puppy to a root.

The professed Christian who tries to stand in with the world by doing as the world does, will discover sooner or later that he never did have religion enough to save the soul of a chicken-louse.

I like to see a man show his colors by getting down in the dust with his new pants on to lead in prayer. And it's all right for him to bellow "Amen!" every minute during the sermon if he wants to. All that looks good to me. But when I see the same sanctified sniperjack set himself up as the ring-leader of a gang of neighborhood rowdies, cracking coarse jokes and spinning vulgar yarns for the amusement of said rowdies, I feel that somebody ought to get busy with a blacksnake whip or a two-handed paddle with holes in it.

Whenever it becomes necessary to send to this office a complaint about subscribers not getting their paper, you should always send the full names and addresses of the subscribers who have failed to get the paper. Unless this rule is observed there is no way of getting at the trouble.

The Fool-Killer

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

VOL. V. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, DECEMBER, 1914. NO. 10.

Hello, Santa Claus!

O Santa Claus, bring me some breeches
That ain't got a hole in the seat;
An' bring me a coat
That ain't ready to vote,
An' fetch along somethin' to eat.

A hat would be welcome at present—
I want it right out ov the box;
An' put in a pair
Ov old shoes I can wear,
An' some sorter respectable sox.

Jes' cut out yer candy an' kisses
An' trinkets an' toys an' trash;
Some cake an' some cow
Would suit me jes' now,
An' I wouldn't object to some cash.

I've jes' been a-waitin' in patience
Fer some ov them "government funds;"
So bring 'em on quick,
An' I'll show you a trick—
I'll pay off a few of my duns.

—James Larkin Pearson.

There is Never Any Christmas for the Poor.

Oh, they talk about the spirit of the Christ,
And of how we are to celebrate His birth,
While the poor are being catalogued and priced—
Being bartered for a certain money's worth.
There are lights along the avenues at night,
And the Christmas cheer of opulence is sure;
But the alleys—ah, behold!—they are empty, dark and cold!—
There is never any Christmas for the poor.

When He tramped across the hills of Palestine,
When He stood among the fishers by the sea,
He was comrade to the common and the mean—
He was brother to the likes of you and me.
But they took Him from the people that He loved,
And they set Him where the dollar signs allure;
In His name they make a feast—they with worldly goods increased—
But there's never any Christmas for the poor.

Where the festive halls are brightest in their glow,
Where the music melts and mingles with the air—
There the Christmas congregations come and go,
And the pick of pride and fashion—they are there.
But if Comrade Christ is somewhere looking on,
He is saddened by the prospect, I am sure;
And I think His heart must bleed for His comrades here in need,
When there's never any Christmas for the poor.

—James Larkin Pearson.

The Devil's Letter.

A CARD OF THANKS.

To the Progressives, the brave followers of Theodore Roosevelt in 1912:

My Dear Ninnies:—I have just been reading the news of the November elections and I am tickled half to death. When I found out that so many of you had gone back to the grand old Republican party I went out and jumped forty feet high and turned twenty-four somersaults, and then ordered a general jubilee throughout all my dominions. There never has been such rejoicing in hell as is caused by you fellows going back to the old party. When over four million of you left it in 1912 and proved that the old thing was so rotten it couldn't stand on its feet without being propped up with graft I was scared out of my boots. I had the blues so bad that I lost the use of my tail and my hoofs began to grow together. But these November elections have loosened up everything. Business in hell will now assume normal conditions, and I look for a greatly increased immigration to this place. I never could understand just why you left the G. O. P. Of course it was rotten; you proved that beyond dispute. But it had been rotten for forty years. But you just found it out. And you left it as soon as you found it out. I thought I had lost you. I thought you were honest. I thought you meant what you said. But you didn't, did you? You were lying all the time, wasn't you? It was all a joke; you were just led by the nose, more than four million of you, by a few men who wanted office. You chose a name for your party—Progressive—because it meant go forward; get out of the ruts; advance; scratch the moss off your backs; get out of the quagmire. But it was all a mistake; so you came back. Like the sow you have returned to your wallowing in the mire and the dog that returned to his vomit. For a brief space you stiffened your backbones; you held up your heads; you contended that new conditions demanded some radical changes in the old systems. That's what scared me. But you are all right now; you are back with the old gang whom you proved were thieves and rascals. Penrose, the chief of grafters, is again at the head of the pie-counter and will "shake the plum tree" when occasion requires. Joe Cannon, the high priest of corporations, is back in Washington. It is because of this that I issue this card of thanks. You don't know how grateful I feel. You have limbered your backbones; you have dropped your heads in shamefacedness; figuratively speaking you have stuck your tails between your hind legs and curled up on the floor. Thanks! Many thanks!

I want now to say a few words to the Progressives who haven't yet returned to their first beloved—that didn't know the storm would assume such gigantic proportions. You have fought a good fight. You have basked in the public limelight. You have seen the circus. You have also remained over to see the concert. But the show is over. The curtain has fallen. The last act has been pulled off and the scenery is being moved from the stage. Come in out of the rain. Those who were thoughtful enough to provide themselves with rain checks are already in. If you didn't get any, pay your dues for the time you've been out and come back. It may be a long time before you get any pie, but free soup will be distributed occasionally.

Yours for party fealty,
SATAN DEVIL.

HOW MANY?

How many fools do you want to kill? There is not a man or woman living but what has some good hearted, well meaning friends who, notwithstanding all their virtues, are but one-sided fools. The only way you can kill that foolishness is to wake them up, get them to think and dig for the truth. What they need is a few doses of intellectual dynamite. The Fool-Killer will do the work. Count how many you want to kill and send them the paper for a year while our ten cent offer in clubs of five is open.

"You are going to be hung," said the little boy to his stocking. Said the stocking to the little boy: "I'll be darned if I do."

Redemocan Prayer

Almighty and all-powerful Old-Party Boss (It don't matter which one, for you are all alike):—Once more upon bended knees, all spraddle-legged and flattened out, we come cross-eyed and whamperjawed to make our most humiliated manners before thy absquatulating greatness. Look down upon us, O mighty Boss, and behold how meek and humble we are. Take the toe of thy yaller shoe and kick us over and examine us from all sides and see that we are the genuine goods. We are thy foolish and faithful dupes, and there is no intelligence in us. It don't take any intelligence to be good Redemocans, and that's what we are. Our only object in life is to vote as thou tellest us, and then get what we don't want because we voted for it.

O mighty Boss, we love to worship and serve thee almost as well as we love to drink mail order booze. And when thou payest us in booze for our services to thee, we are as happy as a dead pig in the sunshine. Drink and serve—that's what tickles us; and the drunker we are the better condition we are in to serve thee.

O mighty Boss, thou knowest that there are no such words as Republican and Democrat in our vocabulary. We are full-blooded Redemocans and nothing else Sometimes we vote one party ticket and sometimes another, but thou art Boss of all the old party tickets and thy man gettest our vote just the same one way as the other. Two years ago about four millions of us began to grow horns and make a fuss like a Bull Moose, and voted for Toothadore Specksvelt. But this year we shed our horns and our noses grew into elephant snouts and we went back to the G. O. P. like a martin going to its hole.

But thou knowest, O Boss (whichever Boss it happens to be), that we were voting for thee and thy gang all the time. Thou knowest no party lines. Whether thou art on one side or the other, thou art always working in the interest of the plutes and grand rascals of high finance and rotten society. The different party names are only to fool us voters with. And O, how we do love to be fooled! We know that many of us are ragged and hungry and out of a job, but we don't know why, and we don't care. That ain't none of our business. Thou wilt look after that. Our business is to drink the likker and vote the ticket, and trust thee for everything else. If the man we vote for gets elected it's all right and if he gets beat it's all right just the same. Thou art still in the saddle and thy word is the law of the land. We humbly beseech thee to keep us as ignorant as hogs, and don't let us learn any sense.

Our Political Boss who art in control, Barnes, Murphy or Perkins be thy name; thy victory come, thy will be done in one party as in another. Give us this day our daily dram, and forgive us the price of it as we forgive those who help us drink it. Lead us not into government ownership, but deliver us from Socialism, for thine are the Congress, the Courts and the Special Privilege. Amen.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of August 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer published monthly at Moravian Falls, N. C., for Oct., 1914.

Editor, J. L. Pearson Moravian Falls, N. C.
Man. Ed., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Bus. Man., J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Publisher, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
Owner, J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.
J. L. Pearson, Ed. Pub. and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of Sept., 1914. W. R. HUBBARD, N. P.
My commission expires 30 Jan., 1916.

A Double Team.

For five long years I have been running The Fool-Killer single-handed. It has been a much bigger success than I ever dreamed it would be, and it is now getting too big for one man to handle all alone. For a long time I have realized the need of some good man to help me write the "hot stuff" to print in the paper. So I looked around over the literary field and decided that among all the writing men I knew anything about, my first choice would be W. S. Morgan, of Missouri. I at once wrote to Mr. Morgan and was fortunate in securing his services as Special Contributor to The Fool-Killer. As explained elsewhere in this issue, he will write several "red hot" articles for each issue from now on, and I will continue to give you the best that I have in my own think-tank. Two heads are better than one, and by double-teaming on it this way we can certainly make The Fool-Killer at least twice as good as it has ever been before. And by this arrangement I will have more time to look after the business management of the paper, and boost the circulation. I would like to put The Fool-Killer in every home in America, and to do this I must have the help and co-operation of all my present subscribers.

MORGAN.

W. S. Morgan needs no introduction to the American people. Every person in the United States who reads English has read something from the pen of W. S. Morgan. As the author of several books, and as editor and contributor to various papers and magazines, he has made his name a household word. He is a great literary genius—a wit, humorist and philosopher all in one—and what The Fool-Killer is going to be from now on we can show you better than we can tell you. Get everybody to subscribe.

W. S. Morgan's contributions in this issue of The Fool-Killer:

LETTER FROM THE DEVIL
KILLING FOOLS
A DOSE OF SQIUBS
WHEN YOU GET USED TO IT
THE BETTER WAY
THIS OLD WORLD OF OURS
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

In the January issue Mr. Morgan will contribute as follows:

FOOLS AND RASCALS
THE EUROPEAN WAR
MULES AND MEN
LETTER FROM THE DEVIL
A BULL MOOSE'S PRAYER
WHEN YOU GET USED TO IT
FOOLISHNESS
THE GODS OF THE 20TH CENTURY
UNCLE MOSE'S SERMON

Don't fail to get this January issue. Send for a bundle of 10 or more for distribution. One-half cent each in any quantity of ten or more.

A HEART-TO-HEART TALK.

Having made arrangements with Mr. Pearson, editor and owner of The Fool-Killer, to contribute some articles for publication in his paper, I want to have a heart to heart talk with its present subscribers. Perhaps I am not unknown to some of you, and after this issue I shall be no stranger to any and hope we shall all be friends. I have pledged Mr. Pearson my best efforts in this undertaking, and if you have liked the paper in the past we are going to try to make you like it better in the future. It shall be our endeavor to give you a clean cut paper, one that does not require a college education to understand, and one that strikes straight from the shoulder in exposing falsehood, false systems and corrupt practices.

When you get through with this issue you will know that you have read something, and that your time has not been wasted. You will feel the jar of falsehood, folly and force shaken to their foundations. Then you will want your neighbors to read it and you will enjoy reading it to them. It makes no difference to what party they belong there is something here that will pierce the toughest hide and loosen the thickest moss.

The impulse that prompts you to read it to your neighbors and friends ought to move you to aid in extending its circulation. There are several millions of people in all classes of life that will enjoy and appreciate this little paper as well as you do, and you can help to place it in their hands. It is not the size of a paper that makes it count, but the stuff that's in it. It is our intention to make this the biggest little paper in the world. Now, listen to me a moment: make it a point not to allow your friends and neighbors to miss a single copy from now on. Take advantage of the ten cent offer in clubs of five. There are two ways of doing this: go round among your friends and neighbors and solicit their subscriptions, or donate 50 cents and have the paper sent to five old tough-hides and then stand back and watch the fun. It may make them squirm, but they'll read it. It's the kind of medicine they like, although it gives them the cramps. After a few doses they will get so they long for its appearance. This is a symptom that the fool is dying within them. Twelve doses will be sufficient for the most obstinate case. Just think of it this way; suppose that only twenty thousand of the present subscribers to The Fool-Killer would each send in a club of five! Wouldn't that raise a rumpus in the camp of fools? And wouldn't it tickle the editor and give hope and encouragement to his sick wife? Let us all make The Fool-Killer a Xmas present of a club of five. I'm going 50 cents myself and send it today. How many will join me? If we go at it with a vim and in earnest we would just as well make the paper a twice-a-month journal as not. It all depends upon you, dear subscribers. There are so many of you that a little from each makes a great big thing when it all gets together. Let's every one of us do something.

W. S. MORGAN.

THE ONLY AND ORIGINAL.

Speaking of the "Letter from the Devil" in this issue of The Fool-Killer, it will be just like some of the ignorant Redemocans to say that this paper has stolen the idea from some other paper.

But that will be another campaign lie when they tell it.

Mr. W. S. Morgan, the new Special Contributor of The Fool-Killer, is the originator of the "Devil's Letter" idea. He published a series of these letters in "Morgan's Buzz-Saw" 20 years ago. They made a great hit and were widely copied, and some of the papers also stole the idea and went to getting out imitation "Devil Letters" of their own.

Now if a cheap imitation of Morgan's unique style has made other papers successful, The Fool-Killer has a right to be sorter proud of the fact that it has now on its literary staff the only and original Morgan, with twenty years of wisdom and experience added to what the other papers used to steal.

Besides the "Letters from the Devil," which will be a regular feature from now on, Mr. Morgan will knock the head out of a brand new barrel of literary lightning each month, and if the fools, rascals and hypocrites have got very long prayers to say they won't get more than half of 'em said.

No, bless your heart, sonny, The Fool-Killer is not an "imitator"—not by a long shot. It has always tried to be original both in form and substance, and now with a man on the job who has been plagarized and imitated from one end of the country to the other, The Fool-Killer is going to be more original than ever. Tell your Pap's folks and send word to your Uncle Hiram and his family that they had better all subscribe purty quick.

J. L. PEARSON, Editor.

THE BETTER WAY.

W. S. MORGAN.

My face is turned to the future.

The better way is before me.

The glory of conquest of falsehood and false systems beckons me on.

My brain and brawn are devoted to the present for the future.

I rejoice in my work because I am helping to build the foundation of the glorious Co-operative Commonwealth.

The past is behind me.

It is full of mistakes.

The glory of military conquest is a hideous nightmare.

Its dreams are full of ghastly ghosts in guady garments.

Conservatism binds the wheels of progress and stifles the truth.

Fogyism is a fungus growth that rots the brain, blinds the eyes and blisters the heart.

The red lights of danger mark the wrecks and ruins of the follies of the past.

In the midst of our present civilization we are on the brink of barbarism.

Falsehood, on the swift wings of a prostituted press, has sown seeds of dissention, bitterness and strife.

The world is a seething mass of discontent and a maelstrom of waste and destruction.

Thank God the truth has made me free.

I stand in the midst of the arena with burnished lance and defy the prurient precedents and pilfering practices of the past, and though all the furies of hell shall be poured upon me I will not flinch or falter.

The old world is in travail.

The war cloud hangs heavily over the nations of the Eastern hemisphere and its blighting shadows are cast over the liberty loving people of the New World.

Europe is bathed in blood..

Historic rivers run red with human gore.

Men seek in vain for a cause.

The puppet kings aud princes and the blood-thirsty military hounds of war are mere incidents in the irresistible power of the evolutionary processes of time and conditions.

Out of this titanic struggle, the greatest in all the world's history, a new era shall be born.

The accumulated wealth of ages may be destroyed, but when it is all over the Christ spirit shall reign, the universal brotherhood of man be forever established, "and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not take up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Isa. 2:4

Would you hand out some samples?

REDUCED CLUB RATES

IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE, TEN CENTS A YEAR

The regular price of single subscriptions to the Fool-Killer has always been 25 cents, or 15 cents in clubs of five or more. But since Wilson has made times so prosperous and reduced the cost of living, I have decided to give bargain rates on The Fool-Killer for awhile. Until further notice, subscriptions will be accepted, in clubs of five or more at one time, at ten cents per year each.

The Fool-Killer is nearly five years old. It has become an established institution and is well known all over the country. It now has a national circulation of over 25,000 copies each month. It goes to every state in the Union, and also to Cuba, Canada, England, Africa, and many foreign lands.

At the very low price I make, it is impossible to give premiums to club-raisers, but thousands of people enjoy getting up clubs just for the fun of it and to help out a good cause. You will enjoy it too, and you are hereby invited to become a regular club-raiser. If you can distribute some samples into good hands, all they will cost you is to ask for them. Address all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

WHEN YOU GET USED TO IT.

It is related by travelers who pretend to know that on some of the islands in the South Sea there are tribes whose dress is as primitive as was that of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden before they became so intimately acquainted with the snake.

When a young society belle of one of those tribes appears upon the streets wearing nothing but a summer smile and a few brass rings in her nose and ears, it attracts no more attention than does one of our American society belles when she appears in puplic with her dress cut so low at the neck that it exposes her bare cuticle down to a point only a few degrees above zero, and made so hobble at the bottom that when she puts her foot on the step to board a street car her hind leg becomes visible to the naked eye as high as 65 degrees north latitude.

It is nothing when you get used to it, but I sometimes wonder what our grandmothers would have thought of such styles of dress in their day. If they were alive now and should see such sights they would probably be glad they were dead.

Of course the men try not to see these things, and all good men ought to ignore them, but when you come to think the matter over carefully and reduce it to its last analysis the reasonable conclusion is that those particular shortcomings which are out of the ordinary in dress, were premeditatedly and deliberately designed for the express purpose of attracting attention to the corporeal parts hereinbefore mentioned.

As a rule men want to be gallant, and if they should fail to carry out the part designed for them—that is to look—the original design of the ladies would be frustrated, and there would be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Man, although classed as a higher animal, is at best but a weak vessel, and is as a chunk of soft putty or clay in the hands of woman. He ought therefore to be dealt with tenderly. His sense of the eternal fitness of things should not be blunted too abruptly. If we are striving to reach the primative mode of dress we should go slowly. The speed limit should not be exceeded. The theaters should not be outstriped in progress. Then man should be taken into the compact. He should be required to split his trousers' legs to a reasonable distance above his knees. He has already made some progress; he has abreviated his underwear. Sleeveless shirts will come next. He cannot be expected to disrobe as rapidly as the opposite sex, for he is not so fair to look upon as women—some women. But he should be encouraged. It won't matter much when we all get used to it. We can get used to any old thing if we shall only try.

IDIOTORIALS.

The Progressive party came in like a Bull Moose and went out like a bull gnat.

I bet Oldjo Cannon feels sorter like a lean tadpole that had just got back into its puddle.

It's all right for America to help the Belgians, but who is going to help the Americans?

The Christmas motto of all European nations is, "Do your declaring war early, so as to avoid the rush."

If arming for war is the way to have peace, why wouldn't jumping in the river be a dandy way to keep dry? Huh?

Seeing that we have much difficulty in getting reliable war news from Europe, Mexico seems determined that we shall have some, anyway.

The new "war tax" law has gone into effect, and you mustn't even kiss your best gal nor whistle a jig without a revenue stamp stuck on your nose.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE: Four million Bull Moose back-bones; most of them used but once. Almost as good as new. Will sell cheap. Apply at Bull Moose headquarters.

FOR SALE: Eight United States Senators and fifty Congressmen. Warranted sound of wind and good runners; will work in single or double harness; gentle and easy of approach; will eat out of your hand or a feed trough. Are punctual in delivering votes. Address, CONGRESS.

FOR SALE; Federal judges; good drivers and will work in the dark; have been in the service of some of the wealthiest families and corporations in the country; warranted give satisfaction to their employers. Address, CORPORATION, Dept. A., Federal Building.

FOR SALE: An old Democratic platform; a little rickety but otherwise as good as new; will sell cheap, or trade for a hound dog. Address: PLATFORM.

FOR SALE: Court decisions; made on short notice to fit any occasion or condition; specialty, decisions against labor strikes and strikers. Satisfaction guaranteed to corporations. Address Justice, Temple of Liberty.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT: Legislatures to corporations. Prices satisfactory. Address, COMBINATION.

FOR RENT: Federal Judges; terms reasonable. Decisions satisfactory. Address, COURT.

FOR RENT: The Temple of Justice. Reason for renting, no further use for it. Parties moved out into private quaters. Address, Temple.

FOR RENT: One thousand gunmen to guard strike breakers, shoot down laboring men, women and children, and terrorize organized labor. Address Big Business.

WANTED.

WANTED: Young women for Department Stores and Factories who can learn to make a nine dollars a week living on a three dollars a week salary. Address, Charity.

WANTED: Young men for clerks and book-keepers in Big Buisness concerns: those who can pad the accounts so as to save paying so much corporation tax, and are willing to swear to low assessments, will command the largest salary. Address, Big Business.

WANTED: Men to enlist in the army and be trained in the art of murdering their fellow men. Address, Blood and Booty.

LOST.

LOST: Four million back-bones once the property of Bull Moosers. Finder please return to Progressive Headquarters and recieve reward.

LOST: Confidence in the bunco banking system of the United States. A large reward will be paid for its restoration. Address, Bankers.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

WANTED: Some old fashioned honesty in politics. Address, The people.

TO TRADE: A sick dog for a second hand political platform. Address, Dissappointed.

TO TRADE: Some political dope for an office. Address, Politician.

FOR SALE: A lot of old party promises that have never been redeemed; very cheap. Address, Voter.

NO—HE—WON'T!

They have tapped a brand-new barrel of "reserve funds," so they say,
And there's several billion dollars that they're going to give away;
Walk into the bank and tell 'em just how much you're going to need,
And a nice young man will count it out with most amazing speed.
Will he?
No
He
Won't!

Tell him, then, to loan it to you if it ain't to give away,
And you'll hand it back in passing, when you're feeling rich some day;
Say that you are strictly honest, and you'll thank him very much
To omit the little details of security and such.
Will he?
No
He
Won't!

Then go hunt a politician—one for whom you always vote—
Tell him how it is and ask him if he'll please go on your note.
He will smile and say, "You bet ye! I'll do anything for you!"
Then he'll write his big John Henry plain for all the world to view.
Will he?
No
He
Won't!

—James Larkin Pearson.

Killing Fools.

W. S. MORGAN.

There are two ways for killing a fool: one way is to pump lead into him until the man and the fool are both dead, and the other is to pump common sense into his think-tank until the fool is dead, but the man is left in a better condition than before.

The mission of The Fool-Killer is to kill the fool without hurting the man.

"The fool is wise in his own conceit," but repeated charges of intellectual dynamite will take the conceit out of him.

The Fool-Killer has an inexhaustible store of intellectual dynamite which it proposes to use in future issues. It is warranted to remove the fungus growth on moss-backs, knock the barnacles off of fogyism, and counteract the dope which scoundrels put on men to make fools of them.

Sometimes The Fool-Killer may seem to be a little harsh, but the truth itself is harsh, and it shall never be harsher than the truth.

"Fool-Killer" may appear to some to be a meaningless name for a publication, but I want to say to such that nothing could be more appropriate. Anything that will take the foolishness out of men's heads and hearts is a blessing to humanity.

Speaking for myself I have to say that I alone am responsible for my style of expression. It is my own. I didn't borrow it or steal it. Some have tried to imitate it; others have stolen it outright, while others have gone so far as to have it copyrighted. I bear no ill will against those who have done so. A man who has not enough brains to furnish his own ammunition ought to be allowed to appropriate a limited amount from others without getting himself in jail. It may prove to be like the "loaves and fishes" when broken—be good for the multitudes.

The Fool-Killer will always be on the side of right and justice.

It will help fight the battle of the innocents—the helpless and unfortunate women and children of the world.

It believes that in pointing out the foolishness of men it will be aiding in the elevation of human society to a higher and better state of civilization.

Abuse and vituperation never accomplishes any good; never strengthens a cause; never weakens a foe; never convinces anyone that they are wrong, or ever strengthens the ties which should bind men in universal brotherhood.

Though ridicule is one of my weapons I never poison its arrows; if I use satire I clothe it with humor; if it is a shaft of irony I first blunt the point; if burlesque I send a smile with it.

I believe in charity; not the charity that consists of a part of the stolen goods being returned, an apology for wealth on one hand and poverty on the other, but the charity of love, of forbearance and forgiveness.

If I use the rod of rebuke I do it for the common good, and when the provocation is sufficient I lay it on severely, but not with malice, hatred or revenge.

We need all to make this old world good, therefore let us reason together and kill the fools but save the precious manhood, womanhood and childhood that are suffering from "man's inhumanity to man."

An Associated Press dispatch from Paris says that market conditions and the cost of living in France have not been affected by the war. Well, if the French want to learn something about the actual ravages of war, let them come to this country, stick some of our "war revenue stamps" on their noses and get the Democrats to tell them what the war has done for us. Happy France! It would be nice of her to send a few ship-loads of supplies over here for the relief of our "war victims."

THIS OLD WORLD OF OURS.

CHRISTMAS.

A little more than nineteen hundred years ago the Christ-child was born. We celebrate His birth on the 25th day of December. We call it Christmas. On this day the whole Christian world joins in festals of merriment and good feeling. I often wonder if we appreciate and realize the full meaning of this aniversary. Princes have been born in the midst of imposing ceremonies, emblazoned with pomp and granduer that dazzled the eyes of the multitudes; the boom of cannon and the waving of flags have heralded the birth of heirs to thrones of kingdoms and empires; but their names are forgotten. There have lived men great in action, in discovery and invention, but the implacable cycles of time and the rapidity of evolutionary progress have dimmed the bright lustre of their careers. But the birth and mission of the Lowly Nazarene grows fresher in our memories with each returning Christmas. The story of Jesus is known in every home in the Christian world. His parents were poor. We can see him playing in the streets of Nazareth pretty much as did other children. When he grew to manhood we find him a workingman, a carpenter of Nazareth. During the early period of His life He no doubt studied the condition of the people of His own nation as well as that of the Gentiles. He saw His people groaning beneath the weight of a political oligarchy and an ecclesiastical aristocracy. His heart was touched at their misfortunes and their sufferings. He went about doing good. He preached the doctrine of love and human brotherhood. He gave to the world a philosophy of thought and action which has exerted a more powerful influence on human affairs than that of all the sages and philosophers that ever lived. His simple and unselfish life presents an exemplary lesson elevating and uplifting to all the generations of mankind. In studying the life of Jesus it is difficult to separate the ideal from the real. We should remember that He was a man like other men subject to temptation and impressed by His surroundings. Thus we find Him weeping at the grave of His friend Lazarus, moved to compassion by the tears of the widow of Nain and the hunger of the multitudes which went out to hear Him, and provoked to wrath by the money changers and merchants whose tables He upset and whom He drove out of the temple because they had made "the house of worship a den of theives."

On Christmas day we remember the children: Jesus remembered them always, and pronounced a curse upon those who should offend them. While ministers are extolling His spiritual virtues and making lofty flights in the realm of idealism, we should not forget that the real in the life of Jesus presents an exemplary lesson which no other character in all the world's history has given us.

A Dose of Squibs.

W. S. MORGAN.

If every soldier engaged in the European war should drop his foolishness the war would be over right now.

The Fool-Killer has a big job on its hands but it has stripped for the fight.

If all the fools were extinct the rascals would have to hunt their holes.

An educated fool is a thousand times worse than an ignorant fool; he is like the flame tailed foxes of Philistia, spreads his foolishness wherever he goes.

A fool is a person who only reads or considers one side of a question.

Whenever a man is determined to live and die a fool let him alone; the devil has a mortgage on him.

If you have a friend who is a fool send him The Fool-Killer; it will kill his foolishness.

The biggest fools are those who are fooled by fools.

Some men are fools after women; some after money, but most of them are fools because their daddies were and from force of habit.

Some men are fools and don't know it; The Fool-Killer will tell them.

It only costs ten cents each to kill fools with The Fool-Killer; how many do you want to kill?

When fools meet fools in war the innocent are made to suffer.

Fools are usually proud of their own folly.

Very few men are fools for want of sense, but because they don't use their sense.

Prejudice is the dope which politicians feed to fools.

Fools can blame no one but themselves for their follies; the opportunities for enlightenment are abundant.

Religion seldom makes a man feel as good as a profitable deal with his neighbor.